



THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. LII.

PUBLISHED IN

AUGUST & NOVEMBER, 1834.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1834.

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V. 52

Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES,
Duke Street, Lambeth.

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ART. I.—*The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge.* 3 vols.
12mo. London. 1834.

WE lately reviewed the life, and mean hereafter to review the works, of our departed Crabbe. Let us be indulged, in the mean time, in this opportunity of making a few remarks on the genius of the extraordinary man whose poems, now for the first time completely collected, are named at the head of this article. The larger part of this publication is, of course, of old date, and the author still lives; yet, besides the considerable amount of new matter in this edition, which might of itself, in the present dearth of anything eminently original in verse, justify our notice, we think the great, and yet somewhat hazy, celebrity of Coleridge, and the ill-understood character of his poetry, will be, in the opinion of a majority of our readers, more than an excuse for a few elucidatory remarks upon the subject. Idolized by many, and used without scruple by more, the poet of 'Christabel' and the 'Ancient Mariner' is but little truly known in that common literary world, which, without the prerogative of conferring fame hereafter, can most surely give or prevent popularity for the present. In that circle he commonly passes for a man of genius, who has written some very beautiful verses, but whose original powers, whatever they were, have been long since lost or confounded in the pursuit of metaphysic dreams. We ourselves venture to think very differently of Mr. Coleridge, both as a poet and a philosopher, although we are well enough aware that nothing which we can say will, as matters now stand, much advance his chance of becoming a fashionable author. Indeed, as we rather believe, we should earn small thanks from him for our happiest exertions in such a cause; for certainly, of all the men of letters whom it has been our fortune to know, we never met any one who was so utterly regardless of the reputation of the mere author as Mr. Coleridge—one so lavish and indiscriminate in the exhibition of his own intellectual wealth before any and every person, no matter who—one so reckless who might reap where he had most prodigally sown and watered. 'God knows,'—as we once heard him exclaim upon the subject of his unpublished system of philo-

sophy,—‘God knows, I have no author’s vanity about it. I should be absolutely glad if I could hear that the *thing* had been done before me.’ It is somewhere told of Virgil, that he took more pleasure in the good verses of Varius and Horace than in his own. We would not answer for that; but the story has always occurred to us, when we have seen Mr. Coleridge criticising and amending the work of a contemporary author with much more zeal and hilarity than we ever perceived him to display about anything of his own.

Perhaps our readers may have heard repeated a saying of Mr. Wordsworth, that many men of this age had done wonderful *things*, as Davy, Scott, Cuvier, &c.; but that Coleridge was the only wonderful *man* he ever knew. Something, of course, must be allowed in this as in all other such cases for the antithesis; but we believe the fact really to be, that the greater part of those who have occasionally visited Mr. Coleridge have left him with a feeling akin to the judgment indicated in the above remark. They admire the man more than his works, or they forget the works in the absorbing impression made by the living author. And no wonder. Those who remember him in his more vigorous days can bear witness to the peculiarity and transcendent power of his conversational eloquence. It was unlike anything that could be heard elsewhere; the kind was different, the degree was different, the manner was different. The boundless range of scientific knowledge, the brilliancy and exquisite nicety of illustration, the deep and ready reasoning, the strangeness and immensity of bookish lore—were not all; the dramatic story, the joke, the pun, the festivity, must be added—and with these the clerical-looking dress, the thick waving silver hair, the youthful-coloured cheek, the indefinable mouth and lips, the quick yet steady and penetrating greenish grey eye, the slow and continuous enunciation, and the everlasting music of his tones,—all went to make up the image and to constitute the living presence of the man. He is now no longer young, and bodily infirmities, we regret to know, have pressed heavily upon him. His natural force is indeed abated; but his eye is not dim, neither is his mind yet enfeebled. ‘O youth!’ he says in one of the most exquisitely finished of his later poems—

‘O youth! for years so many and sweet,
 ’Tis known that thou and I were one,
 I’ll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that thou art gone!
 Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled:—
 And thou wert aye a masker bold!
 What strange disguise hast now put on,
 To make believe that thou art gone?

I see

I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size ;—
 But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but thought : so think I will
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.'

Mr. Coleridge's conversation, it is true, has not now all the brilliant versatility of his former years ; yet we know not whether the contrast between his bodily weakness and his mental power does not leave a deeper and a more solemnly affecting impression, than his most triumphant displays in youth could ever have done. To see the pain-stricken countenance relax, and the contracted frame dilate under the kindling of intellectual fire alone—to watch the infirmities of the flesh shrinking out of sight, or glorified and transfigured in the brightness of the awakening spirit—is an awful object of contemplation ; and in no other person did we ever witness such a distinction,—nay, alienation of mind from body,—such a mastery of the purely intellectual over the purely corporeal, as in the instance of this remarkable man. Even now his conversation is characterized by all the essentials of its former excellence ; there is the same individuality, the same *unexpectedness*, the same universal grasp ; nothing is too high, nothing too low for it : it glances from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, with a speed and a splendour, an ease and a power, which almost seem inspired : yet its universality is not of the same kind with the superficial ranging of the clever talkers whose criticism and whose information are called forth by, and spent upon, the particular topics in hand. No ; in this more, perhaps, than in anything else is Mr. Coleridge's discourse distinguished : that it springs from an inner centre, and illustrates by light from the soul. His thoughts are, if we may so say, as the radii of a circle, the centre of which may be in the petals of a rose, and the circumference as wide as the boundary of things visible and invisible. In this it was that we always thought another eminent light of our time, recently lost to us, an exact contrast to Mr. Coleridge as to quality and style of conversation. You could not in all London or England hear a more fluent, a more brilliant, a more exquisitely elegant converser than Sir James Mackintosh ; nor could you ever find him unprovided. But, somehow or other, it always seemed as if all the sharp and brilliant things he said were poured out of so many vials filled and labelled for the particular occasion ; it struck us, to use a figure, as if his mind were an ample and well-arranged *hortus siccus*, from which you might have specimens of every kind of plant, but all of them cut and dried for store. You rarely saw nature working at the very moment in him. With Coleridge it was and

still is otherwise. He may be slower, more rambling, less pertinent; he may not strike at the instant as so eloquent; but then, what he brings forth is fresh coined; his flowers are newly gathered, they are wet with dew, and, if you please, you may almost see them growing in the rich garden of his mind. The projection is visible; the enchantment is done before your eyes. To listen to Mackintosh was to inhale perfume; it pleased, but did not satisfy. The effect of an hour with Coleridge is to set you thinking; his words haunt you for a week afterwards; they are spells, brightenings, revelations. In short, it is, if we may venture to draw so bold a line, the whole difference between talent and genius.

A very experienced short-hand writer was employed to take down Mr. Coleridge's lectures on Shakspeare, but the manuscript was almost entirely unintelligible. Yet the lecturer was, as he always is, slow and measured. The writer—we have some notion it was no worse an artist than Mr. Gurney himself—gave this account of the difficulty: that with regard to every other speaker whom he had ever heard, however rapid or involved, he could almost always, by long experience in his art, guess the form of the latter part, or apodosis, of the sentence by the form of the beginning; but that the conclusion of every one of Coleridge's sentences was a *surprise* upon him. He was obliged to listen to the last word. Yet this unexpectedness, as we termed it before, is not the effect of quaintness or confusion of construction; so far from it, that we believe foreigners of different nations, especially Germans and Italians, have often borne very remarkable testimony to the grammatical purity and simplicity of his language, and have declared that they generally understood what he said much better than the sustained conversation of any other Englishman whom they had met. It is the uncommonness of the thoughts or the image which prevents your anticipating the end.

We owe, perhaps, an apology to our readers for the length of the preceding remarks; but the fact is, so very much of the intellectual life and influence of Mr. Coleridge has consisted in the oral communication of his opinions, that no sketch could be reasonably complete without a distinct notice of the peculiar character of his powers in this particular. We believe it has not been the lot of any other literary man in England, since Dr. Johnson, to command the devoted admiration and steady zeal of so many and such widely-differing disciples—some of them having become, and others being likely to become, fresh and independent sources of light and moral action in themselves upon the principles of their common master. One half of these affectionate disciples have learned their lessons of philosophy from the teacher's mouth. He has been to them as an old oracle of the Academy or Lyceum. The fulness, the inwardness,

wardness, the ultimate scope of his doctrines has never yet been published in print, and if disclosed, it has been from time to time in the higher moments of conversation, when occasion, and mood, and person begot an exalted crisis. More than once has Mr. Coleridge said, that with pen in hand he felt a thousand checks and difficulties in the expression of his meaning; but that—authorship aside—he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtle fancies by word of mouth. His abstrusest thoughts became rhythmical and clear when chaunted to their own music. But let us proceed now to the publication before us.

This is the first complete collection of the poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The addition to the last edition is not less than a fourth of the whole, and the greatest part of this matter has never been printed before. It consists of many juvenile pieces, a few of the productions of the poet's middle life, and more of his later years. With regard to the additions of the first class, we should not be surprised to hear friendly doubts expressed as to the judgment shown in their publication. We ourselves think otherwise; and we are very glad to have had an opportunity of perusing them. There may be nothing in these earlier pieces upon which a poet's reputation could be built; yet they are interesting now as measuring the boyish powers of a great author. We never read any juvenile poems that so distinctly foretold the character of all that the poet has since done; in particular, the very earliest and loosest of these little pieces indicate that unintermitting thoughtfulness, and that fine ear for verbal harmony in which we must venture to think that not one of our modern poets approaches to Coleridge. Upon these points we shall venture a few remarks by and by; but as an instance of the sort of sweetness of versification which seems to have been inborn in our poet, although elaborately cultivated and improved in his after years, take these six lines on the 'First Advent of Love.' They were written at fifteen.

'O fair is love's first hope to gentle mind,
As Eve's first star thro' fleecy cloudlet peeping;
And sweeter than the gentle south-west wind
O'er willowy meads and shadow'd waters creeping,
And Ceres' golden fields! the sultry hind
Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping.'

In the following verses, some of which were lately quoted in this Journal for another purpose, and which were written only a year or two later than those preceding, we may distinguish a progress in the art, and yet the *natural melody of words* still obviously cultivated to the postponement of the *harmony resulting from rhythmical construction*—

'Spirits

'Spirits of love, ye heard her name! Obey
 The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair,
 Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
 Where rich snows blossom on the myrtle trees,
 Or with fond languishment around my fair
 Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
 O heed the spell, and hither wing your way
 Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze.
 Spirits! to you the infant maid was given,
 Form'd by the wond'rous alchemy of heaven.
 No fairer maid does love's wide empire know,
 No fairer maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
 A thousand loves around her forehead fly,
 A thousand loves sit melting in her eye;
 Love lights her smile—in joy's red nectar dips
 His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
 She speaks—and, hark, that passion-warbled song;
 Still fancy, still that voice, those notes prolong,—
 As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls
 Shall wake the soften'd echoes of heaven's halls!
 O (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's rod,
 Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god,
 A flower-entangled arbour would I seem,
 To shield my love from noontide's sultry beam:
 Or bloom a myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
 My love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
 When twilight stole across the fading vale,
 To fan my love I'd be the evening gale,
 Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
 And flutter my faint pinions on her breast.
 On seraph wings I'd float a dream by night,
 To soothe my love with shadows of delight;
 Or soar aloft to be the spangled skies,
 And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes!'—vol. i. p. 39.

We, of course, cite these lines for little besides their luxurious smoothness; and it is very observable, that although the indications of the more strictly intellectual qualities of a great poet are very often extremely faint, as in Byron's case, in early youth,—it is universally otherwise with regard to high excellence in *versification* considered apart and by itself. Like the ear for music, the sense of metrical melody is always a natural gift; both indeed are evidently connected with the physical arrangement of the organs, and never to be acquired by any effort of art. When possessed, they by no means necessarily lead on to the achievement of consummate harmony in music or in verse; and yet consummate harmony in either has never been found where the natural gift has not made itself conspicuous long before,

before. Spenser's Hymns, and Shakspeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' and 'Rape of Lucrece,' are striking instances of the overbalance of mere sweetness of sound. Even 'Comus' is what we should, in this sense, call luxurious; and all four gratify the outward ear much more than that inner and severer sense which is associated with the reason, and requires a meaning even in the very music for its full satisfaction. Compare the versification of the youthful pieces mentioned above with that of the maturer works of those great poets, and you will recognize how possible it is for verses to be exquisitely melodious, and yet to fall far short of that exalted excellence of numbers of which language is in itself capable. You will feel the simple truth, that melody is a part only of harmony. Those early flashes were indeed auspicious tokens of the coming glory, and involved some of the conditions and elements of its existence; but the rhythm of the 'Faërie Queene' and of 'Paradise Lost' was also the fruit of a distinct effort of uncommon care and skill. The endless variety of the pauses in the versification of these poems could not have been the work of chance, and the adaptation of words with reference to their asperity, or smoothness, or strength, is equally refined and scientific. Unless we make a partial exception of the 'Castle of Indolence,' we do not remember a single instance of the reproduction of the exact rhythm of the Spenserian stanza, especially of the concluding line. The precise Miltonic movement in blank verse has never, to our knowledge, been caught by any later poet. It is Mr. Coleridge's own strong remark, that you might as well think of pushing a brick out of a wall with your forefinger, as attempt to remove a word out of the finished passages in Shakspeare or Milton. The amotion or transposition will alter the thought, or the feeling, or at least the tone. They are as pieces of Mosaic work, from which you cannot strike the smallest block without making a hole in the picture.

And so it is—in due proportion—with Coleridge's best poems. They are distinguished in a remarkable degree by the perfection of their rhythm and metrical arrangement. The labour bestowed upon this point must have been very great; the tone and quantity of words seem weighed in scales of gold. It will, no doubt, be considered ridiculous by the Fannii and Fanniæ of our day to talk of varying the trochee with the iambus, or of resolving either into the tribrach. Yet it is evident to us that these, and even minuter points of accentual scansion, have been regarded by Mr. Coleridge as worthy of study and observation. We do not, of course, mean that rules of this kind were always in his mind while composing, any more than that an expert disputant is always thinking of the distinctions of mood and figure, whilst arguing; but we certainly believe

believe that Mr. Coleridge has almost from the commencement of his poetic life looked upon versification as constituting in and by itself a much more important branch of the art poetic than most of his eminent contemporaries appear to have done. And this more careful study shows itself in him in no technical peculiarities or fantastic whims, against which the genius of our language revolts; but in a more exact adaptation of the movement to the feeling, and in a finer selection of particular words with reference to their local fitness for sense and sound. Some of his poems are complete models of versification, exquisitely easy to all appearance, and subservient to the meaning, and yet so subtle in the links and transitions of the parts as to make it impossible to produce the same effect merely by imitating the syllabic metre as it stands on the surface. The secret of the sweetness lies within, and is involved in the feeling. It is this remarkable power of making his verse musical that gives a peculiar character to Mr. Coleridge's lyric poems. In some of the smaller pieces, as the conclusion of the 'Kubla Khan,' for example, not only the lines by themselves are musical, but the whole passage sounds all at once as an outburst or crash of harps in the still air of autumn. The verses seem as if *played* to the ear upon some unseen instrument. And the poet's manner of reciting verse is similar. It is not rhetorical, but musical: so very near recitative, that for any one else to attempt it would be ridiculous; and yet it is perfectly miraculous with what exquisite searching he elicits and makes sensible every particle of the meaning, not leaving a shadow of a shade of the feeling, the mood, the degree, untouched. We doubt if a finer rhapsode ever recited at the Panathenaic festival; and the yet unforgotten Doric of his native Devon is not altogether without a mellowing effect in his utterance of Greek. He would repeat the

αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς
δακρύσας, ἰσάρεν ἄφαρ ἔειπε. κ. τ. λ.

with such an interpreting accompaniment of look, and tone, and gesture, that we believe any commonly-educated person might understand the import of the passage without knowing alpha from omega. A chapter of Isaiah from his mouth involves the listener in an act of exalted devotion. We have mentioned this, to show how the whole man is made up of music; and yet Mr. Coleridge has no *ear* for music, as it is technically called. Master as he is of the intellectual recitative, he could not *sing* an air to save his life. But his delight in music is intense and unweariable, and he can detect good from bad with unerring discrimination. Poor Naldi, whom most of us remember, and all who remember must respect, said to our poet once at a concert—'That he did
not

not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed.' Coleridge answered, 'It sounded to me exactly like *nonsense verses*. But this thing of Beethoven's that they have begun—stop, let us listen to this, I beg!'

There are some lines entitled '*Hendecasyllables*,' published for the first time in the second volume of this collection, which struck us a good deal by the skill with which an equivalent for the well-known Catullian measure has been introduced into our language. We think the metrical construction of these few verses very ingenious, and do not remember at this moment anything in English exactly like it. These lines are, in fact, of twelve syllables; but it is in the rhythm that they are essentially different from our common dramatic line—

'In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.'

Our readers will please to observe that a dactyl is substituted for the spondee, trochee or iambus of the Latin models at the commencement of the verse—

'Hear, my beloved, an old Milesian story!
High and embosom'd in congregated laurels,
Glimmer'd a temple upon a breezy headland;
In the dim distance, amid the skiey billows,
Rose a fair island; the god of flocks had placed it.
From the far shores of the bleak resounding island
Oft by the moonlight a little boat came floating,
Came to the sea-cave beneath the breezy headland;
Where amid myrtles a pathway stole in mazes
Up to the groves of the high embosom'd temple.
There, in a thicket of dedicated roses,
Oft did a priestess, as lovely as a vision,
Pouring her soul to the son of Cytherea,
Pray him to hover around the slight canoe-boat,
And with invisible pilotage to guide it
Over the dusk wave, until the nightly sailor,
Shivering with ecstasy, sank upon her bosom.'—vol. ii. p. 69.

The minute study of the laws and properties of metre is observable in almost every piece in these volumes. Every kind of lyric measure, rhymed and unrhymed, is attempted with success; and we doubt whether, upon the whole, there are many specimens of the heroic couplet or blank verse superior in construction to what Mr. Coleridge has given us. We mention this the rather, because it was at one time, although that time is past, the fashion to say that the Lake school—as two or three poets, essentially unlike to each other, were foolishly called—had abandoned the old and established measures of the English poetry for new conceits of their own. There was no truth in that charge; but we will say this, that, notwithstanding the prevalent opinion to the contrary,
we

we are not sure, after perusing *some passages* in Mr. Southey's 'Vision of Judgment,' and the entire 'Hymn to the Earth,' in hexameters, in the second of the volumes now before us, that the question of the total inadmissibility of that measure in English verse can be considered as finally settled; the true point not being whether such lines are as good as, or even like, the Homeric or Virgilian models, but whether they are not in themselves a pleasing variety, and on that account alone, if for nothing else, not to be rejected as wholly barbarous. True it is, that without great skill in the poet, English hexameters will be intolerable; but what shall we say to the following?—

'Travelling the vale with mine eyes—green meadows and lake with green island,

Dark in its basin of rock, and the pure stream flowing in brightness,
Thrill'd with thy beauty and love in the wooded slope of the mountain,
Here, Great Mother, I lie, thy child, with his head on thy bosom!
Playful the spirits of noon, that rushing soft through thy tresses,
Green-haired goddess! refresh me; and hark! as they hurry or linger,
Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.

Into my being thou murmurest joy, and tenderest sadness
Shedd'st thou, like dew on my heart, till the joy and the heavenly
sadness

Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears, and the hymn of thanks-
giving.

Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,
Sister thou of the stars, and beloved by the sun, the rejoicer!
Guardian and friend of the moon, O Earth! whom the comets forget not,
Yea, in the measureless distance wheel round and again they behold
thee!

Fadeless and young (and what if the latest birth of Creation?)
Bride and consort of Heaven, that looks down upon thee enamoured!
Say, mysterious Earth! O say, great mother and goddess,
Was it not well with thee then, when first thy lap was ungirdled,
Thy lap to the genial Heaven, the day that he wooed thee and won thee!
Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the blushes of Morning!
Deep was the shudder, O Earth! the throe of thy self-retention:
Inly thou strovest to flee, and didst seek thyself at thy centre!
Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden resilience; and forthwith
Myriad myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty embracement.
Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-fold instincts,
Filled, as a dream, the wide waters; the rivers sang in their channels;
Laughed on their shores the hoarse seas; the yearning ocean swelled
upward;

Young life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and the echoing
mountains,

Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled on blossoming branches.'

—vol. ii. p. 67.

We

We may also quote from page 146 of the same volume the following exquisite couplets:—

‘ *The Homeric Hexameter described and exemplified.*

‘ Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.’

‘ *The Ovidian Elegiac Metre described and exemplified.*

‘ In the hexameter rises the fountain’s silvery column:
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.’

The keen lines entitled ‘ *Sancti Dominici Pallium*,’ and the following, suggested by the last words of Berengarius, seem to stand about midway between the rhythm of Pope and Dryden.

‘ “ *No more ’twixt conscience staggering and the Pope,
Soon shall I now before my God appear;
By him to be acquitted, as I hope;
By him to be condemned, as I fear.*” ’

‘ Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said;
I see a hope spring from that humble fear.
All are not strong alike thro’ storms to steer
Right onward. What, though dread of threaten’d death
And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath
Inconstant to the truth within thy heart,—
That truth from which, thro’ fear, thou twice didst start,
Fear haply told thee, was a learned strife,
Or not so vital as to claim thy life,
And myriads had reach’d heaven who never knew
Where lay the difference ’twixt the false and true!

‘ Ye, who secure ’mid trophies not your own,
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of recreant Berengare,—
O first the age, and then the man compare!
That age how dark! congenial minds how rare!
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn,
No throbbing hearts awaited his return;
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell,
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circle of his light:—
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray,
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey?

‘ The ascending day-star, with a bolder eye,
Hath lit each dewdrop on our trimmer lawn;
Yet not for this, if wise, shall we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid dawn;
Lest so we tempt the approaching noon to scorn
The mist and painted vapours of our morn!’—vol. ii. p. 79.

For his blank verse take the following passage as an average example.

example. It is, as will be instantly seen, altogether unlike the Miltonic movement; yet can anything for the purpose be imagined more exquisitely rich and harmonious?

‘And that simplest lute
Placed lengthways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caress’d,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound,
As twilight elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from fairy land,
Where melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
Oh! the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,—
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought and joyance everywhere;—
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is music slumbering on her instrument!’

We should not have dwelt so long upon this point of versification, unless we had conceived it to be one distinguishing excellence of Mr. Coleridge's poetry, and very closely connected with another, namely, fulness and individuality of thought. It seems to be a fact, although we do not pretend to explain it, that condensation of meaning is generally found in poetry of a high import in proportion to perfection in metrical harmony. Petrarch, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton are obvious instances. Goethe and Coleridge are almost equally so. Indeed, whether in verse, or prose, or conversation, Mr. Coleridge's mind may be fitly characterized as an energetic mind—a mind always at work, always in a course of reasoning. He cares little for anything, merely because it was or is; it must be referred, or be capable of being referred, to some law or principle, in order to attract his attention. This is not from ignorance of the facts of natural history or science. His written and published works alone sufficiently show how constantly and accurately he has been in the habit of noting all the phenomena of the material world around us; and the great philosophical system now at length in preparation for the press demonstrates, we are told, his masterly acquaintance with almost all the sciences, and with not a few of the higher and more genial of the arts. Yet his vast acquirements of this sort are never put forward by or for themselves; it is in his apt and novel illustrations, his indications

indications of analogies, his explanation of anomalies, that he enables the hearer or reader to get a glimpse of the extent of his practical knowledge. He is always reasoning out from an inner point, and it is the inner point, the principle, the law which he labours to bring forward into light. If he can convince you or himself of the principle *à priori*, he generally leaves the facts to take care of themselves. He leads us into the laboratories of art or nature as a showman guides you through a cavern crusted with spar and stalactites, all cold, and dim, and motionless, till he lifts his torch aloft, and on a sudden you gaze in admiration on walls and roof of flaming crystals and stars of eternal diamond.

All this, whether for praise or for blame, is perceptible enough in Mr. Coleridge's verse, but perceptible, of course, in such degree and mode as the law of poetry in general, and the nature of the specific poem in particular, may require. But the main result from this frame and habit of his mind is very distinctly traceable in the uniform subjectivity of almost all his works. He does not belong to that grand division of poetry and poets which corresponds with painting and painters; of which Pindar and Dante are the chief;—those masters of the picturesque, who, by a felicity inborn, view and present everything in the completeness of actual objectivity—and who have a class derived from and congenial with them, presenting few pictures indeed, but always full of picturesque matter; of which secondary class Spenser and Southey may be mentioned as eminent instances. To neither of these does Mr. Coleridge belong; in his 'Christabel,' there certainly are several *distinct pictures* of great beauty; but he, as a poet, clearly comes within the other division which answers to music and the musician, in which you have a magnificent mirage of words with the subjective associations of the poet curling, and twisting, and creeping round, and through, and above every part of it. This is the class to which Milton belongs, in whose poems we have heard Mr. Coleridge say that he remembered but two proper pictures—Adam bending over the sleeping Eve at the beginning of the fifth book of the 'Paradise Lost,' and Dalilah approaching Samson towards the end of the 'Agonistes.' But when we point out the intense personal feeling, the self-projection, as it were, which characterizes Mr. Coleridge's poems, we mean that such feeling is the soul and spirit, not the whole body and form, of his poetry. For surely no one has ever more earnestly and constantly borne in mind the maxim of Milton, that poetry ought to be *simple, sensuous, and impassioned*. The poems in these volumes are no authority for that dreamy, half-swooning style of verse which was criticized by Lord Byron (in language too strong for print) as the fatal sin of Mr. John Keats,

and

and which, unless abjured betimes, must prove fatal to several younger aspirants—male and female—who for the moment enjoy some popularity. The poetry before us is distinct and clear, and accurate in its imagery; but the imagery is rarely or never exhibited for description's sake alone; it is rarely or never exclusively objective; that is to say, put forward as a spectacle, a picture on which the mind's eye is to rest and terminate. You may if your sight is short, or your imagination cold, regard the imagery in itself and go no farther; but the poet's intention is that you should feel and imagine a great deal more than you see. His aim is to awaken in the reader the same mood of mind, the same cast of imagination and fancy whence issued the associations which animate and enlighten his pictures. You must think with him, must sympathize with him, must suffer yourself to be lifted out of your own school of opinion or faith, and fall back upon your own consciousness, an unsophisticated man. If you decline this, *non tibi spirat*. From his earliest youth to this day, Mr. Coleridge's poetry has been a faithful mirror reflecting the images of his mind. Hence he is so original, so individual. With a little trouble, the zealous reader of the 'Biographia Literaria' may trace in these volumes the whole course of mental struggle and self-evolvment narrated in that odd but interesting work; but he will see the track marked in light; the notions become images, the images glorified, and not unfrequently the abstruse position stamped clearer by the poet than by the psychologist. No student of Coleridge's philosophy can fully understand it without a perusal of the illumining, and if we may so say, *popularizing* commentary of his poetry. It is the Greek put into the vulgar tongue. And we must say, it is somewhat strange to hear any one condemn those philosophical principles as altogether unintelligible, which are inextricably interwoven in every page of a volume of poetry which he professes to admire.

No writer has ever expressed the great truth that man makes his world, or that it is the imagination which shapes and colours all things—more vividly than Coleridge. Indeed, he is the first who, in the age in which we live, brought forward that position into light and action. It is nearly forty years ago that he wrote the following passage in his 'Ode on Dejection,' one of the most characteristic and beautiful of his lyric poems:—

'A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear:—
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,

Have

Have I been gazing on the western sky
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green ;
 And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye !
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
 That give away their motion to the stars ;
 Those stars that glide behind them or between,
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen ;
 Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;—
 I see them all so excellently fair,
 I see, not feel, how beautiful they are !

‘ My genial spirits fail ;
 And what can these avail
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?
 It were a vain endeavour,
 Though I should gaze for ever
 On that green light that lingers in the west :
 I may not hope from outward forms to win
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

‘ O Lady ! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live ;
 Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud !
 And would we aught behold of higher worth
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
 Enveloping the Earth—
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

‘ O pure of heart ! thou need’st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be !
 What and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady ! Joy that ne’er was given
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life, and Life’s effluence, cloud at once and shower,
 Joy, Lady, is the spirit and the power
 Which wedding nature to us gives in dower,
 A new Earth and new Heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud ;—
 Joy is the sweet voice—Joy the luminous cloud—
 We in ourselves rejoice !

And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colours a suffusion from that light.’—vol. i. p. 238.

To this habit of intellectual introversion we are very much inclined to attribute Mr. Coleridge's never having seriously undertaken a great heroic poem. The 'Paradise Lost' may be thought to stand in the way of our laying down any general rule on the subject; yet that poem is as peculiar as Milton himself, and does not materially affect our opinion, that the pure epic can hardly be achieved by the poet in whose mind the reflecting turn *greatly* predominates. The extent of the action in such a poem requires a free and fluent stream of narrative verse; description, purely objective, must fill a large space in it, and its permanent success depends on a rapidity, or at least a liveliness, of movement which is scarcely compatible with much of what Bacon calls *inwardness* of meaning. The reader's attention could not be preserved; his journey being long, he expects his road to be smooth and unembarrassed. The condensed passion of the ode is out of place in heroic song. Few persons will dispute that the two great Homeric poems are the most delightful of epics; they may not have the sublimity of the 'Paradise Lost,' nor the picturesqueness of the 'Divine Comedy,' nor the ethereal brilliancy of the 'Orlando;' but, dead as they are in language, metre, accent,—obsolete in religion, manners, costume, and country,—they nevertheless even now *please* all those who can read them beyond all other narrative poems. There is a salt in them which keeps them sweet and incorruptible throughout every change. They are the most popular of all the remains of ancient genius, and translations of them for the twentieth time are amongst the very latest productions of our contemporary literature. From beginning to end, these marvellous poems are exclusively objective; everything is in them, except the poet himself. It is not to Vico or Wolfe that we refer, when we say that *Homer is vox et præterea nihil*; as musical as the nightingale, and as invisible.

If any epic subject would have suited Mr. Coleridge's varied powers and peculiar bent of mind, it might, perhaps, have been that which he once contemplated, and for which he made some preparations—'The Fall of Jerusalem.' The splendid drama which has subsequently appeared under that name by a younger poet, has not necessarily precluded an attempt on the epic scale by a master genius. Yet the difficulties of the undertaking are appalling from their number and peculiarity; and not the least overwhelming of them are involved in the treatment of those very circumstances and relations which constitute its singular attraction. We have twice heard Mr. Coleridge express his opinion on this point.

'The destruction of Jerusalem,' he said upon one occasion, 'is the only subject now remaining for an epic poem; a subject which, like Milton's

Milton's Fall of Man, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric War of Troy interested all Greece. There would be difficulties, as there are in all subjects; and they must be mitigated and thrown into the shade, as Milton has done with the numerous difficulties in the "Paradise Lost." But there would be a greater assemblage of grandeur and splendour than can now be found in any other theme. As for the old mythology, *incredulus odi*; and yet there must be a mythology, or a quasi-mythology, for an epic poem. Here there would be the completion of the prophecies; the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assault of Paganism, itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew, and the awfulness, the completeness, the justice. I schemed it at twenty-five, but, alas! *venturum expectat.*

Upon another occasion, Mr. Coleridge spoke more discouragingly.

'This subject, with all its great capabilities, has this one grand defect—that, whereas a poem, to be epic, must have a personal interest—in the "Destruction of Jerusalem" no genius or skill could possibly preserve the interest for the hero from being merged in the interest for the event. The fact is, the event itself is too sublime and overwhelming.'

We think this is fine and just criticism; yet we ardently wish the critic had tried the utmost strength of his arm in executing the magnificent idea of his early manhood. Even now—vain as we fear any such appeal is—we cannot keep ourselves back from making a respectful call upon this great poet to consider whether his undiminished powers of verse do not seem to demand from him something beyond the little pieces, sweet as they are, which he has alone produced since his middle manhood. We know and duly value the importance of the essays in which his philosophical views have as yet been imperfectly developed, and we look with anxiety to the publication of the whole, or a part, of that great work in which, we are told, the labour of his life has been expended in founding and completing a truly catholic 'System of philosophy for a Christian man.' We would not, for the chance of an epic fragment, interfere with the consummation of this grand and long-cherished design. But is there any necessary incompatibility between the full action of the poet and the philosopher in Mr. Coleridge's particular case? He, of all men, would deny that the character of his studies alone tended to enfeeble the imagination, or to circumscribe the power of expression; and if that be so, what is there to prevent—what is there not rather to induce—a serious devotion of some portion, at least, of his leisure to the planning and execution of some considerable poem? *Poterit si posse videtur*; and could Mr. Cole-

ridge but seem to himself as capable as he seems to others, we believe he would not leave the world without a legacy of verse even richer than aught that has yet come from him.

In attempting any poem of the magnitude suggested by us, unless it were entirely of a moral or philosophical kind, Mr. Coleridge would undoubtedly have to contend with that meditative or reflective habit of intellect which is predominant in him, and characterizes all his works. It dictated to him as a translator the happy choice of 'Wallenstein,' and constitutes at once the source of beauty and of weakness in the 'Remorse' and 'Zapolya.' Unless this be remembered, and some indulgence be shown to it, justice will not be done to these fine poems. Perhaps there never was a translation, with the exception of Pope's 'Iliad' and Dryden's 'Eneid,' that has become so intimately connected with the poetic fame of the translator as this English 'Wallenstein.' It is clearly, in our opinion, one of the most splendid productions of Mr. Coleridge's pen, and will with almost all readers for ever have the charm of an original work. The truth is, that many beautiful parts of the translation are exclusively the property of the English poet, who used a manuscript copy of the German text before its publication by the author; and it is a curious anecdote in literature, that Schiller, in more instances than one, afterwards adopted the hints and translated in turn the interpolations of his own translator. Hence it is, also, that there are passages in the German editions of the present day which are not found in the English version; they were, in almost every case, the subsequent additions of the German poet. Nevertheless, although Mr. Coleridge has not scrupled in some instances to open out the hint of the original, and even to graft new thoughts upon it, his translation is, in the best and highest sense of that term, a preeminently faithful translation; indeed, it preserves, or compensates, the meaning and spirit of the author so perfectly, that we are inclined to think that, upon a balance struck, Schiller has lost *nothing* in the English of his 'Wallenstein.' Has he not gained?—As to this, we do not immediately refer to those beautiful passages in which Mr. Coleridge has confessedly ventured upon his own responsibility to expand the germ of thought in the original,—passages which are familiar to all who take any interest either in Coleridge or Schiller.* We rather look to the total

* Mr. Hayward, in the preface to the second edition of his translation of 'Faust,' quotes one of these striking passages:—

'The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,

total impression left upon the mind of the reader by the character of Wallenstein himself; and the question is, whether a more thorough perception of the idea of Hamlet, and a much greater sympathy with the Hamlet mood of mind, have not helped the countryman of Shakspeare to a grander presentment of Schiller's hero than Schiller's own picture of him. An Englishman and a German, indeed, can scarcely be expected to view such a question as this from precisely the same point; the associations which the mere words of your native language excite are indestructible and irrepressible; and the Shakspearian cast of feeling and reflection, easily distinguishable by us in the English Wallenstein, cannot be fully recognised or appreciated by a foreigner. It may not be *the* tone of Schiller; but it is the tone, or germane to the tone, which the fortunate predominance of Shakspeare has consecrated in England for dramatic poetry. The Germans do not seem to us to have arrived at any sympathy with it. The study of Shakspeare is said to be fashionable amongst all literary men in Germany; and some very clever and eloquent books have been written about him by natives of that country. The best of these critics, however, never seem to us to understand their subject. They do not see the absolute uniqueness in kind of Shakspeare's intellectual action. Of the other great authors of the English drama, they appear to know nothing. Tieck, we suspect, is the first German that ever made much acquaintance with any of Shakspeare's mighty contemporaries, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger,—those giants everywhere but in Shakspeare's presence; and Tieck's own acquisitions in this department appear to be of very recent date. His friend and fellow-labourer, Augustus W. Schlegel, if we remember right, passes in some dozen frigid pages from Shakspeare to Dryden and Otway. This celebrated critic is so excessively superficial upon those masters of the romantic drama, Beaumont and Fletcher, that we are compelled to say that we do not believe he had read through their works when he wrote his 'Dramatic Literature.' To us it seems that, upon the whole, Schiller had something in his genius naturally nearer akin to the universality of Shakspeare than any other of the German poets. In depth of thought, in fertility of fancy, in creativeness of imagination, there is no comparison; but Schiller had, as Shakspeare

Or chasms, or watery depths,—all these have vanish'd;
They live no longer in the faith of reason.'

These lines are an expansion of two of Schiller's—

'Die alten Fabelwesen sind nicht mehr;
Das reizende Geschlecht ist ausgewandert;'

literally, as Mr. Hayward translates them,—

'The old fable-existences are no more;
The fascinating race has emigrated (wandered out or away).'

had, that common human feeling—not too high, nor too low—that common tone of the race to which he belonged, which led and enabled him in the maturity of his abilities to give to his countrymen of every circle an historic drama of highest excellence and enduring national interest. This grand work—‘Wallenstein’—which, although not similar, is analogous to the historic plays of Shakspeare, will, as we believe, ultimately constitute the permanent claim of Schiller to fame amongst his own fellow-countrymen; and the extraordinary fortune of an English translation which may be read, if we please, without once suggesting the fact of its not being original poetry, will go a great way in extending his fame amongst a people who, by kindred and by moral sympathy, can best appreciate it as it deserves. We have no room for any extracts from this translation; but we particularly refer our readers to act i. scene 4, act iv. scene 7, of the ‘Piccolomini,’ and act v. scene 1 of the ‘Death of Wallenstein.’ These are not amongst the parts commonly quoted; but they are the most powerful and characteristic; and in the intermediate one of the three there is an interesting, but perhaps unintended, parallel with the scene of Macbeth’s conference with his wife previously to the murder of Duncan.

It is pretty generally known that Mr. Coleridge was solicited to undertake a translation of Faust before Mr. Shelley, Lord Francis Egerton, or Mr. Hayward, had, in their different manners, made that remarkable poem as familiar as it can possibly be made to the mere English reader: for Goethe being, like Coleridge, a great master of verbal harmony, must of necessity lose very considerably in a translation of any kind.* His dress sticks to his body; it is inseparable without laceration of the skin. This, amongst some other considerations of graver moment, induced Mr. Coleridge, after a careful perusal of the work, to decline the proposition. We are not very sure that he would have succeeded in it; at least it would probably have been something very unlike Goethe’s ‘Faust.’ Mr. Coleridge thinks—perhaps he is the only man who may without presumption think—that Goethe’s ‘Faust’ is a

* Mr. Hayward’s prose version is an elaborate, and, with few exceptions, an accurate one—and he is much to be praised for having enabled persons *not thoroughly* skilled in German, to read the original with hitherto unattainable facility and effect. It is needless to say that the mere English reader can form not the most distant conception of the charm of Goethe, in his finer and more ærial parts, from any literal version. Two translations in verse lately published, by Mr. Blackie and Mr. Syme, are creditable in some respects to these enthusiastic, and, we presume, very young admirers of Goethe; but their versification, especially Mr. Blackie’s, is deformed throughout by provincial licenses; and neither of them has caught the spirit of the poet in his lyrical snatches. We are much disposed to think, that if Lord Francis Egerton were *now* to extend and remodel his early version, he would leave little to be desired.

failure;

failure; that is to say, that the idea, or what ought to have been the idea, of the work is very insufficiently and inartificially executed. He considers the intended theme to be—the consequences of a misology, or hatred and depreciation of knowledge caused by an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled. But a love of knowledge for itself, and for pure ends, would never produce such a misology, but only a love of it for base and unworthy purposes. There is neither causation nor progression in Faust: he is a ready-made conjurer from the very beginning;—the *incredulus odi* is felt from the first line. The sensuality, and the thirst after knowledge, are unconnected with each other. Mephistopheles and Margaret are excellent, but Faust himself is dull and meaningless. The scene in Auerbach's cellars is one of the best—perhaps the very best; that on the Brocken is also fine, and all the songs are beautiful. But there is no whole in the poem; the scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work very flat. Such, in substance, is the opinion which we have heard Mr. Coleridge express of this famous piece: upon the justice of the criticism, we have neither time nor inclination to say a word upon the present occasion; but we cannot miss this opportunity of mentioning the curious fact that long before Goethe's Faust had appeared in a complete state, which we think was in 1807*—indeed before Mr. Coleridge had ever seen any part of it—he had planned a work upon the same, or what he takes to be the same idea. This plan, like many of its fellows, is now in Ariosto's moon; yet its general shape deserves to be recorded, as a remarkable instance of unconscious coincidence between two great individual minds, having many properties in common. Coleridge's misologist—Faust—was to be Michael Scott. He appeared in the midst of his college of devoted disciples, enthusiastic, ebullient, shedding around him bright surmises of discoveries fully perfected in after times, and inculcating the study of nature and its secrets as the pathway to the acquisition of power. He did not love knowledge for itself—for its own exceeding great reward,—but *in order* to be powerful. This poison-speck infected his mind from the beginning. The priests suspect him, circumvent him, accuse him; he is condemned and thrown into solitary confinement. This constituted the *prologus* of the drama. A pause of four or five years takes place, at the end of which Michael escapes from prison, a soured, gloomy, miserable man. He will

* The first edition of Faust, in an imperfect state, was in 1790; the next edition was in 1807 or 1808, when the poem first appeared in the form to which we have been accustomed. See Hayward's *Faust*, 2nd edition, p. 215. We make no allusion to the wretched second part of Faust, which has recently appeared among Goethe's posthumous pieces. The editor who sanctioned its publication has done his utmost to degrade his author's reputation.

not, cannot study; of what avail had all his study been to him? His knowledge, great as it was, had failed to preserve him from the cruel fangs of the persecutors; he could not command the lightning or the storm to wreak their furies upon the heads of those whom he hated and contemned, and yet feared. Away with learning!—away with study!—to the winds with all pretences to knowledge. We *know* nothing; we are fools, wretches, mere beasts. Anon the poet began to tempt him. He made him dream, gave him wine, and passed the most exquisite of women before him, but out of his reach. Is there, then, no knowledge by which these pleasures can be commanded? *That way* lay witchcraft—and accordingly to witchcraft Michael turns with all his soul. He has many failures and some successes; he learns the chemistry of exciting drugs and exploding powders, and some of the properties of transmitted and reflected light; his appetites and curiosity are both stimulated, and his old craving for power and mental domination over others revives. At last Michael tries to raise the devil, and the devil comes at his call. This devil was to be the universal humorist, who should make all things vain and nothing worth by a perpetual collation of the great with the little in the presence of the infinite. He plays an infinite number of tricks for Michael's gratification. In the meantime, Michael is miserable; he has power, but no peace, and he every day feels the tyranny of hell surrounding him. In vain he seems to himself to assert the most absolute empire over the devil, by imposing the most extravagant tasks;—one thing is as easy as another to the devil. 'What next, Michael?' is repeated every day with more imperious servility. Michael groans in spirit; his power is a curse; he commands women and wine,—but the women seem fictitious and devilish, and the wine does not make him drunk. He now begins to hate the devil, and tries to cheat him. He studies again, and explores the darkest depths of sorcery for a recipe to cozen hell; but all in vain. Sometimes the devil's finger turns over the page for him, and points out an experiment, and Michael hears a whisper—'Try *that*, Michael!' The horror increases, and Michael feels that he is a slave and a condemned criminal. Lost to hope, he throws himself into every sensual excess,—in the mid career of which he sees Agatha, and immediately endeavours to seduce her. Agatha loves him, and the devil facilitates their meetings; but she resists Michael's attempts to ruin her, and implores him not to act so as to forfeit her esteem. Long struggles of passion ensue, in the result of which Michael's affections are called forth against his appetites; and the idea of redemption of the lost will dawns upon his mind. This is instantaneously perceived by the devil; and for the first time the humorist becomes severe and menacing.

A fearful

A fearful succession of conflicts between Michael and the devil takes place, in which Agatha helps and suffers. In the end, after subjecting his hero to every imaginable or unimaginable horror, the poet in *nubibus* made him triumphant, and poured peace into his soul in the conviction of a salvation for sinners through God's grace. Of this sketch we will only say, what probably the warmest admirers of 'Faust' will admit, that Goethe might have taken some valuable hints from it. It is a literary curiosity at least, and so we leave it.

The 'Remorse' and 'Zapolya' strikingly illustrate the predominance of the meditative, pausing habit of Mr. Coleridge's mind. The first of these beautiful dramas was acted with success, although worse acting was never seen. Indeed, Kelly's sweet music was the only part of the theatrical apparatus in any respect worthy of the play. The late Mr. Kean made some progress in the study of Ordonio, with a view of reproducing the piece; and we think that Mr. Macready, either as Ordonio or Alvar, might, with some attention to music, costume, and scenery, make the representation attractive even in the present day. But in truth, taken absolutely and in itself, the 'Remorse' is more fitted for the study than the stage; its character is romantic and pastoral in a high degree, and there is a profusion of poetry in the minor parts, the effect of which could never be preserved in the common routine of representation. What this play wants is dramatic movement; there is energetic dialogue and a crisis of great interest, but the action does not sufficiently grow on the stage itself. Perhaps, also, the purpose of Alvar to waken remorse in Ordonio's mind is put forward too prominently, and has too much the look of a mere moral experiment to be probable under the circumstances in which the brothers stand to each other. Nevertheless, there is a calmness as well as superiority of intellect in Alvar which seem to justify, in some measure, the sort of attempt on his part, which, in fact, constitutes the theme of the play; and it must be admitted that the whole underplot of Isidore and Alhadra is lively and affecting in the highest degree. We particularly refer to the last scene between Ordonio and Isidore in the cavern, which we think genuine Shakspeare; and Alhadra's narrative of her discovery of her husband's murder is not surpassed in truth and force by anything of the kind that we know. The passage in the dungeon scene, in which Alvar rejects the poisoned cup, always struck us as uncommonly fine, although we think the conclusion weak. The incantation scene is a beautiful piece of imagination, and we are inclined to think a quotation of a part of it will put Mr. Coleridge's poetical power before many of our readers in a new light:—

'REMORSE—Act III. sc. 1.

[*A Hall of Armory, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.*]

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe.

ORD. This was too melancholy, father.

VAL.

Nay,

My Alvar loved sad music from a child.

Once he was lost; and after weary search

We found him in an open place in the wood,

To which spot he had followed a blind boy,

Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore

Some strangely-moving notes; and these, he said,

Were taught him in a dream. Him first we saw

Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank;

And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,

His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me

To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe

A silver toy his grandam had late given him.

Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—

Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,

Yet still he wore it.

ALV. (*aside*.) My tears must not flow!

I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My Father!

Enter TERESA.

TER. Lord Valdez, you have ask'd my presence here,

And I submit; but heaven bear witness for me,

My heart approves it not. 'Tis mockery!

ORD. Believe you, then, no preternatural influence?

Believe you not that spirits throng around us?—

TER. Say rather that I have imagined it

A possible thing;—and it has sooth'd my soul

As other fancies have, but ne'er seduced me

To traffic with the black and frenzied hope

That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.

(*To Alvar*.) Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here

On such employment. With far other thoughts

I left you.

ORD. (*aside*.) Ha! he has been tampering with her!—

ALV. O high-soul'd maiden! and more dear to me

Than suits the stranger's name!—I swear to thee

I will uncover all concealed guilt.

Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar. [*Strain of music.*]

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm

I call up the departed.

Soul of Alvar!

Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell;—

So may the gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,

Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one

Of that innumerable company
 Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
 Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
 With noise too vast and constant to be heard—
 Fitliest unheard!—For oh! ye numberless
 And rapid travellers, what ear unstunn'd,
 What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
 The rushing of your congregated wings?
 Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!—
 Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
 That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
 A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
 To the parch'd caravan that roams by night!
 And ye build up on the becalmed waves
 That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
 Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye too split
 The ice-mount, and with fragments many and huge
 Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulfs
 Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
 Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
 Till from the blue-swoln corse the soul toils out,
 And joins your mighty army!

[*Music.*

[*Voice behind sings, 'Hear, sweet spirit.'*
 Soul of Alvar!

Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!
 By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
 Of a half dead, yet still undying hope,
 Pass visible before our mortal sense!
 So shall the church's cleansing rites be thine,
 Her knells and masses that redeem the dead!

(*Song behind.*)

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
 Lest a blacker charm compel!
 So shall the midnight breezes swell
 With thy deep, long lingering knell.
 And at evening evermore,
 In a chapel on the shore,
 Shall the chanters sad and saintly,
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,
 Doleful masses chant for thee,
 Miserere Domine!
 Hark! the cadence dies away
 On the quiet moonlight sea;—
 The boatmen rest their oars and say,
 Miserere Domine!

[*A long pause.*

ORD. The innocent obey nor charm, nor spell.
 My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
 Burst on our sight a passing visitant!

Once

Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me!

ALV. A joy to thee!

What if thou heard'st him now?—What if his spirit
Re-enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?—
What if—his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love—he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?—

VALD. These are unholy fancies.

ORD.

Yes, my father,

He is in heaven.

ALV. (*to Ord.*) But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of Heaven would have convulsed his face,
More than the death-pang?—

VALD. Idly prating man!

Thou hast guess'd ill. Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.

ALV. (*still to Ord.*) What if his very virtues
Had pamper'd his swoln heart and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalk'd a self-created god,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning,
And one that at his mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness.
Young lord! I tell thee that there are such beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
To see these most proud men, that lothe mankind,
At every stir and buz of coward conscience
Trick, cant, and lie,—most whining hypocrites!
Away! away! Now let me hear more music.

—vol. ii. p. 193.

'Zapolya' is professedly an imitation of 'The Winter's Tale,' and was not composed with any view to scenic representation. Yet it has some situations of dramatic interest in no respect inferior to the most striking in the 'Remorse;' the incidents are new and surprising, and the dialogue is throughout distinguished by liveliness and force. The predominant character of the whole is, like that of the 'Remorse,' a mixture of the pastoral and the romantic, but much more apparent and exclusive than in the latter; and it has always seemed to us that the poem breathed more of the spirit of the best pieces of Beaumont and Fletcher, such as the 'Beggars' Bush' for example, than of anything of Shakspeare's. 'Zapolya' has never been appreciated as it deserves. It is, in our opinion,
the

the most *elegant* of Mr. Coleridge's poetical works; there is a softness of tone, and a delicacy of colouring about it, which have a peculiar charm of their own, and amply make amends for some deficiency of strength in the drawing. Although this Christmas tale is, perhaps, as a whole, less known than any other part of Mr. Coleridge's poetry, there is, oddly enough, one passage in it which has been quoted as often as any, and seems to have been honoured by the elaborate imitation of Sir Walter Scott in 'Peveril of the Peak,' vol. iii. p. 6—'The innocent Alice,' &c.*

'The traitor Laska!—

And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warn'd me.
Whence learn'd she this?—Oh! she was innocent;—
And to be innocent is nature's wisdom!
The sledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Fear'd soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter;
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil.'

How fine is Bethlen's image!—

'Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,
Year following year, that press'd upon my heart
As on the altar of some unknown God;
Then, as if touch'd by fire from heaven descending,
Blazed up within me at a father's name—
Do they desert me now—at my last trial!'

And Glycine's song might, we think, attract the attention of some of our composers. How like some of Goethe's jewels it is!—

'A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted,
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he troll'd
Within that shaft of sunny mist;—
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!
And thus he sang—"Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms they make no delay;
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away,
Far, far away,
To-day! to-day!"'

* See Hayward's Transl. Preface.

Upon the whole, then, referring to the 'Wallenstein,' the 'Remorse,' and 'Zapolya,' we think it impossible not to admit that Mr. Coleridge's dramatic talent is of a very high and original kind. His chief excellence lies in the dialogue itself,—his main defect in the conception, or at least in the conduct, of the plot. We can hardly say too much for the one, or too little for the other. In this respect, indeed, as in some others, his two plays remind us more of Beaumont and Fletcher than of Shakspeare. Yet we can conceive even the 'Zapolya' capable of being charmingly represented under circumstances which the common London stage excludes in modern days. But little would be gained by such an attempt, however successful; it could not much heighten the effect of the poetry, and perhaps it might injure it, whilst defects in the action would become more apparent. The 'Remorse' is, indeed, of stronger texture, and has borne, and might again bear, acting by common performers before the common audience; yet even in this instance we doubt whether the representation would not interfere with the more exquisite pleasure attending on the calm perusal of the poetry itself. There are parts in it, as in most of Shakspeare's plays, which neither sock nor buskin can reach, and which belong to the imagination alone.

We have not yet referred to the 'Ancient Mariner,' 'Christabel,' the 'Odes on France,' and the 'Departing Year,' or the 'Love Poems.' All these are well known by those who know no other parts of Coleridge's poetry, and the length of our preceding remarks compels us to be brief in our notice. Mrs. Barbauld, meaning to be complimentary, told our poet, that she thought the 'Ancient Mariner' very beautiful, but that it had the fault of containing no moral. 'Nay, madam,' replied the poet, 'if I may be permitted to say so, the only fault in the poem is that there is *too much*! In a work of such pure imagination I ought not to have stopped to give reasons for things, or inculcate humanity to beasts. "The Arabian Nights" might have taught me better.' They might—the tale of the merchant's son who puts out the eyes of a genii by flinging his date-shells down a well, and is therefore ordered to prepare for death—might have taught this law of imagination; but the fault is small indeed; and the 'Ancient Mariner' is, and will ever be, one of the most perfect pieces of imaginative poetry, not only in our language, but in the literature of all Europe. We have, certainly, sometimes doubted whether the miraculous destruction of the vessel in the presence of the pilot and hermit, was not an error, in respect of its bringing the purely preternatural into too close contact with the actual framework of the poem. The only link between those scenes of out-of-the-world wonders, and the wedding guest, should, we rather suspect, have been the blasted, unknown being himself who described them.

There

There should have been no other witnesses of the truth of any part of the tale, but the 'Ancient Mariner' himself. This by the way: but take the work altogether, there is nothing else like it; it is a poem by itself; between it and other compositions, in *pari materia*, there is a chasm which you cannot overpass; the sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself. It was a sad mistake in the able artist—Mr. Scott, we believe—who in his engravings has made the ancient mariner an old decrepit man. That is not the true image; no! he should have been a growthless, decayless being, impassive to time or season, a silent cloud—the wandering Jew. The curse of the dead men's eyes should not have passed away. But this was, perhaps, too much for any pencil, even if the artist had fully entered into the poet's idea. Indeed, it is no subject for painting. The 'Ancient Mariner' displays Mr. Coleridge's peculiar mastery over the wild and preternatural in a brilliant manner; but in his next poem, 'Christabel,' the exercise of his power in this line is still more skilful and singular. The thing attempted in 'Christabel' is the most difficult of execution in the whole field of romance—witchery by daylight; and the success is complete. Geraldine, so far as she goes, is perfect. She is *sui generis*. The reader feels the same terror and perplexity that Christabel in vain struggles to express, and the same spell that fascinates her eyes. Who and what is Geraldine—whence come, whither going, and what designing? What did the poet mean to make of her? What could he have made of her? Could he have gone on much farther without having had recourse to some of the ordinary shifts of witch tales? Was she really the daughter of Roland de Vaux, and would the friends have met again and embraced?—

'Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny—and youth is vain—
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother:
 They parted—ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining;—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:—
 A dreary sea now flows between:
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,

Shall

Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once has been.'—vol. ii. p. 45.

We are not amongst those who wish to have 'Christabel' finished. It cannot be finished. The poet has spun all he could without snapping. The theme is too fine and subtle to bear much extension. It is better as it is, imperfect as a story, but complete as an exquisite production of the imagination, differing in form and colour from the 'Ancient Mariner,' yet differing in effect from it only so as the same powerful faculty is directed to the feudal or the mundane phases of the preternatural.

From these remarkable works we turn to the love poems scattered through the volumes before us. There is something very peculiar in Mr. Coleridge's exhibition of the most lovely of the passions. His love is not gloomy as Byron's, nor gay as Moore's, nor intellectual as Wordsworth's. It is a clear unclouded passion, made up of an exquisite respect and gentleness, a knightly tenderness and courtesy,—pure yet ardent, impatient yet contemplative. It is Petrarch and Shakspeare incorporate—it is the midsummer moonlight of all love poetry. The following fragment is now first printed:—

- 'Imagination; honourable aims;
Free commune with the choir that cannot die;
Science and song; delight in little things,
The buoyant child surviving in the man;
Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,
With all their voices—O dare I accuse
My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen,
Or call my destiny niggard? O no! no!
It is her largeness, and her overflow,
Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!
- 'For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,
But tim'rously beginning to rejoice
Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start
In lonesome tent, I listen for thy voice.
Beloved! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!
Then melts the bubble into idle air,
And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.
- 'The mother with anticipated glee
Smiles o'er the child, that, standing by her chair
And flatt'ning its round cheek upon her knee,
Looks up, and doth its rosy lips prepare
To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight
She hears her own voice with a new delight;
And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes aright,
- 'Then is she tenfold gladder than before!
But should disease or chance the darling take,
What then avail those songs, which sweet of yore
Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake?

Dear

Dear maid! no prattler at a mother's knee
 Was e'er so dearly prized as I prize thee:
 Why was I made for Love and Love denied to me?"

—vol. ii. p. 95.

We forbear to quote from the celebrated 'All thoughts, all passions, all delights,' or any other pieces previously published, in which '*Amor triumphans*' is sung,—not only because they are very generally known, but that we may make room for another poem now printed for the first time, in which a rarer and more difficult thing is attempted—an expression of the poet's anguish at the services of kindness as a substitute for love. This theme—the diversity of love and friendship—is several times most exquisitely touched in the new parts of this publication, particularly in a piece called '*Love's Apparition and Evanishment*;' but we must confine ourselves to one in the first volume, entitled '*The Pang more sharp than all*.' It runs thus:—

'He too has flitted from his secret nest—
 Hope's last and dearest Child without a name
 Has flitted from me, like the warmthless flame,
 That makes false promise of a place of rest
 To the tired Pilgrim's still believing mind;—
 Or like some Elf Knight in kingly court,
 Who having won all guerdons in his sport,
 Glides out of view, and whither none can find!
 Yes; He hath flitted from me—with what aim,
 Or why, I know not! 'Twas a home of bliss,
 And He was innocent as the pretty shame
 Of babe that tempts and shuns the menaced kiss
 From its twy-cluster'd hiding-place of snow!
 Pure as the babe, I ween, and all aglow
 As the dear hopes that swell the mother's breast—
 Her eyes down gazing o'er her clasped charge;
 Yet gay as that twice happy father's kiss,
 That well might glance aside, yet never miss,
 Where the sweet mark emboss'd so sweet a target—
 Twice wretched he who hath been doubly blest!
 Like a loose blossom on a gusty night
 He flitted from me,—and has left behind,
 (As if to them his faith he ne'er did plight)
 Of either sex and answerable mind.
 Two playmates, twin-births of his foster-dame:—
 The one a steady lad (Esteem he hight),
 And Kindness is the gentler sister's name.
 Dim likeness now, tho' she be fair and good,
 Of that bright Boy who hath us all forsook;—
 But in his full-eyed aspect when she stood,
 And while her face reflected every look,

And

And in reflection kindled—she became
So like Him, that almost she seem'd the same!

Ah! he is gone, and yet will not depart!—
Is with me still, yet I from him exiled!
For still there lives within my secret heart
The magic image of the magic Child,
Which there He made upgrow by his strong art,
As in that crystal orb—wise Merlin's feat—
The wondrous "world of glass" wherein inisled
All long'd-for things their beings did repeat;—
And there He left it, like a Sylph beguiled,
To live, and yearn, and languish incomplete!

Can wit of man a heavier grief reveal?
Can sharper pang from hate or scorn arise?
Yes! one more sharp there is that deeper lies,
Which fond Esteem but mocks when he would heal.
Yet neither scorn nor hate did it devise,
But sad compassion and atoning zeal!
One pang more blighting keen than hope betray'd!
And this it is my woeful hap to feel,
When at her Brother's hest, the twin-born Maid,
With face averted and unsteady eyes,
Her truant playmate's faded robe puts on;
And inly shrinking from her own disguise,
Enacts the fairy Boy that's lost and gone.
O worse than all! O pang all pangs above
Is Kindness counterfeiting absent Love!"—vol. i. p. 263.

It would be strange, indeed, if we concluded a notice of Mr. Coleridge's poetry without particularly adverting to his Odes. We learn from Captain Medwin, that Mr. Shelley pronounced the 'France' to be the finest English ode of modern times. We think it the most complete—the most finished as a whole; but we do not agree that it is equal in imagination—in depth—in fancy—to 'The Departing Year,' or 'Dejection,' although these latter are less perfect in composition. It is rather passionate than imaginative: it has more of eloquence than of fancy. We may be wrong in setting up the imaginative before the passionate in an ode, and especially in an ode on such a subject; but we think the majestic strophe with which it concludes will, when compared with any part of the other two odes, prove the accuracy of the distinction taken as a matter of fact.

'The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles, and wear the name
Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain.
O Liberty! with profitless endeavour

Have

Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;—
 But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
 Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,—
 Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee—
 Alike from priestcraft's harpy minions,
 And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,
 Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
 The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
 And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
 Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge;—
 Yea, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there!"

Of the other two odes named above, the first is the more varied and brilliant—the last the most subtle and abstract. If we must express an opinion, we must do so without assigning our reasons; and it is, that the ode on 'Dejection' is the higher effort of the two. It does not, in a single line, slip into declamation, which cannot be said strictly of either of the other odes: it is poetry throughout, as *opposed* to oratory.

It has been impossible to express, in the few pages to which we are necessarily limited, even a brief opinion upon all those pieces which might seem to call for notice in an estimate of this author's poetical genius. We know no writer of modern times whom it would not be easier to characterize in one page than Coleridge in two. The volumes before us contain so many integral efforts of imagination, that a distinct notice of each is indispensable, if we would form a just conclusion upon the total powers of the man. Wordsworth, Scott, Moore, Byron, Southey, are incomparably more uniform in the direction of their poetic mind. But if you look over these volumes for indications of their author's poetic powers, you find him appearing in at least half a dozen shapes, so different from each other, that it is in vain to attempt to mass them together. It cannot indeed be said, that he has ever composed what is popularly termed a *great* poem; but he is great in several lines, and the union of such powers is an essential term in a fair estimate of his genius. The romantic witchery of the 'Christabel,' and 'Ancient Mariner,' the subtle passion of the love-strains, the lyrical splendour of the three great odes, the affectionate dignity, thoughtfulness, and delicacy of the blank verse poems—especially the 'Lover's Resolution,' 'Frost at Midnight,' and that most noble and interesting 'Address to Mr. Wordsworth'—

the dramas, the satires, the epigrams—these are so distinct and so whole in themselves, that they might seem to proceed from different authors, were it not for that same individualizing power, that ‘shaping spirit of imagination’ which more or less sensibly runs through them all. It is the *predominance* of this power, which, in our judgment, constitutes the essential difference between Coleridge and any other of his great contemporaries. He is the most imaginative of the English poets since Milton. Whatever he writes, be it on the most trivial subject, be it in the most simple strain, his imagination, *in spite of himself*, affects it. There never was a better illustrator of the dogma of the Schoolmen—in *omnem actum intellectualem imaginatio influit*. We believe we might affirm, that throughout all the mature original poems in these volumes, there is not one image, the *expression* of which does not, in a greater or less degree, individualize it and appropriate it to the poet’s feelings. Tear the passage out of its place, and nail it down at the head of a chapter of a modern novel, and it will be like hanging up in a London exhibition-room a picture painted for the dim light of a cathedral. Sometimes a single word—an epithet—has the effect to the reader of a Claude Lorraine glass; it tints without obscuring or disguising the object. The poet has the same power in conversation. We remember him once settling an elaborate discussion carried on in his presence, upon the respective sublimity of Shakspeare and Schiller in *Othello* and the *Robbers*, by saying, ‘Both are sublime; only Schiller’s is the *material* sublime—that’s all!’ *All* to be sure; but more than enough to show the whole difference. And upon another occasion, where the doctrine of the Sacramentaries and the Roman Catholics on the subject of the Eucharist was in question, the poet said, ‘They are both equally wrong; the first have volatilized the Eucharist into a metaphor—the last have condensed it into an idol.’ Such utterance as this flashes light; it supersedes all argument—it abolishes proof by proving itself.

We speak of Coleridge, then, as the poet of imagination; and we add, that he is likewise the poet of thought and verbal harmony. That his thoughts are sometimes hard and sometimes even obscure, we think must be admitted; it is an obscurity of which all very subtle thinkers are occasionally guilty, either by attempting to express evanescent feelings for which human language is an inadequate vehicle, or by expressing, however adequately, thoughts and distinctions to which the common reader is unused. As to the first kind of obscurity, the words serving only as hieroglyphics to denote a once existing state of mind in the poet, but not logically inferring what that state was, the reader can only guess for himself

by

by the context, whether he ever has or not experienced in himself a corresponding feeling; and, therefore, undoubtedly, this is an obscurity which strict criticism cannot but condemn. But, if an author be obscure, merely because this or that reader is unaccustomed to the mode or direction of thinking in which such author's genius makes him take delight—such a writer must indeed bear the consequence as to immediate popularity; but he cannot help the consequence, and if he be worth anything for posterity, he will disregard it. In this sense almost every great writer, whose natural bent has been to turn the mind upon itself, is—must be—obscure; for no writer, with such a direction of intellect, will be great, unless he is individual and original; and if he is individual and original, then he must, in most cases, himself make the readers who shall be competent to sympathize with him.

The English flatter themselves by a pretence that Shakspeare and Milton are popular in England. It is good taste, indeed, to wish to have it believed that those poets are popular. Their names are so; but if it be said that the works of Shakspeare and Milton are popular—that is, liked and studied—among the wide circle whom it is now the fashion to talk of as enlightened, we are obliged to express our doubts whether a grosser delusion was ever promulgated. Not a play of Shakspeare's can be ventured on the London stage without mutilation—and without the most revolting balderdash foisted into the rents made by managers in his divine dramas; nay, it is only some three or four of his pieces that can be borne at all by our all-intelligent public, unless the burthen be lightened by dancing, singing, or processioning. 'This for the stage. But is it otherwise with 'the reading public?' We believe it is worse; we think, verily, that the apprentice or his master who sits out Othello or Richard at the theatres, does get a sort of glimpse, a touch, an atmosphere of intellectual grandeur; but he could not keep himself awake during the perusal of that which he admires—or fancies he admires—in scenic representation. As to understanding Shakspeare—as to entering into all Shakspeare's thoughts and feelings—as to seeing the idea of Hamlet, or Lear, or Othello, as Shakspeare saw it—this we believe falls, and can only fall, to the lot of the really cultivated few, and of those who may have so much of the temperament of genius in themselves, as to comprehend and sympathize with the criticism of men of genius. Shakspeare is now popular by name, because, in the first place, great men, more on a level with the rest of mankind, have said that he is admirable, and also because, in the absolute universality of his genius, he has presented points to all. Every man, woman, and child, may pick at least one flower from his garden, the name and

scent of which are familiar. To all which must of course be added, the effect of theatrical representation, be that representation what it may. There are tens of thousands of persons in this country whose only acquaintance with Shakspeare, such as it is, is through the stage.

We have been talking of the contemporary mass; but this is not all; a great original writer of a *philosophic turn*—especially a poet—will almost always have the fashionable world also against him at first, because he does not give the sort of pleasure expected of him at the time, and because, not contented with that, he is sure, by precept or example, to show a contempt for the taste and judgment of the expectants. He is always, and by the law of his being, an idoloclast. By and by, after years of abuse or neglect, the aggregate of the single minds who think for themselves, and have seen the truth and force of his genius, becomes important; the merits of the poet by degrees constitute a question for discussion; his works are one by one read; men recognize a superiority in the abstract, and learn to be modest where before they had been scornful; the coterie becomes a sect; the sect dilates into a party; and lo! after a season, no one knows how, the poet's fame is universal. All this, to the very life, has taken place in this country within the last twenty years. The noblest philosophical poem since the time of Lucretius was, within time of short memory, declared to be intolerable, by one of the most brilliant writers in one of the most brilliant publications of the day. It always put us in mind of Waller—no mean parallel—who, upon the coming out of the 'Paradise Lost,' wrote to the duke of Buckingham, amongst other pretty things, as follows:—'Milton, the old blind schoolmaster, has lately written a poem on the Fall of Man—*remarkable for nothing but its extreme length!*' Our divine poet asked a fit audience, although it should be but few. His prayer was heard; a fit audience for the 'Paradise Lost' has ever been, and at this moment must be, a small one, and we cannot affect to believe that it is destined to be much increased by what is called the march of intellect.

Can we lay down the pen without remembering that Coleridge the poet is but half the name of Coleridge? This, however, is not the place, nor the time, to discuss in detail his qualities or his exertions as a psychologist, moralist, and general philosopher. That time may come, when his system, as a whole, shall be fairly placed before the world, as we have reason to hope it will soon be; and when the preliminary works—the 'Friend,' the 'Lay Sermons,' the 'Aids to Reflection,' and the 'Church and State,'—especially the last two—shall be seen in their proper relations

as preparatory exercises for the reader. His 'Church and State, according to the Idea of Each'—a little book—we cannot help recommending as a storehouse of grand and immovable principles, bearing upon some of the most vehemently disputed topics of constitutional interest in these momentous times. Assuredly this period has not produced a profounder and more luminous essay. We have heard it asked, what was the proposed object of Mr. Coleridge's labours as a metaphysical philosopher? He once answered that question himself, in language never to be forgotten by those who heard it, and which, whatever may be conjectured of the probability or even possibility of its being fully realized, must be allowed to express the completest idea of a system of philosophy ever yet made public.

'My system,' said he, 'if I may venture to give it so fine a name, is the only attempt that I know, ever made, to reduce all knowledge into harmony. It opposes no other system, but shows what was true in each; and how that which was true in the particular in each of them, became error, *because* it was only half the truth. I have endeavoured to unite the insulated fragments of truth, and therewith to frame a perfect mirror. I show to each system that I fully understand and rightfully appreciate what that system means; but then I lift up that system to a higher point of view, from which I enable it to see its former position, where it was indeed, but under another light and with different relations,—so that the fragment of truth is not only acknowledged, but explained. So the old astronomers discovered and maintained much that was true; but because they were placed on a false ground, and looked from a wrong point of view, they never did—they never could—discover the truth—that is, the whole truth. As soon as they left the earth, their false centre, and took their stand in the sun, immediately they saw the whole system in its true light, and the former station remaining—but remaining *as a part* of the prospect. I wish, in short, to connect by a moral copula, natural history with political history; or, in other words, to make history scientific, and science historical;—to take from history its accidentality, and from science its fatalism.'

Whether we shall ever, hereafter, have occasion to advert to any new poetical efforts of Mr. Coleridge, or not, we cannot say. We wish we had a reasonable cause to expect it. If not, then this hail and farewell will have been well made. We conclude with, we believe, the last verses he has written:—

'My Baptismal Birth-Day.'

'God's child in Christ adopted,—Christ my all,—
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?
Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee;
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.

The

The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death :
 In Christ I live : in Christ I draw the breath
 Of the true life :—Let then earth, sea, and sky
 Make war against me ! On my heart I show
 Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
 To end my life, that can but end its woe.
 Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies ?
 Yes ! but not his—'tis Death itself there dies.'—vol. ii. p. 151.

ART. II.—*Journey to the North of India overland from England, through Russia, Persia, and Affghaunistaun.* By Lieut. Arthur Conolly. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1834.

IT is not very long since the grand vizier of the King of Persia asserted that a man's head would not be worth ten shahis (10*d.*) who would venture to go to Balkh. Behold, in the face of that assertion, a young Englishman arriving at Tehran, with the safe and beaten road of Ispahan, Shiraz, and the Persian Gulf before him, determines to abandon it, and facing an almost unknown region teeming with barbarous fanatics of every sort, to encounter 'the numberless dangers by which it is thronged, and so seek his way to his countrymen in India. Lieutenant Conolly tells us in the most modest of prefaces, that 'his apology for submitting this work to the notice of the public must rest upon the circumstance of his having travelled by a new route and through very interesting countries.' When it is recollected how full of difficulty was the undertaking, we are quite certain that the public will appreciate the spirit and enterprise which impelled him. In truth we owe him a great deal—the usual overland routes to India, both by Egypt and through Persia, are too well known to require more information concerning them ; but the Russian road, if we may so call it, is still open to much investigation. It has hitherto been but little travelled—the passage of a Frank along it, should he adhere to his shaven chin, his tight pantaloons, and his swallow-tailed-coat, would be as great a curiosity to the inhabitants which border it, as the elephant which walked all the way through Russia, equipped in boots, sent as a present from the Shah to the Emperor Alexander, was to the Muscovites. Mr. Conolly is the first, we believe, who has ventured to adopt this route proceeding from Europe, and we consider this undertaking more difficult than that of the traveller who comes from India. In the one case he arrives from a quarter more open to suspicion, for the impression which a stranger creates upon the ignorant Turcoman and Affghaun is, that he is a *Rus* ; while in the other, the traveller who during his sojourn in India has had time to imbue himself in the character of

of an Asiatic, comes from a less suspected region, and can more easily pass unnoticed.

Leaving London in August, 1829, Mr. Conolly proceeded to Petersburg, whence he had at first determined to pursue the usual line by the south of Persia; but conceiving that he might get to India by a more direct overland route, and being desirous of adding to the information already obtained respecting certain interesting and little-travelled countries, he resolved to attempt a journey *viâ* Khiva, Bokhara, and Cabul, through Khorassan and Affghaunistan, to the Indus. He, therefore, abandoned his English party, and engaged as a companion, 'Syud Karaumut Allee, an unprejudiced, very clever, and gentlemanly native of Hindoostan.'—We must take this early opportunity of saying that we do not approve of Lieutenant Conolly's mode of writing Oriental names, some of which are so universally adopted in European literature, that it is quite absurd to think of altering their aspect to our eyes. Why write *Allee* for Ali, and why should our old friend Turk be now introduced as *Toork*? Throughout we have *Vuzeer* for *Vizier*—and so on. All this sort of thing is silly affectation.

Upon reaching Tabreez, he engaged two servants, purchased three ambling galloways, and hired mules, and on the 6th March, 1830, took leave of his friends, and rode away from that city. At Tehran, he shaved his head, and having allowed his beard to get two months start, he flattered himself that, as soon as the weather should have tanned his neck, he might exhibit himself in the face of all Asia as an accomplished Kizzilbash. He then proceeded to Asterabad, where he assumed the character of a merchant bound to Khiva, and bought red silk scarfs, Kerman shawls, furs, large bags of pepper, ginger, and other spices. Happy are we who can travel further than from Asterabad to Khiva, with no other baggage than an umbrella, a cloak, and a portmanteau, and that we do not require the pomp and circumstance of pepper, ginger, and other spices, to announce who we are! But all this was absolutely necessary in the case of Lieutenant Conolly;—or rather, so he thought; for indeed, had we been his advisers on this occasion, and we have had some experience of the Eastern world, we would have said, take no such things—they announce wealth—your object is to assert poverty—make yourself as poor a wretch as you can—look as much like an Irishman coming to seek service in Marylebone as possible. You tell us that among your comforts you have taken a small bag of raisins, tea and sugar, and a bottle of vinegar—how is this? these are unpermitted luxuries—they may lead to your destruction—you must live as you can—a blue shirt, a pair of trousers, a sheep's skin and a staff, are all that

that we can allow you. We would have confirmed what the lieutenant's Cuijjer friend whispered into his ear as he was leaving As-terabad, 'I don't like those dogs you are going amongst;' and the result proved the truth of his suspicion, for we find as he proceeded, earning dear-bought experience, that he himself comes to the conclusion, that were he to travel again in the disguise of a native, he would adopt the appearance and character of a pauper. It is related of one of our naval characters, that during the last war when *hands* were scarce, he was walking the streets in full security, dressed as a gentleman, so he thought—when all at once he was seized by a press-gang and taken on board the tender in the river. He had flattered himself, that in his long-tailed coat, drab breeches, and gaiters, he would pass muster with every body for a quiet citizen, and he, not a little puzzled, inquired of the officer commanding the press-gang, how they had ascertained him to belong to the sea—'Did I not watch you as you stepped over the gutter?' said the other; 'none but a sailor could have performed that feat as you did.' And thus it was with Lieutenant Conolly, and so it will be with every European who attempts to pass himself off for an Asiatic. He may plant his chin and upper lip with the most tufted beard—he may mow his head according to the best Mahomedan pattern, and keep his fingers and toes properly pointed; he may learn to adjust his girdle according to the last fashion, and to walk slipshod; but what can preserve him from occasionally 'stepping over a gutter?'

We shuddered when we found him in the Turcoman Orauz Kilige's tent, where he met with hospitality, acting up to the dignity of a pepper and spice merchant;—he says, 'It would have been insulting our host to have offered payment for lodging and cheer; therefore, we presented his wife with a silk scarf and a small shawl!' In this one act, we discover the principal source of all the miseries which he afterwards endured among the Turcomans. The feelings of an English gentleman have no business in the breast of a traveller among the Turcomans: he must suppress them as he values his life. After having endured considerable misery, the whole truth of this breaks out upon our traveller. On his road to Khiva he had placed himself in the hands of one Perwallée, who provided him with camels for his journey, and who was looked upon as a safe man, but proved to be a villain, for he, with the above-named Orauz Kilige, tempted by the supposition of Mr. Conolly's wealth, determined to make away with him and his companion. Under various prettexts, they made them wander about the desert, somewhat in the same manner as Tony Lumpkin treats his mother, until they found themselves at the same place whence they departed. They had been kindly received

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at an encampment of Turcomans, and were drying themselves by the fire, whilst a cauldron of rice was boiling for their supper. Their servant, in a fit of extravagant happiness at this piece of good fortune, produced two cakes of sugar, and threw them into the bubbling mess, upon which the lieutenant's companion heard one of their escort whisper to a bystander, 'He is an elchee—an ambassador.' 'This is a trifling incident,' says the author;—'but it shows how watchful a traveller should be in these countries, where every action is commented upon. Two cakes of sugar were actually of no great value, but to Turcomans, who seldom think of tasting such a refined sweet, the throwing them unconcernedly into a mess of rice-milk appeared to augur great wealth on our part.'

He travelled on a camel, in a pair of *kajavahs*—open cribs, slung evenly on the huge creature's sides like panniers—in which he and his companion the Syud stowed their bedding, and sat or lay upon it.

'We halted at evening from five till eight, and a great relief was this respite from the distressing motion of the *kajavahs*. These cribs were but four feet by two, and when we had contrived to dispose of our bodies in this small space so as not to be in torture, our remaining skill was needed to preserve the centre of gravity; for the *kajavahs* were only loosely slung over the camel's back, and the very act of rising to draw a cramped leg from under one might have sufficed to destroy the balance. The motion had the effect of giving me a severe headache, which I should have minded more had I not been kept in laughter at the alarm of my friend in the other pannier. We were frequently obliged to spring up and clutch each other, as one or other crib leaned over; and he took infinite pains to show how, by my giving too much of my weight to one side, he might be made to fly over my head and break his bones.'—vol. i. pp. 52, 53.

Were it the custom in England to travel in *kajavahs*, what greater torment can be imagined for two individuals—let us say one of the late members for Bath, and one of the actual members for Wigan, or any fat and lean friends of our acquaintance, should they happen to be of different politics, than to be so circumstanced?—What a scene of 'springing up and clutching each other' would it not present!

The old hatred between Sonnee and Sheah exists with the same intenseness as ever in this part of Asia; the orthodox Sonnee clings to Abu Bukr, Omar, and Osman; whilst the Sheah upholds Ali; and they curse each other with appropriate violence, without any expense of conscience:—

"May God curse Abu Bukr, Omar, and Oosman, and shed his peace upon the blessed Allee! is the form of speech commonly used," said a reverend Sheah to me; "but there is no strict injunction to

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use words of cursing, so long as a man holds them accursed in his heart." The names of the original caliphs are commonly introduced into the phrases of gross abuse which the Persians deal so largely in: "May the face of the father and father's father of *your Omar* be defiled," will a mule-driver say in correcting an unruly beast, and without entertaining a particular regard for either sect.—pp. 48, 49.

We do not think, strong as religious feeling is among us, that any Protestant cab-driver would be found even in Dublin, who would say to his broken-kneed jade, 'May the face of the father and the father's father of *your Dan* be defiled!'

The whole account of their adventures in their unavailing attempt to reach Khiva bears such internal evidence of truth, and is so characteristic in its details, that we must refer our reader to it as one of the best specimens which we have ever read of the manners of those extraordinary people.

'The Toorkmuns pride themselves much on their hospitality, and they feel affronted if a traveller passes their camp without stopping. When a stranger comes to an oubeh, he is invited into the first tent, the master of which welcomes him by taking his hands within his own, and, holding the bridle of his horse, orders his wife to prepare refreshment for their guest. There can hardly be a livelier illustration of the manners of the Patriarchs than this:—instance Abraham's running from his tent-door in the plains of Mamre to meet and welcome the angels, praying them to rest themselves, and comfort their hearts with a morsel of bread; and then his desiring Sarah, his wife, to make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth. The manners, in particular, of the pastoral nations in Asia have undergone so little change, that you may see among them illustrations of nearly all the customs that are described in Scripture; and a traveller in any part of the East will meet with the most satisfactory evidences of the unaffected veracity of the sacred writers. To a European, the description of many simple Oriental customs appears a romance; and, connected as they are with so much miraculous anecdote, it is very assuring to find that those who described the lives and actions of the people of antiquity, did it not in any spirit of exaggeration, and that relations, which appear to us highly coloured, are told in the simple and natural idiom of the countries and days the writers lived in.

'As far as giving to eat and drink, the Toorkmuns are hospitable; but the very man who gives you bread in his tent will not scruple to fall upon you when you are beyond its precincts. This same hospitality of wandering tribes has been so lauded by poets and others, that it has become a fashion to talk as if the virtue existed only among demi-savages; and a man who exercises it shall be excused though he be a thief and a cut-throat. Your person is sacred, and your life is to be dearer to him than his own while you are under the shadow of his tent;—but you cannot remain there for ever. Perhaps

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at the very moment you are eating his salt, your host is thinking how, at a future occasion, he may best transfer part of your wealth to himself, and when you do meet him on his plain, the odds are very much against you.

'We are taken with the poetically expressive idiom of the Arab, who, as a hint to a stranger to surrender his property, says, "Cousin, undress thyself; thy aunt is without a garment;"—but we think it expedient to hang a man who translates and applies the saying in our own country. The fact is, that, in our love for the romantic, we judge these wild people nearly by the same standard with which they measure themselves. The Arabs for instance,—we only think of them as a nation of freemen, whose deeds have been chivalrous, and whose annals are told in high-sounding verse, and we overlook their vices; but the Bedouins are perhaps the greatest rogues who wander (read Burckhardt's summary of their character, and ask any one who has gone the land route to Mecca about them). The virtues and vices of all Nomade people are much the same; they entertain exaggerated notions of hospitality and bravery, but they are generally greedy, mean, and thievish; and, though they may keep good faith with their own race, they will find means to evade the spirit of a pledge given to a stranger, if it be much to their interest to do so. Their hospitality appears greater than that of settled people, because when travelling they rely upon each other for food and shelter; but they must of necessity do so. Perhaps in earlier times the feeling was exercised more as a virtue, but now there is to the full as much pride as generosity in it, for you will anger a man to the extent of making him your enemy if you pass his tent, though he may not have wherewithal to feed you; and, even allowing that a generous feeling prompts his courtesy, it is not so strong a one but that avarice will get the better of it if you have that which tempts him.'—vol. i. pp. 166-169.

'It is a wild scene, a Toorkmun camp. All its tenants are astir at day-break, and the women, after a short busy period, retire to work within their tents. Towards the evening the men get together, and sit in circles discoursing: the mistress of a tent is seen seated outside knitting; near her is "an old negro woman, dry and withered as the deserts of Libya," who is churning in a skin hung upon three sticks, or dandling the last born; and the young fry, dirty and naked, except perhaps a small jacket, or skull-cap, fantastically covered with coins, bits of metal, or beads and charms, run about in glee like so many imps, screaming and flinging dust on each other, the great game of these unsophisticated children of nature. As the day declines, the camels are driven in, and folded within the camp; soon after the sun has set, a few watchers are set; here and there perhaps in a tent, remain for a short time "the light of the candle and the sound of the millstones," but soon the whole camp is in still repose.

'There certainly is a charm about this mode of life, and I can understand the dislike that a Toorkmun has to living in a city. It has been thought that inhabitants of mountainous countries have the strongest feelings of love for their homes, because they retain the
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most vivid recollection of the bold scenery that they were born in; but the Swiss or Highlanders scarcely sigh more for their mountains than do the Arabs and the Toorkmuns for the desert—home is home all the world over.—vol. i. pp. 172—174.

We had often heard of the powers of endurance of the Turcoman horse, without giving full credence to the narrator; but here we are furnished with some facts which we conceive are fully worthy of notice:—

* Orauz Kellijs's horse excited our astonishment: for two days we saw that he got no water, and fed only upon what he could pick up (coarse grass or weeds) as we went along, or when we halted: corn he did not taste a grain of, "nor should he, please God," said his master, "till he reached home, when he should lie down before a hill of it." He explained this expression by saying, that it was their custom, when they had no foray in view, to allow their horses entire discretion as to their food. "We tether them," he said, "within reach of abundance, and they know better than to eat too much." I would rather state the Toorkmuns' own accounts of some of their customs, than my entire belief in them, for some of their stories were only just within the bounds of credibility, though it cannot be doubted that both they and their horses perform astonishing feats; and, as they are themselves as lazy at home as active when abroad, what Orauz Kellijs said about their mode of treating horses may be true. The Toorkmuns roll a piece of fat round their snaffles, to keep their horses' mouths moist on a long march. Some said that they bled their steeds to relieve them when they were much fatigued; and others spoke of drinking the blood in case of their being short of water; but, as some of the latter, in allusion to their own great prowess, hinted that they were "man-eaters," I learned to consider the first account as hyperbolical.—vol. i. p. 57.

Lieutenant Conolly presents us with an account of Beggee Jan, a former sovereign of Bokhara, famed throughout Persia and Tartary for his humility and affectation of poverty. Those who are extravagant in their love of cheap government will doubtless read this portion of the book with exultation, and in this pauper king find the prototype of the 'first magistrate' they would have. Instead of those magnificent establishments called royal kitchens, with their appropriate utensils, patent steam apparatus, and the thousand and one necessities for cooking, he possessed one wooden bowl, an iron cauldron, and some earthen pots. No Vatel killed himself in his service for want of fish—he required no head cook, under cooks, and a regiment of gentlemen in white night-caps—he went to market himself, cooked his own *pot au feu*, and ate from the same bowl with his courtiers. And in the luxuries of the stable, instead of cream-coloured horses, the body-coachman, the grooms, the outriders, his whole stud consisted of one donkey, which he bestrode without a saddle.

* Shah

'Shah Moraud Beg, familiarly and *par excellence* called Beggee Jân, was a king whose equal has not been known since the days of the Caliph Omar, whose character, indeed, he appears to have closely imitated; like him, affecting to despise the honours of sovereignty, and descending to undignified and affected actions to display his humility. He surrounded himself with a court of devout and learned doctors, to whose opinion he professed to bow, and, assisted by whom, he used to sit in open darbar to judge the people according to the principle of the Mohummudan law. In such assemblies, the parties sat on goat-skins, which were ranged round the room, and the Shah took any seat to show that he did not esteem himself above his fellow-men in the faith. He performed the most menial offices: his kitchen establishment consisted of a wooden bowl, an iron cauldron, and some earthen pots; he made his own market, cooked his own *pot au feu*, and when he had guests, went round himself to pour water on their hands, and ate from the same bowl with them. He had a donkey of no price, which he would ride without a saddle through the streets of Bokhara, and the common people, charmed by this show of humility, thought that there never had been so single-hearted a man; but many stories which are related of him show how much worldly sagacity lay under his assumed simplicity. He was the Louis XI. of his day: cold-blooded and hypocritical, but superstitious, and covering much craftiness and knowledge of mankind with a quiet and smooth exterior. Not of "Shah Abbas the Great" are more good stories told, than of "Beggee Jân:" in hearing them related, you cannot but be struck with the recurrence of phrases and idioms that appeared so singular and amusing in the "Arabian Nights," and it is to be regretted that an Omar al Siftee does not exist to embody the tales that are related of these two monarchs in another series of a thousand and one evenings.

'The following striking anecdote was told my friend by one Hâjee Hossein Khan Mervee, an old Cujjer nobleman, who was governor at Merve, when it was taken by Shah Moraud, and who was carried away prisoner to Bokhara: he vouched for the truth of the circumstance, having been in Bokhara when it occurred.

'One day, as the Shah was riding through the city on his ass, followed by a cortège of Oosbeg, Affghaun, and Kuzzilbash nobles, he led the way to the coppersmiths' bazaar, and stopped at the shop of an artisan, to whom he addressed the following singular conversation: "Salaam Alekoom."—"Alekoom Salaam."—"Your health is good?"—"By your condescension and favour."—"I am concerned to see you, born a gentleman, toiling in an occupation that is beneath you: rather abandon this profession, and come live in the town as becomes a man of your birth: fear not to write to your friends all that goes on here; God be thanked, our actions are not such as we are ashamed should be known; but what you *do* write, write *truly*, and send it openly and worthily." The pretended coppersmith whom he addressed, he had discovered to be a man of some rank, sent secretly

by the Affghaun court to report upon his actions ; and, by taking this quiet way of exposing him, he both preserved his reputation for mildness, and gained credit for knowing everything that passed.

' It was his custom to speak of himself in the third person, under the affected designation of *the Fakeer*, though he allowed himself to be addressed by the title of Huzzurut-e-'Vullee Naiamee (His Excellency the Lord of Beneficence), and a very characteristic anecdote on this head was related to my friend by Ameer Nausir ud Deen (Toora) a brother to Ameer Hyder, who, leaving Bokhara for some political reason, resided many years at Meshed, and afterwards went to Constantinople, where I believe he now is.

' The court sat a long time one morning in expectation of the Shah's entrance, but it was not till long after his usual hour that he came ; he then walked in from the outer door, minus a considerable portion of his upper garment. When he had taken his seat, and exchanged "*salaam alekoom*" with the company, the eldest of the moolâs expressed a hope that nothing untoward had occurred. The king's answer was, " No—the fakeer had a friend whom he had not seen for many days, and he went yesterday to visit him. On returning, as the night was dark, and the road muddy, the fakeer turned into a mosque and slept there." " But what food did the Lord of Beneficence eat ? " " A morsel of bread was in a beggar's wallet, and the fakeer ate that." " And where is the skirt of Huzzurut-e-'Vullee Naiamee's poosteen ? " " The fakeer observed that the beggar's feet were cold, so, considering that the skirts of his garment were superfluous, he cut them off to make stockings for the poor man."

' Notwithstanding his affected meekness, Shah Moraud caused himself to be feared by all classes of men. It is to be remarked in his character, that, though he overlooked many strong personal offences, he never forgave one which was directed against his sovereign power : still he had such command over his passions, that he waited to execute vengeance till he could bring it within warrant of the Mohummudan law, and thus he preserved the distinction that he prized ; for those who feared and disliked him were bound for their own credit's sake to praise him for his sanctity. He introduced a very strict moral code into the city, but he was wise enough to give his orthodox brethren the full benefit of their law on points which much concerned them. He it was who made the rule by which a man, brought as a slave to Bokhara, professing himself a Soonnee, must prove himself such by four known Soonnee vouchers, whom he is little likely to find at no warning and far from his home. Some of the most scrupulous Bokharians are averse to purchasing a man who declares himself to be of the true faith, and Soonnees of other nations tell you, that the Toorkmuns, when they capture a stout man who persists in declaring himself orthodox, will prick his tongue so that he cannot articulate, and sell him in that state in the bazaar ; or beat him dreadfully, till he is inclined, as the least of two evils, to deny his faith, and suffer himself to be sold as an infidel. Such men never can become truly religious,

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for the greater the heresy of their neighbours the greater must be their profit.'—pp. 158—163.

Lieut. Conolly has produced an impression very little in favour of the Turcomans;—they are a treacherous, canting, thieving, proud, avaricious, and barbarous race. They call themselves friends of the Persians; but their only object in life appears to be, how they may best attack Persian villages, pillage their property, and carry their men and women into captivity. They make their women work, and treat them as inferior beings, although their marriage ceremonies are conducted with great punctilio. Maidens are cheap—widows at a premium. Chastity is a universal virtue among the women; and they are also discreet, and shut or open their ears at pleasure. 'When men are talking together, and a woman is sitting by, she draws up a small piece of cloth from her bosom over her mouth, to signify that she takes concern only in her own occupation.' Perhaps, in the dearth of ingenuity for the invention of a new fashion, our Victorines and our Maradans might take a hint from the Turcoman ladies. The *fichû à la Turcomane*, we think, would sound very pretty; it might be ornamental—even useful.

Having failed in his endeavours to reach Khiva, our traveller determined to take the road to Meshed, and joined a company of pilgrims bound on a pilgrimage to the Tomb of Imaum Reza. For eight months in every year, dating from the vernal equinox, this road to and from Meshed is travelled by sixty thousand persons, chiefly pilgrims; and it is to be remarked that though much of the country is desert, every little station on the road furnishes supplies for this number of persons and their cattle. Stopping at Bostam they find one of the Shah's sons there, as governor. They are introduced to him, and he asks many questions, among others concerning 'Yankeedoonia,' America, or as it may be rendered, (so says our author,) 'the world of the Yankees.' This is an amusing mistake into which Lieut. Conolly has fallen, and natural enough to those who, like him, seem to have acquired the language by the roadside. *Yengi doonia*, in truth, means the New World. *Yengi* in Tartar language is *new*. *Yankee* is, according to Dr. Webster's Dictionary, 'a corrupt pronunciation of the word *English* by the Indians of North America.'

Many most characteristic scenes on the road, illustrative of the pilgrimage to Meshed, are described. We cannot resist inserting the following:—

'This march was a pleasant one—the air was fresh, and the pilgrims, relieved from the fear of the two most dreaded stages, unfurled their gay pennons, and moved along with lighter hearts. The Moojeteheid's face wore a smile, and, settling himself on his easy pad, he condescended

condescended to talk to those about him. The Toorks cut their jokes upon an Ispahaun dandy, the back of whose head was covered with long curls, and who, in countenance and general bearing anything but warlike, was quite laden with arms and accoutrements. The chaoushes would dash out ahead, mimicking a fight with each other, halt a minute at the top of some rising ground to see the country clear, and then, returning as they went, would call upon the faithful to raise a shout for the blessed Mohummud. Prefacing with some verses, of which all chaoushes have a ready store, one would exclaim in a loud voice:—" *Dum be dum bur gool-e rookhsaur-e Mohummud sulawaat.*"—"Upon the rose of the cheek of Mohummud may the blessing of God momentarily rest." To which the pilgrims would answer, "*Ullah hooma sullé Ala Mohummud-in 'va aul-e Mohummud.*"—"O God, bless Mohummud, and the issue of Mohummud"—and then they would join in a shout. If they did not cry loud or unanimously enough, the chaoushes would exclaim angrily, "Better than that! sweeter than that!—dust on your heads, is this your sulawaat?"—vol. i. p. 233.

'We had a rich scene this morning between two old Arab women, who, whether from the malformation of their mule's back, or what, could not balance themselves in their kajavahs. All the big stones in the road were picked up and put into one dame's cradle, but with no effect, and she sat perched up, tightly grasping the centre, till she became angry, and rated her companion for being a heavy woman; the other, I believe, retorted on her the term of a light one, and they had some very high words, the mule the while ambling along with them most patiently. As they could not afford a halt, all attempts to rectify the evil were vain; the heavy dame lay like a millstone in her kajavah, and, after a hearty cry, the two old bodies became friends again, and joined in vilifying the men who had strapped them on, till the old hâjee, riding up, shook his gun at them, and authoritatively desired them to be silent.'—*ibid.* p. 236.

Again—

'From our small upper room, which flanked the arched entrance, we looked down upon an amusing fight between a Persian and an Arab: each was in the middle of a crowd of his friends, bareheaded, and brandishing a dagger, and swearing to make mince-meat of his enemy, but at the same time not really endeavouring to force his way to him. They were eventually brought together, and made to kiss each other, and immediately after, they seated themselves, with the greatest harmony, to a basket of unripe plums.'—vol. i. p. 237.

At Meshed he visits the shrine of the saint.

'When we entered, the faces of the crowd with which we mixed were turned towards Kerbolah, and they were listening with intense interest to the words of a speaker mounted on a pulpit of steps, who, with "kerchief in hand," alternately wept and harangued—his theme the martyrdom of the sainted Hossein. The mosque was but partially lighted, sufficiently so to show the speaker and the expres-

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sion of some of his auditors' countenances; farther within, the mosque was dark, but we could discern, by the glimmering light on the wall, that it was crowded to the extremity. Though I but imperfectly understood the orator's words, aided by my friend I could catch the tenor of his speech, and felt myself becoming gradually much interested. He was gifted with a deep melodious voice, and had entire sway over the feelings of those whom he addressed. When, detailing the cruelty with which Hossein's son was murdered in his very arms, he spoke of the lamentations of the mother, all were softened, and wept; but as, after a pause, he went on to tell of the youthful courage of his sister Zeinab's two sons, their sorrow gradually gave way to admiration, which they expressed in a deep hum of applause; but when he described the noble firmness with which the martyr met death, when all his friends had fallen for him, they caught the enthusiasm of the speaker, and burst into a proud and prolonged shout of—"Hossein!" I have in vain tried to describe this scene; it was one of those which once witnessed is never forgotten, but I feel that my words scarcely give an idea of it.—vol. i. pp. 273, 274.

Then follows an interesting narrative of the celebration of the great Shiah festival, the death of Hossein, in which exhibitions of feats of strength and agility take place.

'We hoped also to have seen a wonderful boy, an eater of glass and brass kettles, but were told that, having become rich by his exhibitions, he had lately taken to eat nothing but pilau. A resident of Meshed assured us, that this boy once offered to eat his *austauba* (copper jug) for half a real, but that, feeling sure that the monster would be as good as his word, he would not sacrifice his pot.'—vol. i. p. 281.

The lieutenant's visit to Prince Ahmed Ali Mirza is thus described:—

'The residence of the prince was in the citadel, a place of no great strength, the interior of which was in a state of ruin, exhibiting fallen walls and rubbishy courts. We alighted at the archway of the inhabited part, and passed into a hall where twenty men, dressed in imitation of soldiers, lay asleep; these, we afterwards learned, were the Prince's artillerymen, who were to have been drawn up to show the Feringee the strength of the garrison, but the porter, expecting to see a being like the one represented in the *Mohurrum*—(i. e. in one of the pious stage-plays of the festival)—let me pass in my Persian costume. Prince Ahmud Allee Meerza fully justified the accounts we had heard of him; he received us with an affectation of dignity which he had not the manners to support, and repeated set speech, about the honour and probity, &c., of the English after the Vuzeer, who, leaning on a long stick, stood below the window at which his nominal lord was seated. The Shahzadeh wished to know whether I was a servant of the King of England or of the *Coompaneer*.

"Of the latter, themselves the devoted servants of 'His Majesty the King of England, and Emperor of the Seas.'" "*Coompanee chee us!*" asked the Prince; "What is the Company?" I was about to explain the mystery of the twenty-four stools, when the Vuzeer confidently answered that Sir John Malcolm was the Company. I would have corrected him, but no, he was quite positive. "Ask me," said he, with the air of a man entirely master of his subject, "ask me, I possess information on that score; Sir John Malcolm first came as Elchee to the King of Kings, and then went to Bombay and became *Coompanee*." It was plain that any assertions on my part would be lost, and, considering that the Honourable Court might be more unworthily represented, I suffered the Vuzeer to abide in his conceit, and bore the reproach of not knowing so much about my own country as did a man who had never left Irân."—vol. i. p. 285.

The condensing a concentrated essence of four-and-twenty directors in the person of the late Sir John Malcolm is an operation which, in these days of chemical wonders, we did not expect, not even from the alembic of a Persian brain.

The following sketch of Persian manners, comprehended in the account of a visit which Lieut. Conolly and his companion paid to one of the chief men of Meshed, is full of spirit and truth:—

'Some days after our arrival, the Syud took me to dine with his old friend Meerza Abdool Jowaut, Moojeteheid, one of the chief dignitaries of the city, the same whom Mr. Fraser frequently mentions, and to whose friendly interference that gentleman perhaps owed his life when it was threatened by the fanatics of the city. Meerza Abdool Jowaut is esteemed a very Aflatoon (Plato) by the Meshedees. He is supposed to inherit a perfect knowledge of Euclid from a mathematical great uncle, and to be equalled by few in the science of astronomy; logic he has at his tongue's end; and his decisions, according to the Shirra, are regarded as little short of inspired ones, doubtless because the excellence of his disposition induces him to do justice to every party. He has a mania for everything foreign, affects a little *keemia* (chemistry), not altogether doubting the philosopher's stone, and treasures up old books and European knick-knacks. As soon as my friend had visited him, and told him with whom he was travelling, Meerza Abdool Jowaut sent me a kind message, expressive of his regret that he could not exactly show me the civilities he wished, since the men of Meshed were short-sighted, and had given him some ugly names on account of his intimacy with Mr. Fraser; but that he had an esteem for my nation, and would be glad on any occasion to serve me. I owed this civility partly to the Meerza's amiable disposition, and to his wish to oblige the Syud, but in some degree to his curiosity, which he gratified shortly after by asking us to dinner in a quiet way.—"You were mentioning," said the Syud to me, as we were on our way to our host's residence, "that the Tartars did not invade England;—however that may be, don't dispute the point

point with Meerza Abdool Jowaut, for he has an historical work upon Frangestaun, which assures him that they *did*, and there is no need to put him out of conceit with his book."

' We waited to pay our devoirs to the old man till he had said his prayers in a small mosque near the gate of his house. The Syud kissed his hands in token of extreme respect; I made out a Persian obeisance, by placing a hand upon my heart, and bending forward; and the Meerza, motioning with his long ivory-headed stick to the entrance of his house, gave us an opportunity of showing our breeding by refusing to take place of him, and then led us up a flight of steps to a broad terrace, where, on two parallel slips of carpet, were placed a pair of large silver lamps. The moment we were settled on our heels, the Meerza, addressed me with—"You are welcome—you have conferred honour—you are very welcome—your esteemed health is good. What is the latitude of London?" Reference to the work mentioned by my friend, which lay at his side, satisfied him that I knew the latitude of my birth-place, and he set me down for a man of information. He then talked of his astronomical observations at Meshed, which brought out its position, he said, nearly what Mr. Fraser had made it (a fudge, I thought, on the old gentleman's part). He pushed me rather hard upon some abstruse points in astronomy, but fortunately there was another guest, who prevented the conversation from becoming too scientific—a merchant of Reshdt, who, having gone across the Caspian to Astrakan, considered himself warranted in telling some very marvellous anecdotes of the Oroos.

' Our talk was seasonably interrupted by a delicious repast, handsomely served on silver trays, giving us a fair specimen of the style of living of the higher orders of this city. There was the long rice of Peshower, "that you may press down in the dish and it will rise again of its own elasticity, and which is so light that you never know when you have eaten enough of it." With this were served party-coloured pilaus, omelettes, rich meats with sweet syrups, and garlic stewed in milk; and to drink, sherbets that "Tortoni" never dreamed of, made with "rewass" and the juice of the fresh grape,—nectars which are conveyed from a China bowl to the mouth in deep spoons of the pear-tree wood, so delicately carved that they tremble under the weight of the liquid. Our host most courteously encouraged us to eat, putting choice morsels of meat before us with his fingers, and sometimes helping us from his own plate (a politesse which certainly dates as far back as the time when Joseph entertained his brothers at Pharaoh's court, and which in Persia is as great a one as can well be shown a guest); and he gave zest to the repast by filling up his intervals with scraps of poetical wit, which he bandied with the Syud, than whom no one could play such a part better.

' The Persians have been likened to the French, for having a constant fund of agreeable conversation, and for the politeness of their manner; but it may perhaps be doubted whether the French could

say so much upon so little, and whether their manners do not suffer from the comparison. The Persians have no real learning from which to create their wit, and yet two men of this nation seldom get together without striking up a racy dialogue; and they express themselves with so much politeness and good humour, that you immediately feel at ease in their society, and can enjoy it, even when but partly acquainted with their language. They appeared to me to be the politer people of the two; to have the suavity of the French without their grimace, and to be without that "brusquerie" which is occasionally so offensive in the Gauls: they can indeed be as bearish and disagreeable as any people, but they seldom are so unless when their religious prejudices are excited. These are the mere opinions of a traveller: I did not form them only at Meerza Abdool Jowaut's table, but a recollection of his wit and politeness induces me to insert them here.

'As a special instance of civility, I should mention that the host ordered my tray to be the last removed, a compliment which my ignorance prevented me from feeling grateful for at the time, but which the Syud did not fail to enlarge upon, in particularizing several little delicate attentions on the part of his friend, which I had not remarked, but which were evidences of the kindest consideration, coming, as they did, from a man of high religious rank, in a country where every the slightest shade of civility marks a man's value in society. I do not know what prevented our killing ourselves with his rich dinner, unless it was some delicious green tea, which he recommended as "*usle uz Chine*," real China tea, and which was brought in little China cups, cased with silver.

'A lively conversation followed, which the Meerza politely endeavoured occasionally to make general. In the course of conversation, he introduced the great question, whether the sun goes round the earth, or the earth round the sun; and the Syud, being acquainted with and somewhat of a convert to our planetary system, took the Copernican side of the argument. The Meerza made a stout dispute for the earth's stability, but I think one of the arguments he laid most stress upon was this:—That if the earth went round, there must be a pressure one way, and that one of two sticks driven at equal depth into the ground crossways must in time be pressed farther in than the other. "If I were as some of this city," he said, good-humouredly, "I should stop your arguments by saying that your view of the question is heretical, but I like to hear both sides of every question. The Feringees are an astonishing people, and it pleases me to hear of any new grand principle being struck out; you would have the world in the heavens, but I confess that, having built all my small knowledge upon the belief that it is stationary, I should, considering my years, wish it to remain so till I am laid in it."—"And then," interrupted the Syud, "there's little doubt of your going where we think the world to be." "I am already in Paradise" was the polite rejoinder, and as it was not to be expected that any thing better

better could be said, we exchanged the compliments of the night and separated."—vol. i. p. 299—302.

In no country of the world are the Jews more persecuted than in Persia. In every look and attitude they exhibit a people in the last stage of degradation; they never appear but to be reviled and insulted. The exteriors of their dwellings bear the semblance more of dens than of houses; and the quarter of the town which they inhabit is left wholly to themselves. They make their doors so low that not even the shortest man can enter without stooping, and this is done to keep out Persian horsemen, who otherwise would not scruple to make a forcible entry, horse and all. They never are known to rise to any post of distinction. No one trusts them. Every one tries to defraud them, and to oppress them. Such a general notion of their situation is all that most travellers arrive at; but Mr. Conolly has been enabled to gratify his readers with a sketch of the interior:—

'We attended the Jewish synagogue one Saturday, and the Rabbis were so captivated by the Syud's unprecedentedly liberal opinions, that they made a point of showing all that they thought would interest us. The synagogue was a square room, on two sides of which was a gallery, with a lattice screen-work for the women to sit behind. From the centre of the chamber, from the floor to the ceiling, rose four posts, and on steps within these was the altar. Their chanting was in the Persian style, and very discordant; parts of the Old Testament were read in Hebrew, and a homily was delivered in the Persian language. When praying, they turned to Jerusalem, and covered their heads in white mantles; and, at one part of the service, the priest, standing on the altar-steps, held up the Pentateuch, written on large rolls of parchment, and the congregation crowded eagerly round to look on it. It was an affecting sight, this "fragment of Israel," in oriental garb, adhering religiously to the ordinances of their forefathers, amid the persecutions of the most bigoted of a bigoted race. Not a man, they said, had gone out from them.

'After the service, we were shown into a small room, where were preserved with great care more than fifty copies of the Scripture, written on rolls of parchment by devout individuals, who had presented them to the synagogue. Each roll was kept in a case like a drum, on which was a plate telling the name of the donor and the date of the gift; and one copy, we were told, was used in turn every Sabbath.

'From the synagogue we repaired to the Ketkhoda's house, consisting of a range of double-storied rooms on one side of a neat garden, round which vines were carried on a treillage. We sat on the walk, under the shade of a fine tree; and the Jew, though he would not drink with us, by reason of its being the Sabbath-day, produced some
bottles

bottles of strong arrack and thin bad wine of his own manufacture, and, seeing that we would only taste it, lest some keen-nosed Mohummudan should scent us, he begged us to take the liquor home to comfort our hearts with at leisure. There was such an air of comfort about this man's house, that he thought it necessary to apologise for it, saying that we saw all his wealth; that formerly the Jews had money, but now, God help them, they had ceased to hoard it, since some extortionate ruler or other was sure to take it from them.

'We became very intimate with this people, and in many of their houses I observed much to contradict their outward appearance of poverty. On one occasion I was invited to a wedding in their quarter. At evening I was introduced to a company, who were seated in a square, on a broad terrace, having before them trays containing burnt almonds, pistachio nuts, and confectionary, and flasks of arrack, which they drank from small cups, in such immoderate quantities that I expected to see them lose their senses; but it merely appeared to have the effect of exciting them. The seat of honour was kept for the bridegroom, a most uninteresting youth, who, looking very much ashamed of himself, entered with a boy on either hand singing a discordant epithalamium, and when he had taken his place next to his father at the head, the company severally complimented him. Meat and broth was then brought in, and when it had been partaken of, health was wished to the bridegroom and to his father, the host, bumpers of arrack were tossed down, and some of the company got up one after another, and danced a ridiculous sort of *pas seul*. It was next proposed to sing, and some of the best performers being called upon, sang from the Psalms of David very sweetly. The audience were frequently moved to tears, and once, when a young man sang a psalm, which by Mehdee Beg's translation I knew to be that (even in our language) most beautiful one, "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion," they sobbed aloud. They were all somewhat under the influence of their potations, but men in their situation must ever be affected by the beautiful words of the Psalmist, and it was easy to believe their grief sincere. In the height of the entertainment came a loud knocking at the door. In the early part of the evening the darogha had sent for some arrack, for medicine, but as he required a large dose, it was refused him. He therefore now sent his myrmidons to put a stop to what he called the disturbance in their quarter, as it was the night of a Mohummudan festival. A little money sent the officers away, and, shortly after, the bride being brought to the house with music and torches, and a large attendance of female friends, the party broke up.'—vol. i. pp. 304-308.

We think the following observations are well worthy of attention at this time, when a thousand symptoms of change are so apparent among many nations of the 'unchanging East':—

'It is to be lamented that the Persians are so far removed from the knowledge of the enlightened Word, for, could it be spread among them,

them, it would at least be rapidly extended—that already excited spirit of inquiry, which now loses itself in infidelity, would lay hold of truth, were it taught the true principles by which to discern and prove the same. The Mooselmauns, as argued Sir W. Jones, are already a sort of heterodox Christians;—they believe much that we do; they have much of our Scripture, and, in their ignorance, sincerely think that we have corrupted the rest. Now, the Korân can no more bear an impartial comparison with the Jewish Testament than the licentious tenets that it inculcates can stand before the purity and charity of the Gospel precepts; and our endeavours should be to impart to these people the doctrines of sound reason and logic, and lead them to the comparison; but to convert the natives of Persia by our Scripture, we should give them every incitement to read it, and not only translate from the original, so as to preserve the similarity of idiom which runs through all eastern languages, but not insist upon a strictly literal translation, when, fully preserving the sense, we can express a sentence more beautifully. Except the Arabs, no people are more susceptible of the beauties of language than are the Persians, and they will not read what is written in a hard style. I humbly conceive that, to obtain a correct translation of the Old Testament, we should get the assistance of a Persian Jew. The descendants of Israel, who live in Irân, retain their own language, and some of their moollâs not only acquire a classical knowledge of Persian, but become skilled in Arabic; and one of these would have a heart in the work, which no Mohummudan assistant well can. I think, also, that we might look to the theological writings of the Mohummudans for a style of translation. During the Mohurram at Meshed, the lecturers read from an Arabic work passages which appeared greatly to affect the multitude. The book was composed by Hossein's son, Allee Awsut, Zein-ul Aubideen; it is entitled "*Sahifa Sajjadea*,"—"The Book of the Adorer," a name by which Allee Awsut was designated, or "*Sahifa Kâmila*," "*The Full or Perfect Book*." It is written very much in the style of the Psalms of David, consisting of lamentation for sins, adoration of God, and entreaties for his mercy; and doubtless many idioms and expressions might be borrowed from it to suit a translation of our Psalmist's verses.'—vol. i. pp. 334-336.

We recommend the following spirited sketch to the notice of the reader. It is full of truth, and describes with singular aptness the style in which our countrymen and their manners are discussed by Orientals in conversation with each other.

'Twenty-five miles to Sultanpore. Three miles before the latter place was the small walled town of Nohshehera, where, halting to rest a little under the shade of a tree, we fell into conversation with a Persian stranger, who, according to what we could discover of his condition, was a gentleman of the Zand family, travelling *pour se distraire*. In two minutes Keraumut Allee and the stranger became as old friends, cracking their jokes, and complimenting each other on their wit: a little persuasion induced the traveller to turn his pony's head,

head, and go back with us one stage, and I do not remember many pleasanter evenings than this which we passed in his society.

'Khoosroo, as the stranger styled himself, was a tall, very handsome, and good-humoured looking man, with a beard worthy of one who claimed descent from a late royal family. He was the very figure of a true Persian, yet I think that I should recognize him again in any part of his own country. He had travelled through Toorkestaun, part of Affghaunistaun, and the Punjaub, and was full of very entertaining anecdote relating to his travels. From the little he had seen of English society at the outposts of Loodeeana, he undertook to describe the ways and means of the Feringees who ruled over India, and if his remarks were severe, they were very amusingly made.

"The Feringees," he commenced, "are, I beg leave to represent, by no means a pleasant people to be among; for they have nothing to say for themselves, and considering that they are unbelievers, have more *damaugh*" [pride, or self-sufficiency] "than enough. One of their sirdars, learning that I was a great traveller, sent to invite me to visit him; so I went, and saw a grave little man, who was very civil, but as *khooshk*" [dry, stiff] "as a stick: he seated me on a chair near him, and gave me tea, which, I beg leave to state, they make deliciously; he then asked me whether I had not visited this and that place, and when I answered *bulli*" [yes] "he rejoined, 'Ha!' We sat thus for some time; first came in one captân, and then another captân; they looked at me and at each other, and every now and then delivered themselves of a syllable or two; while one man was pacing up and down the room as if he was possessed. At last some of them gave their hand to the master of the house, and went away; so I thought I might as well take leave also.

"I have learned, that formerly these men were a small tribe of merchants, servants to the kings of this country, but now, maledictions on their fathers! they have it all their own way. The secret of their tale is this: They have information of everything that passes everywhere, and they make the most of the news. If two men quarrel about a country, they step in to adjust the dispute, and turn both out. It is a pity we had not the land! Ullah! how rich some of those fat Lahore idolaters are!

"Soldiers, I request permission to observe, the Inglis are not; though no doubt they are great merchants and shrewd people. For a long time they paid us some crores a year, to keep the Oroos off them; but old *Suleiman* there has enough to do to keep them off himself, and the Feringees having been acute enough to see this, no longer waste their money. They say, Abbas Mirza has married the Imperatoor's daughter! Is it true? These are wonderful times! we were kings the other day, and now I am—let me remember—ay, Khoosroo Sha, sometimes compelled to hide my religion, and beg civility from a set of dogs like—what is the happy name of your friend the peer there asleep? Muheen Shah, Moobârik bâsh, Muheen Shah, (aside,) if you hear me, and a curse be upon you if you are asleep!"

• We

'We parted the next morning. Keraumut Allee was as sorrowful as if he was about to separate from a brother, for it was long since his heart had been gladdened with so much khoosoobut, [pleasant converse,] and when we had marched on some distance, he broke a long silence by exclaiming, "Hei Irân ! Irân ! your people may be rogues and liars; but I swear you are such pleasant companions that one would live among you on any terms!"—vol. ii. pp. 278-282.

We think the whole of Lieut. Conolly's remarks included in the section headed 'Overland Invasion of India,' well worthy of attention. It is clear that India can never be taken by a *coup de main*—and that it will require a succession of years before Russia could sufficiently advance into the 'bowels of the land' to master any secure position from which to direct ultimate operations, and upon which her forces, if any disaster befel them, might retire. To organise such an invasion would require the talents of a chief, such as perhaps has never yet been known in Russian military history; and to lead it on to success, amidst all the wiles of the numerous tribes through which it would have to pass, checked by the great difficulties of procuring food, assailed by the vicissitudes of climate, and after all, with the certainty of meeting troops just as well disciplined, better accustomed to the climate, and with gigantic resources of all sorts about and behind them, would require the head of a Cæsar, a Buonaparte, or a Wellington. On the whole, we strongly recommend this book, as containing much amusement and information.

ART. III.—*History of Roman Literature, from the earliest Period to the Augustan Age*, in 2 vols. 8vo. 2d Edition, 1824; and *during the Augustan Age*, in 1 vol. 8vo. By John Dunlop, Esq., Author of the 'History of Fiction.'

WRITERS on the 'History of Roman Literature' have added greatly to their own labours, and to the fatigue of their readers, by endeavouring to trace the language of the Romans up to its remotest origin. Now Rome, it is confessed, was formed of the *colluvies* of savage tribes. What, then, could be its earliest language but a barbarous jargon? But these tribes, it is said, were either a part of the Tuscan nation, or had been united, by conquest, under its dominion. And of what was the Tuscan population composed?—of all that the ocean, from the east and south, had vomited on their shores, and that the mountains had poured down in torrents from the north; for, concerning the numerous sources to which different theories have exclusively referred

ferred the whole of the Tuscan nation, only enough has been adduced to prove that each has contributed a portion,—and that a Tuscan was

‘A man akin to all the universe.’

But even admitting the Tuscan to be traceable to one pure source, and that the *court* language, at least, of Romulus was pure Tuscan,—of what possible avail could the knowledge of that be in elucidating the history of Roman literature, which had no existence for centuries afterwards, while, in the interval, the language had been so perpetually changing, and so completely changed, that a treaty, made about the middle of the third century of Rome, was unintelligible, as Polybius tells us,* at the beginning of the seventh: and the language of the Twelve Tables, promulged in the beginning of the fourth century, had not only become obsolete at the commencement of the eighth, but Cicero at that time cites, on a particular case, *old* commentators (*veteres interpretes*) as declaring their inability to understand, and offering conjectures only on the meaning of the law.† If such could be the obscurity of this important record, of which Livy says ‘*fons omnis publici privatique est juris*’;‡ and of which Cicero relates, that in his youth all law-students were required to get it by heart, § what must have been the mutability of language in common intercourse, where accuracy was little required, and among a nation which for centuries naturalized every conquered people, and where neither victors nor vanquished had any standard of taste to curb the caprices of colloquial phraseology? Accordingly, we find from inscriptions, and the other few remaining scattered documents of which the dates can be ascertained, that for the first five hundred years the language of Rome was in a constant fluctuation—not of orthography, nor of neologies and archaisms merely, but of the most important parts of grammatical construction.

About the commencement of the fifth century, two causes conspired to give birth to Roman literature. Rome, in its incessant wars with all the closely neighbouring states, had been perpetually environed with the most imminent dangers, and leisure was known to no one that was able to carry arms; even extreme youth was occupied in learning warlike practice, and extreme age in instructing youth, and in consulting for the immediate safety of the state: but when, by successive conquests, war was removed from the vicinity of the city, and the allies—as the subjugated nations were called—formed half of the armies of the republic, Rome was left in peace, and its inhabitants in comparative leisure. At this period was effected the conquest of Magna Græcia, which intro-

* Lib. iii. c. 22.

† De Leg. ii. 23.

‡ L. iii. c. 34.

§ De Leg. ii. 23; but he adds—‘*quas jam nemo discit*.’

duced an intimate knowledge of the arts and refinements of Greece, and letting in the light of literature just when Rome was prepared to imbibe, she soon became fitted also to reflect it.

The drama, as most calculated to attract attention, became the subject of imitation; and the first regular literary compositions that are recorded to have existed in the Latin language are the dramatic pieces of Livius Andronicus. Nor was he a native of Rome, but of Magna Græcia. And this, perhaps, was fortunate: he would bring with him a just partiality for the noble Greek hexameter, with a thorough knowledge of its construction; and though its sonorous grandeur could not find an echo in the Latin tongue, yet its varied cadences, its majestic march, and flexible strength, were all capable of being communicated to the Roman language, but might never have been so, had the excellence of a native poet given previous reputation, as well as currency, to any inferior measure, such as the Saturnian, in which Andronicus (probably to conciliate his new countrymen) had translated the *Odyssey*. This consideration may explain the finished structure of the only four consecutive lines which remain among the fragments of this poet, and which, from their polish, have been suspected not to be his; yet, even in this short passage, there is a trace of the Grecian,—for when he says,

‘*Dirige odorisequos ad cœca cubilia canes,*’

he seems forcing the Latin upon compounds, and ‘*sesquipedalia verba*,’ into which the Greek glides with such spontaneous facility. Another consequence of his foreign origin was the adoption of Greek stories for his dramas, which in most instances were probably mere translations, as were those of all (so far as we have any knowledge) of his successors on the stage of republican Rome. Such regular compositions, however, were a great improvement on the buffoonery, and extemporaneous ribaldry, and personality of the old Fescennine verses, whose authors, Horace tells us, were not reclaimed ‘*formidine fustis*.’

Of the real merits of these ancient dramatists,—Andronicus, Ennius (who was also an epic poet), Nævius, Pacuvius, Attius, &c., we can form but a very imperfect judgment, the fragments that remain being mere scraps. Nor can any certain inference be drawn from the estimation in which they were held by many persons in the most refined period of Roman literature, to whom probably was applicable the observation of Andronicus himself,

‘*Mirum videtur quod sit factum jam diu;*’

at least we know Cicero said of Andronicus, that his works were not worthy of a second perusal (*Brut.* 18); and Horace (*Epist.* 21.) complains grievously of the ancient poets being preferred to the modern, merely because they were ancient. Suetonius, too, speaks

speaks of Andronicus and Ennius in particular, as themselves half Greeks, and of their works as mere translations from the Greek.* Horace indeed admits that there was, now and then, a graceful expression, and here and there a polished line; and as, in the few fragments remaining of these ancient poets, we may find some things to admire, and some even that have been imitated by their most celebrated successors, we may fairly give them credit for much more of the same kind; especially when it is considered that the shreds and patches we possess were not preserved as patterns of beauty or excellence, but (except in the case of Ennius) principally adduced by ancient grammarians as authorities for the signification of some single word.

Seneca† has applauded Nævius's sentiment, and Cicero repeatedly applied it,‡

————— ‘Lætus sum
Laudari abs te, pater, laudato viro.’

Virgil's—

‘Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis.’—*Æn.* xii. 435.

was no doubt suggested by the less elegant but more pithy phrase of Attius—

‘Virtuti sis par, dispar fortunis patris.’—*ap. Macrob.* l. vi. c. 1.

The celebrated tyrant's maxim, adopted by Caligula,§ declaimed on by Seneca,|| and, as Erasmus says of it, ‘a nemine scriptorum non usurpata, præcipue M. Tullio familiaris,’—was that of Atreus in Attius—‘Oderint dum metuant.’¶ Ovid (in *Metamorph.* xiii. 20) has copied the coarseness of Pacuvius, who (in *Armorum Judicio*) makes his hero say,—

‘An quis est, qui te esse dignum quicum certetur putet?’

instead of imitating the elegance of Attius on the same occasion—

‘Nam trophæum ferre me a forti viro

Pulchrum est: sin autem et vincar, vinci a tali nullum est probum.’

The first sentiment was not more appropriate to the temper and fate of Ajax, than the latter to the character of Ulysses.

These specimens of the few fragments that remain may give some little idea of the style of writers called ancients by those whom we denominate the classic authors of Rome. Their versification was rude, though a great improvement on the harsh and irregular Saturnian; and Ennius in particular seems to have succeeded in completely establishing the hexameter introduced by Andronicus.

* *De Illustr. Grammat.* c. i. This, however, could not have been just with regard to Ennius's most celebrated work—‘The Annals.’

† *Epist.* 102.

‡ *Tusc.* 4. *Ep. ad Div.* 5, 12, and 15, 16. *Pison.* 7, &c.

§ *Sueton. Calig.* 30.

|| *De Ira*, i. 16; and *De Clement.* ii. 1.

¶ *Ap. Cic. Off.* i. 28.

He, too, by refining and combining passages of the rude old popular poems with others from the Greek comic writers, gave commencement to the regular satire, in which alone the Roman literature can claim originality; though Ennius himself had no such pretension, not only borrowing, as we have said, from Greeks and Tuscans, but from his immediate predecessor, whom he affected to despise; a proceeding on which Cicero tells him—*‘a Nævio vel sumsisti multa, si fateris; vel, si negas, surripuisti.’**

When authors can obtain an easy celebrity by imitation, they will not be at the trouble of original composition: and at the time of the first Roman writers, as Mr. Dunlop has observed, ‘the productions of Grecian literature were almost as new to the Romans as the most perfectly original compositions would have been.’ And though, by these imitations, they made an earlier approach to the knowledge of the best models, they were, from the same cause, prevented from attaining equal excellence by efforts of their own;—*‘quia nunquam par sit imitator auctori; hæc natura est rei: semper citra veritatem est similitudo.’*

Of the ‘Annals’ of Ennius, there remains so much both of power and beauty, that Mr. Dunlop’s designation of them as a ‘versified newspaper,’ however applicable to the inartificialness of the plan, is by no means a just description of the matter; and this much some of the critic’s own citations may prove. For a like reason, the classing under such a description the *Araucana* of Ercilla and the *Henriade* of Voltaire, is equally indefensible. The latter especially had to contend with an unpoetical language, and, as far as the ancient style of epic is concerned, an unpoetic generation; the ‘*amantes mira Camœnæ*’ would only have been ridiculed in an age which Voltaire himself had unhappily taught to delight in sarcastic incredulity.

The popularity which the genius of Ennius, and the vanity and patriotic enthusiasm of the nation gave to his historic poems, produced a long succession of similar works, (ceasing only with the decline of literature under the empire,) many of which have perished; but probably very favourable specimens remain in the regular and sustained poems of Lucan and Silius Italicus, and in the shorter flights of Claudian.

Variety of composition cost Ennius nothing, for he was a borrower, and had the whole range of Greek literature whereon to levy contributions; and perhaps the work which had the greatest influence on society was a translation of the romantic story of Evemerus, who professed to have discovered an island where he found records of the births and deaths of the principal deities, and therefore asserted the whole generation of Olympus to have been

* Brut. 19.

mere mortals, deified by superstition. This soon became the general opinion among men of information; and, gradually spreading among the people, prepared the downfall of the elegant but sand-built structure of heathen mythology.

From occasionally puerile conceits of alliteration, &c. in Ennius and his fraternity, Mr. Dunlop infers the error of those who 'suppose that false taste and jingle are peculiar to the latter ages of poetry, and that the early bards of a country are free from *concelli*;' but the inference itself is erroneous,—since, though the writers in question were the early bards of Rome, they were themselves Greeks, in the latter ages of Grecian literature; for, when not so by birth, they became so in the habits of education, and the consequent formation of their taste. Such was Plautus, a native of Umbria, the first Roman author of whom several productions have come down to us entire: and as he may be presumed to be an improvement on his predecessors, his productions may afford a scale by which to estimate not only the earlier Roman writers, but the Grecian authors from whom they borrowed, and of whose writings there are now scarcely any remains. And considering that the subject of imitation, both by Plautus and Terence, was the latest or reformed comedy of the most refined period of Grecian literature, it is surprising to observe the great want of variety in their characters—the sameness in their plots—the frequent clumsiness in the conduct of them, and the rudeness of the verse, which has neither the ease of prose nor the musicalness of metre. In this last respect, no doubt, Plautus was a great improvement on Ennius, and Terence on Plautus; but all the learning and ingenuity of Scaliger, Erasmus, Fabricius, &c. with all the legerdemain of criticism—substituting, transposing, altering, and curtailings words at will—have failed to elicit anything like a regular system of versification—anything which might not be equally made out of any prose composition—for, '*nihil est prosa scriptum, quod non redigi possit in quædam versiculorum membra.*'* And no marvel, when Quintilian could say of Terence's writings, '*plus adhuc habitura gratiæ, si intra versus trimetros stetissent;*'† and when Cicero distinctly admits, in speaking, not of Terence only, but of his whole class, '*comicorum senarii propter similitudinem sermonis sic sæpe sunt abjecti, ut nonnunquam vix in his numerus et versus intelligi possint.*'‡

With regard, however, to sameness of plot and character, either in Greeks or Romans, we are not to attribute this so much to poverty of imagination, as to that comparatively simple structure of society, which admitted few of those complicated relations, and consequent variety of events and diversity of character, with which

* Quintil. Instit. ix. 4.

† Id. ibid. x. 1.

‡ Orator. i. 55.

modern life is checkered. Accordingly, in almost every play, we have a father whose indulgence is abused, or severity duped by a profligate son and his rapacious mistress, aided by a swindling slave, who, like the fox in the fable-books, instead of being reprobated for his knavery, is admired for his adroitness, which, however, is often of so poor a kind as to imply absolute fatuity in the party to be cheated. To these are sometimes added the bully and the parasite, and occasionally, it would seem, merely for variety, not contributing to the conduct of the plot. The gross contrivances of the poet, in stating by prologue the circumstances introductory to his story, are defended by Mr. Dunlop (i. 319); but the defence of the poet becomes the accusation of the audience, if their dulness made such explanations necessary; and though that might apologize for introductions similar to those we find in Shakspeare's Chorus, Rumour, &c. what shall be said of the clumsy avoidance of repetition by the question of 'Quomodo' being answered with—

— 'Horum caussa hæc agitur spectatorum Fabula.
Hi sciunt, qui hic affuerunt; vobis post narravero.'

—*Plaut. Pseud.* ii. 4. 30.

In another passage we find the same contrivance, near the end of the play, the whole of which has been carried on in the public street; and the absurdity of this mode of preserving the unity of place is thus avowed with amusing simplicity—

'*Eutych.* Eamus intro; non utilis hic locus factis tuis;

Dum memoramus arbitri ut sint qui prætereant per vias.

Demopho. Hercle quin tu recte dicis: eadem brevior fabula

Erit: eamus.'—*Plaut. Mercat.* v. 4. 45.

The whole representation must have been very gross when passages could be tolerated so entirely destructive of even the momentary supposition of reality. As the Roman audience was probably not very conversant with either chronology or geography, the dramatists had no great occasion to be nice in their calculations, and we find the critics often very learnedly convicting them of annihilating space and time to preserve the unities—performing journeys during the action which would have required months to accomplish; yet it is singular that the critics should have omitted to notice the most whimsical of anachronisms—Amphytrion swearing by Hercules! (*Plaut. Amphytr.* ii. 2. 104.)

The same want of refinement in the poet or his audience, or both, so conspicuous in the inartificial conduct of his plots, appears also in the coarseness of the language and sentiment of the scenes. What a hideous idea is presented of the profligacy of the much lauded times of Cato the censor and Scipio Africanus, when we hear a hero, for whom the interest of the audience is claimed,

claimed, wishing that news might be brought him of his father's death, that he might lavish the inheritance on his harlot!—

‘*Utinam meus nunc mortuus pater ad me nunciatur,*

Ut ego exhæredem meis bonis me faciam, atque hæc sit hæres.’*

And the poet, it seems, could confidently anticipate the toleration of such atrocity in a nation pretending to rank filial piety next to devotion of the gods! Yet, with all this, there is a frequent pithy sententiousness in Plautus, which proves his mind to have been imbued with higher things, and that his audience must have been capable of appreciating them. In truth such incongruities are the natural result of a national religion which afforded no standard of morality, but left each case to be adjudged by the good or bad feeling which chanced to be predominant; with this preponderance always acting in favour of evil, that there was no crime, however monstrous, which had not the sanction of some god's example.

Though the style of Plautus is harsh in structure, its pure Latinity was much praised by ancient critics and grammarians. But Mr. Dunlop, in common with many other critics, has overrated this testimony in quoting the high authority of Varro for saying that ‘If the Muses were to speak Latin, they would employ the diction of Plautus.’ It is probable, indeed, that Varro eulogized his diction, but Quintilian, in the passage referred to by Mr. Dunlop, only mentions that Varro *cites this* as the opinion of Ælius Stolo.† Cicero is frequent in his praise, and generally for his facetiousness;‡ in which quality both have been often compared and lauded by ancient critics, and both censured by those of a more refined period. Horace seems to have been indignant at the estimation in which Plautus and his jokes were held.§

Of the contemporaries and successors of Plautus on the stage, Terence is the only one of whom enough remains to enable us to institute a comparison. Whether from accident or individuality of character, their lots in life were cast in very different ranks, and this seems to have produced a difference in their writings, for which the mere interval of about eleven years between the death of Plautus and the performance of the *Andria* cannot account. A general amenity distinguishes Terence: his style is easier and more polished, and the manners and sentiments of his characters more refined. Cicero describes him as ‘*Quicquid come loquens, ac omnia dulcia dicens*’;—(in *Limen. frag.*)—but this compliment is more than counterbalanced by Cæsar's reproach of want of vigor, which we must admit as a general defect, and which made that consummate master of taste characterize him as a ‘dwarfish Menander’ (*dimidiata Menander*).—*Sueton. Terent. Vit.*

* Plaut. *Mostel.* i. 3. 76.

‡ Off. i. 29.

† Dunlop, i. 239, and Quintil. *Institut.* x. 1.

§ Epist. ii. 1, 170. Art. Poet. 53 and 270.

We cannot follow Mr. Dunlop's minute analysis of each of the twenty plays of Plautus, and the six of Terence; nor trace them in all their modern transmutations—ransacking every trough of every 'hog in Westphaly'—a task, however, well adapted to the 'author of the History of Fiction'—'sans contredit l'homme de son siècle, qui possède le mieux l'histoire de tous les évènements, qui ne se sont jamais arrivés.'

That so little of the Roman drama remains entire, and that this little, as far as republican Rome is concerned, is exclusively comedy, are circumstances principally ascribable to the same cause—the devotion of the people to the amusements of the Circus, which cast the stage into the mere secondary rank of public exhibitions; and of which the brutal cruelty must have so blunted the sympathetic feelings as to leave them little susceptible of the delicate distresses of tragic representation:—'What was Hecuba to them, or they to Hecuba?' This is corroborated by the fact of the attempts at tragic composition becoming rare as extended conquests and accumulated spoils added to the magnificence of the Republic's Circensian games; and the same causes having heaped enormous wealth on individuals, they sought to conciliate popular favour by rival shows, where the mangling of hundreds of wild beasts, and the mutual wounds and murder of multitudes of men, became the pastime of the people.* The reverse of all this was the case in Greece, and the consequence was the higher excellence of her dramatists, and more especially of her tragedians.

There was a peculiarity in the constitution of Roman society, which seems not to have been sufficiently adverted to as likely to have produced that remarkable rejection of national subjects in their tragedies, and that abstinence from personal allusion in their comedies, which formed so striking a contrast with the practice of the Greeks. This was the custom of patron and client, which was grafted on the earliest political system of the Romans; under which each of the principal patricians had a host of plebeians, who, looking to him for protection, and often depending on his bounty, were zealously attached to his individual interests and family fame. A dramatic hero, therefore, of a domestic story would be enthusiastically applauded, indeed, by the clients of his descendants; but, in the same proportion, would be unfavourably received by the mortified adherents of rival families; whilst the whole, without any exception, willingly joined in admiration of the *Annals of Ennius*, where every sept could appeal to the records of its own achievements.

Again, in comic representations, the same clannish spirit would

* In Trajan's Dacian triumph eleven thousand beasts were killed, and ten thousand gladiators fought in pairs and bands. *Dion. Cass.* xlviii. 15.

insure a watchful party in every audience, and constitute a powerful check on the procacity of personal allusions. But the anger of a party, though it might endanger the success of a theatrical piece, could have little effect under a free government, and among a bold people, in controlling the wit, or the spleen or spite of authors, who were independent of the humours of an audience. These, writing only to be read, would not scruple to give the zest of personality to their compositions, and use any name that would 'point their moral, or adorn their tale.' Hence the introduction of satire, which had its remote origin in the nature of the scenic representations of the Tuscan histriones, and the *Fabulæ Atalanae* of the Roman youth. When the petulant audacity of their imitators caused *them* to be driven from the stage by the 'fuste ferito' of the twelve tables, general censure, pointed by moderate personal allusion, assumed the form of a didactic poem, first exemplified by Ennius and Pacuvius, and erected into a distinct class of poetic composition in the thirty books of satires by Lucilius.

Much learning has been employed in attempting to deprive the Romans of the claim to originality in the introduction of satire: but though the Greeks had the same kind of scenic exhibitions as those Roman representations to which we have traced their satires, it is quite undeniable that the Romans had such dramatic pieces unborrowed from Greece, and that there is no proof of the Greeks, before the age of Lucilius, having advanced farther than silli, or lampoons (as those of Archilochus), towards the formation of didactic satire.

But though Lucilius (*Græcis intacti carminis auctor**) stamped a regular form on this class of composition, his writings bore the marks of a state of transition; the expression of general censure and moral indignation being mingled with personal asperity and indecent invective against some of the most exalted characters of his time. The style and versification, though more polished than those of his predecessors or contemporaries, (twenty of the thirty books being in regular hexameters,) are still rude in comparison with the Augustan elegance; of which, however, Horace gives but an equivocal specimen in saying, that had Lucilius lived till then, he would, in the correction of his verses, 'have often scratched his head and gnawed his nails to the quick.' †

From the exhibition of the first play of Livius Andronicus to the death of Lucilius was about 150 years, during which the knowledge of Greek literature had made rapid progress in Rome, where schools of the different philosophical sects, and of rhetoricians and grammarians, were established. It was an ill omen

* Hor. Sat. i. 10. 66.

† ————— in versu faciendo

Sæpe caput scaberet, vivos et roderet ungues.—Sat. i. 10. 70.

(which

(which probably contributed to Cato the Censor's hatred of Greek literature) that the first mercenary public teacher was the freedman (therefore the favourite, and probably the instructor) of the first Roman who, for 500 years, had availed himself of the legal power of divorce.* And though we might have expected Cato to have been superior to vulgar prejudices, yet certainly the refinements of philosophy and literature appeared at Rome under very unfavourable circumstances. They were the pursuits of a conquered people, among whom they had been observed to be the concomitants of a debilitating luxury and general corruption, to which they were presumed to have contributed; though, in fact, both were produced by the same cause—literary and philosophical refinement being the good effects, and excessive luxury and moral corruption being the evil effects, of leisure and accumulated wealth. From the false view taken of this matter, the senate, about the middle of the period now under consideration, made a decree on the subject of philosophers and rhetoricians, enjoining the prætor 'uti ei e republica fideque sua videretur, uti Romæ ne essent.' † The result, as usual in attempts to suppress knowledge, was the wider diffusion of it. The teachers retired to different Italian cities, where their celebrity soon induced their recall to Rome—not by legislative enactment, but by that sufferance which public opinion imposes upon law: so that even Cato, like Sir Hugh in Camilla, put himself to school in his old age, and studied Greek. As far, however, as regarded Roman literature, (at least in that part of it which has come down to us,) the effect was seen rather in the succeeding period than in that which we are now contemplating. For—excepting the few, and some of those dubious, remains of Cato—some fragments, and sometimes only names of annalists, lawyers, grammarians, and of rude, but powerfully influential orators, preserved in the works of subsequent authors, are all that are now left; though, from Cicero's treatise, 'De Claris Oratoribus,' it appears that, of the many whom the political constitution of Rome made orators, several had employed short-hand writers at the time of delivery, or themselves afterwards committed to writing and published their orations.

Of Cato's numerous works, the only one pretending to be entire is the treatise 'De Re Rustica;' and as it is certainly known not to contain passages cited by ancient authors, we may hope, for the credit of Cato, that its principal part is, as maintained by many scholars, ‡ a farrago, under his name, of crude precepts and absurd nostrums and charms, for which even the superstition of that age is no sufficient apology.

* Gell. 17, 21.

† Sueton. de Clar. Orat. i. ap. init.

‡ Tiraboschi della Letteratura Italiana, parte iii. l. 2. 10.

The Origines, indeed, of Cato, as the Annals of Pictor, Piso, Coelius, &c., might have been valuable—not separately considered, for each seems to have adopted the Greek fables on the origin of Rome, and, for its progress, the lying legends in the records of patrician families—but had all been extant, we might have made out some regular consistent series of facts, on which all agreed, and which were not contradicted by the known probabilities, or even possibilities of human experience. As it is, we can only collect from the authors of this period, and from their copiers, a very general outline of great events, confirmed by common consent, and by the actual state of things when history becomes authentic:—‘*Quæ reliquæ? quodve vestigium? Laborat Annalium fides ut Veios fuisse credamus.*’*

The progress of natural philosophy, and its implements, mathematics and geometry, is so little marked by any Roman remains, that we may presume scarcely any addition was made by the Romans to the discoveries of their Grecian teachers, yet a total silence on this subject is a singular omission in Mr. Dunlop's work. Even the natural philosophy, however, of the Greeks was little more than ingenious theories supported rather by metaphysical subtlety than physical research, and of which the variety proved only that all were unsupported by truth. But the advancement in real science must have been considerable, when we find Sulpitius Gallus, in this period, capable of predicting the hour of the commencement and termination of an eclipse of the moon, (‘*haud alio modo, quam conciliorum Naturæ particeps,*’ says Pliny,†) and thereby preserving the army from those ominous apprehensions, which so dispirited the enemy, that howling and lamentation were heard throughout their camp.‡ Nor was this a solitary instance, in which he might have been prompted by a Greek; for Cicero speaks of his frequent prediction of eclipses; and, in his account of him, reminds us of the anecdotes of Newton's fits of abstraction—‘*quoties illum lux noctu aliquid describere ingressum, quoties nox oppressit cum mane cœpisset.*’§ Pliny says he published a book upon eclipses;|| and Cicero, in his Academic Questions, seems to intimate that many had written on such subjects, though he specifies only Amafanius and Rabinius.¶

We have now passed the period of fragments and conjectures, and enter on an age prolific in works of authentic history, of matured philosophy, and of refined taste; of which, though several

* Florus, i. 12. 11.

† Hist. Nat. ii. 12.

‡ Livy, xlv. 37.

§ De Senect. 14.

|| Nat. Hist. ii. 12.

¶ Acad. i. 2, &c. It appears that Amafanius was an Epicurean, and regarded by Cassius as a weak disciple—(Ad Divers. 15. 19.)—yet Cicero seems to consider him as the principal propagator, by his writings, of the Epicurean doctrines in Italy. (Tusc. iv. 3.)

have been miserably mutilated, enough remains to present a magnificent idea of the whole ; works which have exercised a powerful influence on the intervening ages, and must continue powerfully to influence all times that are to come.

Original poetic composition made a sudden spring to excellence in the noble effort of Lucretius. For his fundamental faults, of an ill-chosen subject and a wretched system of philosophy, make us only more admire the genius which could exhibit such strength, and create such beauty from such miserable materials.

A poem 'De Rerum Naturâ' was necessarily, in common with all didactic poetry, destitute of interest—in proportion, at least, as it was really didactic, and did not digress into narrative or description ; but, added to this, were the abstract nature of the principles, the complexity of hypothesis, and the subtlety of logical argumentation, all inimical equally to poetical enthusiasm in the writer, as to poetical sympathy in the reader. Yet over all the poet's genius has diffused a bloom, investing with beauty even the dry bones of metaphysical infidelity.

Unfortunate as his selection of subject was, Lucretius seems to glory in the choice ; for, when about half his task was accomplished, he exclaims, in the well-known passage—

'Avia Pieridum peragro loca nullius ante
Trita solo, &c.*'

which is a literal transcript of five lines in the first book (i. 925, &c.)—a repetition which we are inclined to think a stronger proof than any adduced by the critics, that the premature death of the author had deprived the poem of his final revision : and the same circumstance may serve, too, to disprove the tale of Eusebius, that the work had been submitted to the correction of Cicero ; who, however unfit for poetic criticism, was not likely to have overlooked such obvious tautology. This boasted originality as to the choice of his subject is justly disputed by Mr. Dunlop, who considers Lucretius as much indebted for his plan to the works of Empedocles and Ennius, both of whom, it is however to be had in mind, are lauded in the verse of Lucretius himself with characteristic candour and enthusiasm.

The purpose of the poem 'De Rerum Naturâ' was to develop, in a pleasing form, the system of Epicurus—*Musæo contingens cuncta lepore* :—and the purpose of Epicurus's system was to represent the universe as the result of material action, without the

* Lib. iv. l. Perhaps the reader may be amused with an application of these words, which we remember to have seen engraved on an ivory knife, used for cutting open the leaves of new books. The passage has been justly admired and evidently imitated by Virgil, Georg. iii. 292. ; by Propertius, l. ii, El. 23. ap. init. ; and by Horace, Epist. l. i. 19-21.

intervention of intelligence either as a productive or conservative cause :—

‘ Quorum carminibus nihil est nisi fabula cœlum ;

Terraque composuit cœlum, quæ pendet ab illo.’*

And though this cannot but seem shocking to us, and, in any modern author, would be a sinning against the light of truth, which revelation has shed with more or less lustre over all the civilized world—yet, we ought to make great allowance for those who were not only without the guidance of that pure light, but were liable to be misled by the deified monsters moving in the false lights of heathen mythology. Men who could reject such lights in spite of all their brilliance, and abhor such guides notwithstanding all the vicious indulgencies which they sanctioned, ought indeed to call forth more of reverence than of reprobation—especially, when recommending, by precept and example, moderation of passion and purity of life as the best means of obtaining happiness.

That they attained only to the rejection of the false gods, without acquiring any knowledge of the true one, can hardly be objected to them by us, who know what ages were required to elaborate the plan, and what stupendous miracles to establish the truth of Christianity, and continue the conviction to those who now enjoy it. If it be said, ‘ Might not these philosophers have attained to the truths of what we now call natural religion ? ’—we reply—that revelation resembles the refreshing dew, which we know descends from heaven ; and is, in fact, the secret cause of natural religion, which, like a salient spring, *seems* to originate in the bosom of the earth.

What a strange anomaly does it present, that a poem, written on the principles here indicated, should open with a most beautifully animated invocation to Venus, to favour the author’s enterprise, and influence by blandishments her paramour Mars to let the nations repose in peace, that they may listen to the lay ! Creech, Bayle, and others, reject with disdain the idea of any lurking superstition prompting to hope of divine aid, in one who so boldly avowed his disbelief of a Providence, and they may be right—but that such contrariety may exist in individual character, there is ample proof. Only two centuries have elapsed since a man of undoubted talent and learning published an elaborate work† to prove the improbability of the Divine Power being exerted for a revelation of so partial an effect as that of Christianity. Yet, such was the overweening vanity of Lord Herbert,

* Manilius, ii. 37.

† ‘ De Veritate, prout distinguitur à Revelatione, à Verisimili, à Possibili, et à Falso. By Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Paris, 4to. 1624.

with regard to the importance of his petty performance, because it was his—or such the secret superstition ‘in his chamber,’ and when self was concerned, that he tells us, in his life of himself, that, after having written the work against revelation, he hesitated much on the propriety of publishing it.

‘Being thus doubtful,’ he says, ‘*in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being opened towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book “De Veritate” in my hand, and, kneeling on my knees, devoutly said, “O thou Eternal God, I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book. If it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give some sign from Heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.”*’ I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud though yet gentle noise came from the Heavens, which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded. Whereupon, also, I resolved to print my book.’

Thus, Christianity, which was to regulate the fate of the human race through all time, and fix it in eternity, was unworthy that divine interposition vouchsafed to one of

‘Those bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall—that sink and are no more,
Born and forgot ten thousand in an hour!’

The style of Lucretius presents a singular combination of rich poetic imagery with physical subtlety and logical argumentation—

‘*Omnia Pierio spargens et nectare vates.*’

The versification is always regular, but often rough; and occupying a period in which the paucity of the old vocabulary had (compared with the amplitude of the succeeding) been but partially supplied, he judiciously availed himself alike of the words which were beginning to fall into desuetude, and of those which an increasing acquaintance with the Greek had naturalized in Latin literature. But this list of naturalizations afterwards became so copious, that what began to be called the archaisms of Lucretius placed him on the isthmus connecting the ancient and rude, with the most refined period of Roman composition. And the number and splendour of the productions of this latter period, conjoined with the unpopular nature of his subject, seem to have, for a long time, cast Lucretius into shade. In proportion to his real merits, the notices by contemporary and succeeding Latin writers are very scant; and the same causes probably render his poem but little familiar to the general classical reader of the present day. But there is no one more worthy of the attention of the scholar who wishes to trace the progress of Latin literature. Lucretius further excels all that preceded, and falls less short of all that followed him in the period under review, than any other writer. And even the general scholar will not fail to find the elegance

gance and skill in composition conceded to him by Cicero,* Quintilian,† Nepos,‡ and Eusebius;§ and the sublimity, lofty enthusiasm, and erudition, ascribed to him by Ovid|| and Statius.¶

The moral effect of Lucretius's work must have been to undermine the glittering fabric of the popular mythology, and deepen that gloomy scepticism, which we have noticed as first openly promulgated in Ennius's translation of Evemerus: and which, till at length dissipated by the light of the Gospel, produced an indifference to human life and suffering—a recklessness of crime and cruelty, not to be paralleled in any other portion of civilized history.

This moral corruption, which in military and political characters had such horrible results, was, with persons of private station, displayed in a life abandoned to the most inordinate luxury and the most bestial sensuality; and to the prurient description and vaunting celebration of such orgies were prostituted the finest talents of the age. Witness the defilement in which the writings of Catullus and Ovid are steeped; and which taints the laboured elegance of Propertius, the wit of Horace, and even the refinement of Virgil. And, as he who has been well called the Christian Cicero, remarks,—‘*Quò magis sunt eloquentes, qui flagitia illa finxerunt, eò magis sententiarum elegantia persuadent; et facilius inhærent audientium memoria versus numerosi et ornat.*’**

Of the amorous poets the strains of Catullus are the most impassioned, and his language the most nervous. And though the versification is much more polished than that of Lucretius, yet there is, now and then, a little roughness that smacks of the olden time; and a frequent use of every licence for which he could plead authority††—used obviously for expedience, and not, as in most instances by his successors, to give peculiar force and happy effect in peculiar circumstances. On the whole, his *versification* may be considered as bearing the same relation to the finished structure of Latin poetry, as the *style* of Lucretius bears to that of the most refined compositions in the language.

* Ad Quint. Fratr. ii. 11.—We take only the undisputed part of Cicero's testimony, omitting that which ascribes also splendid genius to Lucretius—‘*multis luminibus ingenii*’—for this, by many critics, is read ‘*non multis*’; and if the word ‘*non*’ be, according to the assertion of Mr. Dunlop, (i. 397,) ‘an interpolation contrary to the authority of *all* manuscripts,’ how did scholars ever come to dispute about it?

† Instit. x. 1.—The epithet ‘*difficilis*’ we do not, with Creech, (in the dedication of the original, 4to. 1717,) construe as crabbed or obscure, but merely as opposed to the facile and flowing style of the Augustan period.

‡ In Attic. 12.

§ Olym. 171.

|| Amor. i. 15-23.

¶ Sylv. ii. 7-76.

** Lactant. Div. Instit. vi. 20.

†† Thus, in the piece ‘*De Nuptiis Pelei et Thetidos*,’ consisting of little more than four hundred hexameters, we have nearly thirty spondaics.

His deficiencies, however, are amply compensated by the boldness which prompted him to enrich the Latin with a variety of measures, successfully adapted from the Greek lyric and elegiac poets; but unhappily applied to things called epigrams, where the place of wit was supplied by unbridled lasciviousness and gross invective, exceeding even the coarse vituperation of Callimachus, whom he aspired to rival. After all, Catullus shows a vigour of intellect, and vividness of imagination, kindling at the fire of passion, which would have fitted him for the highest themes. 'Homero similis, sed in lusus et amores descendit, majoribus tamen aptior.*'

It is singular, that after the success of Catullus in the introduction of such varied measures, Tibullus should have been contented to trundle on through four books of elegiacs, with the single exception of the poem in celebration of the actions of his friend Messala, which he has dignified with the use of the hexameter.† But the unaspiring character of Tibullus made him perfectly satisfied with the full expression of gentleness and tenderness, which his polished versification and refined language were so well calculated to convey. He may be considered as the writer who gave the first example of that which is deemed the perfection of Latin style—equally free from what, in the Augustan age, would be called archaism in language and inharmoniousness of rhythm. Tibullus did in Roman poetry what Pope did in ours. He tuned the instrument so perfectly, that the public ear would no longer bear to be jarred with even the incidental discords which had been tolerated in all previous performers.

Propertius followed with the same regularity, but not the same ease of composition. Tibullus had only to find expression for the feeling which his heart supplied. Propertius was obliged to seek expression for the feeling which he had to fancy; and, however ingenious his imaginings, they were weak and faint, as the mere reflections or coloured shadows of realities. He attempted to supply the deficiency, as his master Callimachus had done, by a pedantic frequency of allusion to mythological and heroic traditions, which only chilled both himself and his readers, and carried them still farther from the sympathies of nature. Propertius and Catullus may be respectively paralleled with Callimachus and Alceus; and their styles suggest the effect of the fictitious personages and feigned events in Pope's 'St. Cecilia's Day,' contrasted with the impassioned heroes of history in 'Alexander's Feast.'

* Quintilian, speaking of Alceus.—*Instit.* x. 1.

† It was this exception, perhaps, which suggested the conjecture of this poem not being by Tibullus; but as two hundred years of discussion have still left it a mere conjecture, we may fairly consider its advocates among those 'qui umbram non rem persecuti videntur;' and 'potius fumos nobis exhibuerunt, quam flammam aliquam veritatis.'

Ovid, in his voluminous elegiacs, still further refined on the versification of Tibullus ; but the pentameter was so smoothed and polished by him, that it was enervated too ; as poor Cowper complains that *his* poetry was by his correcting friends—‘ who served it,’ he says, ‘ as the cook does a turkey-leg, when she puts it into the hinge of the door, and draws out all the sinews.’ The alternate hexameter alone, by its ‘ ever-varying line’—its ‘ long majestic march and energy divine,’ has saved Ovid’s elegies from the wearisome ding-dong of French heroics. He seems to have effected this effeminate monotony, principally by endeavouring almost always to make the latter portion of the necessarily concluding anapæst a dissyllable ; and by refusing to let a short syllable be lengthened by the cæsura, which cut the verse in the middle, and made ‘ half the platform just reflect the other.’ Add to this, too, the completing of his sentences within the narrow limits of a distich, which would make Caligula’s sneer about ‘ uncemented sand’ much more appropriate to the construction of an elegiac poem of Ovid than to the style of Seneca. It was an approach to this—the rarely allowing one couplet to be grammatically connected with another, which fettered the strength of Pope and his followers. But Cowper relaxed, and Byron broke the bonds—asserting the natural liberty and strength of our heroic rhyme—and proving its excellence (to borrow a phrase from the gentlemen of the turf) for ‘ wind as well as bottom.’ *Lara* is a noble example of this. How strange that the glorious music of Dryden’s tales could have been so long forgotten !

To monotony of versification, is added that of feeling and subject in the Tristine, the Pontine, and even the Heroic epistles of Ovid. The topics of the *Fasti* are more varied ; and though the interest is often greater for the historian and antiquary than for the poetical reader, in all of them there are occasional passages of great beauty and elegance. Yet Ovid must be considered as giving the first example of a corrupt style, substituting prettinesses for passion, and ingenious conceits for poetic beauties. This is indeed the common fault of such as immediately follow writers of the purest style and highest celebrity, whose excellencies they despair to rival. They endeavour to open for themselves a new road to distinction. The novelty pleases the multitude, and their applause misguides the efforts and vitiates the taste of succeeding aspirants after fame.

Αὐτὰρ ἰστί δὴ τιῦξ καλὸν κακὸν ἀντ’ ἀγαθοῖς.

In the amatory poems and the *Metamorphoses*, there is more variety of style and subject. But, though their language be less gross than that of some other Latin poets, there is an elaborate lasciviousness—a dwelling on the details of a voluptuous imagination

nation and of a sensual life—with a facility and grace of expression, which render these writings the most mischievous in the black catalogue of the classics. Yet a favourite book, in all our great schools, is the *Metamorphoses*; which so amply justify Propertius's plan for a community of wives, and which would have formed an unanswerable argument for a Roman lawyer in an action of *crim. con.*

• Dic mihi quis potuit lectum servare pudicum ?

Quæ Dea cum solo vivere sola Deo ?

Ipsa Venus, quamvis corrupta libidine Martis,

Nec minus in cælo semper honesta fuit,' &c. &c. &c.—

for his list of divine misdemeanants is a long one (lib. ii., el. 32). Our teachers, no doubt, excuse themselves on account of the necessity of youth becoming acquainted with mythological history, (if the phrase be not a solecism,) and on the many noble passages in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which seem (as Quintilian* said of his lost tragedy)—'ostendere quantum vir ille præstare potuerit, si ingenio suo imperare, quam indulgere, maluisset.' But if such be the *apology* of a Christian teacher,

('Prætendens culpæ splendida verba suæ,')†

the heathen philosopher‡ will not admit it as his *justification*,—'non enim pudendo, sed non faciendo, id quod non decet, impudentiæ nomen effugere debemus.'

We have taken Ovid a little out of his chronological place, in order to include him in his class; and to connect the first perfecters of Roman style with the first corrupter of it, so as more easily to mark the difference.

Between the deaths of Catullus and of Ovid about fifty years elapsed; in which numerous epigrammatic and elegiac poets emulated and shared the fame of those we have particularized; but of them and their works some names and some fragments only remain,—'pars ruit, dubieque stant etiam quæ relicta sunt.'

In this period the regular drama appears to have been nearly superseded by the *mimes*—a strange medley of farce and pantomime, and obscene buffoonery, and maxims of wisdom, and exalted moral sentiment; as if the composers, disdaining the taste of the multitude, with which they were obliged to comply, had (like Laberius himself, when, though a Roman knight, compelled by Cæsar to appear upon the stage) determined to assert the dignified character of their own minds, and of those of some, at least, of their audience. The good thus introduced we gather from the fragments of two of the most celebrated composers of this class—

* Institut., x. 1.

† Ovid, Rem. Am., 240.

‡ Cicero, Orat., i. 26.

Laberius and Publius Syrus—the bad from the general testimony of antiquity. That comedy and tragedy, however, were still tolerated, and in their mode of representation at least partook in the extraordinary general improvement of the age, is evinced by the name of Roscius, the contemporary of the most distinguished mimes, having become the common appellative of a consummate actor.

During the period in which poetry had so rapidly advanced from rudeness to refinement, the cultivation of philosophy was generally extended by the abundance of Greek books and Greek teachers in Italy, and by the resort of the prime of the Roman youth to the fountains of knowledge in the schools of Greece. And where these youths engaged in public affairs, they availed themselves of opportunities for indulging their literary taste, and increasing their popularity, by gratifying that of the public. Hence Sylla, on the conquest of Athens, appropriated to himself the celebrated library of Apellicon, in which the works of Aristotle, for the first time made known to the Romans, formed alone an invaluable acquisition to their literary treasures. The whole collection was so much greater than had before been seen at Rome, that Sylla is generally considered as the first possessor of a library there, and as having created the taste for such possessions. Nor can we believe that he who set the example, and who, in the sack of Athens, could ‘check his thunder in mid-volley,’—‘sparing the many for the few, the living for the dead’*—could have been negligent of its use; at least, in the intervals of business and debauch, and during his retirement from power. Yet, Mr. Dunlop, and Tiraboschi whom he apparently translates,† appear to class Sylla among those who—

‘Unlearned men, of books assume the care,

As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair;’

and seem to forget that Plutarch mentions his having put the last hand to the 22nd book of his military memoirs, even on his death-bed.‡

They are right, however, in observing, that he did not communicate the benefit of his collection to scholars by opening it to the public. This Lucullus did, giving to all his countrymen the usufruct of his splendid library and museums; but leaving to Asinius Pollio the glory of being the first in the records of Roman

* ἔφη χαρίζεσθαι πολλοῖς μὲν ἀλίοις; ζῶντας δὲ τεινέουσιν.—Plutarch in Syl. edit. Francfort, 1620, t. i. p. 460.

† Compare Dunlop, ii. 80, and Tiraboschi, Della Letteratura Italiana, part 3, lib. iii., c. 8.2.

‡ Τὸ γὰρ ἰκιστὸν καὶ διῶτικον τῶν ὑπομνημάτων πρὸς τοῦτον ἡμερῶν ἰταλίοντα, γράφειν ἱκανότατο.—Edit. Francfort, 1620, t. i. p. 475.

literature to give to the public an absolute property in such noble institutions,—‘*Ingenia hominum rem publicam fecit.*’*

The effect of these facilities for acquirement of knowledge and cultivation of talent soon appeared in the wonderful accumulation of diversified learning, by the contemporaries Varro and Nigidius, confessedly the most learned men of antiquity. Mr. Dunlop (ii. 85) gives the superiority to Varro, on the authority of Gellius—(lib. iv. c. 9). But little can be inferred from general expressions on subjects incidentally introduced; as may be seen, when this same Gellius, after mentioning in another place (lib. xvii. c. 7) some persons as ‘*appime doctos*,’ speaks of Nigidius, without any exception, as ‘*civitatis Romæ doctissimus.*’ But whatever was the relative extent of their learning, Varro condescended to render his writings useful and agreeable;—ranging from the nature of the gods, and the construction of the universe, to the gay caprices of the Menippean satire—now in prose, and now in all the varieties of rhythm. Nigidius, on the contrary, affecting an oracular obscurity, (like his master, Pythagoras, the grand charlatan of antiquity,) together with the pretensions and mummeries of magic and astrology, seems to have been in that puerile state of philosophy whose ambition is confined to the excitement of wonder, and the reputation of being the exclusive possessor of knowledge, rather than that of being its liberal diffuser. The voluminous works, therefore, of Nigidius fell into merited contempt, whilst the four hundred and ninety treatises which Varro had published, at the age of seventy-seven,† besides all he continued to publish for the remaining thirteen years of his life, were eulogized by contemporary and succeeding authors, as commanding universal admiration for the multifarious delight and information they afforded. Of these, unfortunately, only two have been transmitted to us in such a state as to enable us to judge of their execution—the work *De Re Rustica*, and that *De Lingua Latina*. The regular arrangement and polished style of the former, compared with the crude materials and rough phrase of Cato’s work

* Plin. Nat. Hist., xxxv. 2. We have not here entered into the discussion whether Pollio were the first institutor of a public library in the world, or in Rome only, founded on another passage in Pliny, lib. vii. 30,—‘*Bibliotheca quæ prima in orbe ab Asinio Pollione ex manubiis publicata Romæ est:*’—in which Tiraboschi considers Pliny to have forgotten the libraries of Pergamus and Alexandria. But as these were in the possession of absolute monarchs, we should be inclined to answer, in Tiraboschi’s own words concerning the libraries of Lucullus, &c.—‘*eran private; nè i cittadini potevano usarne, se non quanto l’amicizia e la cortesia de’ possiditori il permetterà.*’ It is singular, that in declining any support from the conjectural emendation of *urbe* for *orbe*, because Romæ would then be tautological, he does not avail himself of the reading of Dalechampius—‘*Urbe Romæ*,’ &c. and ‘*publicata est.*’—Fol. 1606. Aurel. Aleob., p. 137, n. 15.

† Gell. l. iii. c. 10., ap. fin.

on the same subject, (if that we have *be* Cato's,) evince an extraordinary advance in the art of composition. But the same assiduous record of absurd marvels does not indicate an equal advance of mind.* The work, no doubt, was valuable to the 'gentlemen-farmers' of Rome; but its only worth now is the incidental notices of matters interesting to the classical student and antiquary.

The treatise *De Lingua Latina* retains more of its pristine value; for it never was calculated for any but the curious scholar—whom, however, the wildness of its conjectures and the looseness of its analogies are more likely to mislead than to guide. But Varro may well be excused, when we consider that etymology was then in its very infancy, and that it remained for eighteen hundred years (till Tooke's time) an infant still; and some words, even in Varro's day, had assumed an appearance and signification so wholly unlike their pristine form and meaning, and yet every step in the tortuous path could be so authentically traced, that a sanction seemed to be given to any extravagance which the perversion of learning and ingenuity could suggest.—'Quoniam Neptunum a nando appellatum putas, nullum erit nomen quod non possis unâ literâ explicare unde ductum sit. In quo quidem magis tu mihi natâre visus es, quam ipse Neptunus.'†

It is mortifying to think that those which have descended to us are probably the worst of all the multifarious performances of Varro; for we cannot doubt the high authorities who have spoken in such exalted terms of his varied excellence, but whose testimony these remains cannot be considered as confirming. On the contrary, they exhibit a habit of mind which must have injured his best works, by a pedantic display of learning, and an equally pedantic division and subdivision of his subjects, which is so wearisome in those whom Bacon (warping the old adage to his purpose) calls 'cymini sectores.'

The philosophical and rhetorical writings of Varro and others his contemporaries have probably been lost, in consequence of

* Mr. Dunlop, in giving some instances of this (ii. 48), mentions, as 'more inexplicable than all, that a sow in Arcadia was so fat, that a field-mouse had made a comfortable nest in her flesh, and brought forth its young.' Now, as every fact in natural history is valuable, we will state, that we have witnessed the circumstance of a mouse having made its nest (comfortable or not, we cannot say, nor do we know that it was parturient) in the upper part of the neck of a fattening boar. The animal was excessively indolent, and was probably gratified by the very gradual irritation in its prurient hide, and that pruriency, too, increased by the process of healing in one part while the little creature was making its way in another, to imbed itself in the well-stored cells of the adipose membrane;—like La Fontaine's rat in a Dutch cheese—

'Notre hermite nouveau subsistant là-dedans,
Il fit tant de pieds et de dents,
Qu'en peu de jours il eut au fond de l'hermitage
Le vivre et le couvert; que faut-il davantage?'

† Cicero, *De Nat. Deor.*, iii. 24.

the neglect into which they fell on the appearance of the more finished compositions of Cicero; who, however, in his detailed notices and liberal eulogiums, has given immortality to the very men whose works were thrown into obscurity by the splendour of his own: as Quintilian says of Menander and *his* predecessors—
 ‘atque ille quidem omnibus ejusdem operis auctoribus abstulit nomen, et fulgore quodam suæ claritatis, tenebras obduxit:’*—

‘Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
 That’s both their lustre and their shade.’

Mr. Dunlop has given an admirable sketch of the peculiarities of Roman law, of the tribunals of justice, and of the legislative assemblies; which afforded to the orator the most favourable occasions for the exercise of his talent, whilst the most splendid dignities of the vast empire were the sure rewards of its successful cultivation. Hence, a century before Cicero’s time, Pacuvius had exclaimed—

‘O flexanima, atque omnium regina rerum, Oratio!’

Hence the long and brilliant list of orators which Cicero deduces from the regal period to his own.

The great scope for eloquence arose from the original vice of the Roman constitution—the confounding of the legislative and judicial powers. When the legislature is employed in its proper province, of establishing, from the contemplation of a whole class of cases, a general principle for deciding on every *future* case that may be referable to that class; and when the judicial power is only occupied in ascertaining to what *previously established* legal class any particular case belongs, and what the decision of the law is regarding that class—in this state of things there is scope indeed for the exercise of the most useful and respectable powers of eloquence—the clear, strong, and elegant development of ratiocination, and of the information and the views of a comprehensive mind—and that is all. But when, as in Rome, the written laws are few, and vaguely expressed—when the judges (as the prætors) exercise an undefined equitable jurisdiction, in the application of which they are not bound by any regulation of their predecessors—still more when the tribunal (as in the Comitia) is endued with a direct legislative power—the question is no longer to be decided by argument, and the application to general principles alone; but the individual passions and interest of the judges are let loose, and then all the higher and more perilous faculties of the orator are called forth to rule in this war of elements, and direct the storm as may suit his purpose—whether to sweep away falsehood and oppression, or to bear down the barriers of truth, and law, and justice.

* Institut., x. 1.

The mighty scale on which everything moved in Rome—the enormous interests so frequently at stake—were never so wonderfully exhibited as in the age of Cicero; and the unparalleled exigency found, or created, in him an unequalled talent for profiting by its advantages, and coping with its difficulties.

Of the two Roman roads to honour it was obvious that eminence, and consequent political power, could be sooner reached in the forum than in the camp; and precocity of intellect, as much, perhaps, as constitutional timidity, determined Cicero's choice of eloquence as the means of raising himself to distinction, which was the early and unremittingly dominant passion of his life. Yet his aspirations partook more of the nature of vanity than of ambition; the possession of honours and power seems to have been valued by him, not for the assertion of superiority, or for the exercise of control over others, but only as it drew upon him admiration for the splendour of his talents and also the exuberance of his knowledge; for he had been an assiduous student under the most celebrated jurists of his own country, and the most eminent philosophers and rhetoricians of Greece.

It has been sometimes matter of regret among modern critics, as it was of reproach among some of Cicero's contemporaries, that he adopted the florid or somewhat Asiatic style, which at that period prevailed in Greece, particularly in the Rhodian schools, which he frequented. But it may reasonably be doubted whether he would have attained to such high pre-eminence had he affected the sterner sentiment, and more masculine concentrated style of the great Athenian orator, with whom he has been so often compared. He would probably not have equalled the lofty impassioned tone of Demosthenes; and he would less have availed himself of his own more varied powers, which required a more flexible style, and a diffuseness that might admit the application of more diversified talents and more multifarious acquirements. The style of the Philippics was well employed in the Orations against Anthony and against Catiline; but would it have been equally appropriate in the Oration *de Signis*, in the prosecution of Verres, where an intimate knowledge was necessary to inspire an enthusiasm on the subject of the fine arts? Would it have furnished the playful wit, the mixture of vivacity and philosophy, which distinguish the defence of Cœlius? Again, could the thunder and the storm of Demosthenes have effected what the sunshine of Ciceronian eloquence accomplished, when his courtly address extorted from the Dictator the pardon of Licinius?—when, by his artfully conciliating speech, he won the people to reject their long-fostered project of an agrarian law?—or when he calmed the rage of the plebeians, indignant at the partition which the

the law of Otho had made in the theatre between them and the knights ; * and not only calmed their rage, but converted it into enthusiastic applause of the author of that very law which had excited their animosity ?

‘ Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.’

These were triumphs of eloquence only to be achieved by a mind of versatile and abundant resources.

The style, therefore, of Cicero’s eloquence appears to have been admirably adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed, and which contributed to mould his character to their own impress. So that, without derogation from the genius of either of the rival orators, we may perhaps safely say that, had each been transferred to the age and country of the other, Cicero would have been what Demosthenes was in Athens, and Demosthenes what Cicero was in Rome ; and it is enough for the glory of both that either, in his own time and nation, was without a peer.

What the Roman orator so much excelled in he endeavoured to teach to others in treatises which, though curious and occasionally enlivened by interesting anecdotes, are, on the whole, dry and tedious. And when we read his Orations in sequence, it somewhat detracts from our pleasure to observe that, instead of the effect having been elicited by the energy and enthusiasm of the moment, it has been elaborated by a masterly but uniformly artificial application of rules. Hence there is a monotony and flatness in the general effect of the Orations, whilst particular passages are replete with all the varied excellencies which can distinguish the most consummate orator. Our admiration, however, suffers some further abatement when we consider that the speeches we now have were originally studied harangues, and afterwards prepared for publication by the author ; nay, some of them—as five out of the six against Verres—were never spoken at all, and can only be regarded, in the same light as the Declamations of Seneca Rhetor, and those ascribed to Quintilian, on imaginary cases. We know with what different degrees of admiration we attend to an able reply in a parliamentary discussion, and to a ‘ set speech,’ or the ‘ corrected report ’ of any speech. Whatever may have been the triumphs of ancient oratory, the true test of the talent, extemporaneous eloquence, has shone in no age or country with so much splendour as in the British senate : and how little the writers of premeditated speeches, or the haranguers of mobs, can contend with such talent, is seen in the general insignificance into which

* It is a singular oversight in Tiraboschi (*Litt. Ital. Parte iii. lib. iii. c. 12.*) to represent this as a separation from the nobles : that separation had been made one hundred and thirty-eight years before (*Livy, lib. xxxiv. c. 54.*), and greatly shook, says Valerius Maximus (*ii. 4. 3.*), even the popularity of Africanus.

the most obstreperous demagogues have fallen in parliamentary debate. The hustings orator, indeed, 'rudebat atque hinnitabat'—but in the house, 'Neque ratum est quod dicat, neque quæ agitat dicendi est locus.' The talent of debate, which was wanting to perfect the eloquence of the ancients, has arisen out of that representative system which was wanting to give stability to their popular governments: yet how near an advance to the principle was the Roman election of tribunes! If the five classes, instead of choosing two each, had elected forty each, the tribunes, instead of a deputation, (where it was so easy for individual interest to prevail,) would have constituted an assembly where the interest of the majority would have opposed itself to the ambition of single persons, and which would have controlled the power both of the people and the patricians. The comitia might then have been confined to election only; and those Italian states might have been safely admitted to a share in the representation, whose admission to the right of voting in the popular assemblies was the ruin of the republic.

Yet, obvious as this ruin was, and imminent as it was at the very time Cicero wrote his Treatise *De Re Publicâ*, he proposes the Roman frame of government as the most perfect model:—'Sic enim decerno, sic sentio, sic adfirmo, nullam omnium rerum publicarum, aut constitutione, aut descriptione, aut disciplinâ, conferendam esse cum eâ, quam patres nostri nobis, acceptam jam inde a majoribus, reliquerunt.* Even if it be alleged that this is spoken in the person of the younger Africanus, it must also be recollected that, at the very time of the supposed dialogue, the tumults of the Gracchi were giving sufficient proof of the powers of the constitution being so ill balanced that it could not possibly stand; and Africanus might have said, in the words of Cicero himself—'Nostris enim vitiis, non casu aliquo, rempublicam verbo retinemus, re ipsâ vero jampridem amisimus.† The apology here implied for the constitution, from the corruption of manners, is the usual fallacy by which bad laws are defended; no law can be good (whatever its theoretical purpose) which does not provide means for its own efficiency. If men were perfectly virtuous, no system of government would be necessary; and that system only is good which either prevents the corruption of morals, or controls the mischief by preserving the vigour of its institutions in spite of such corruption.

Now the theory of the Roman constitution is given by Cicero

* *De Re Pub. lib. i. c. 46. Edit. Maii.*

† *Hæc Cicero fatebatur longe quidem post mortem Africani quem in suis libris fecit de publicâ disputare.—Augustin. Civ. Dei, ii. 21.*

in words so remarkably adapted to describe our own that we cannot resist citing them at length :—

‘Statuo esse optimè constitutam rempublicam, quæ ex tribus generibus illis, regali, optimo, et populari, confusa modicè, nec puniendo irritet animum immanem, ac ferum, nec, omnia prætermittendo, licentiâ cives deteriores reddat.’—*Nonius (Modicum).*

‘Ut in fidibus, ac tibiis, atque cantu ipso, ac vocibus, concentus est quidam ténendus ex distinctis sonis, quem immutatum ac discrepantem aures eruditæ ferre non possunt; isque concentus ex dissimillarum vocum moderatione concors tamen efficitur, et congruens; sic ex summis, et infimis, et mediis interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis moderata ratione civitas consensu dissimillarum concinit; et quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, ea est in civitate concordia, arctissimum atque optimum omni in republicâ vinculum incolumitatis: quæ sine justitiâ nullo pacto esse potest.’*—*August. de Civ. ii. 21.*

But what harmony was there ever, or could there ever possibly be, in a state where the practical administration was so widely different from the concinnity here described? Cicero, indeed, boasts of the wisdom of Servius, who so classed the people (though assuredly by a very gross artifice) that, ‘though the right of suffrage was universal, the influential voting was, in fact, confined to persons of property . . . thus providing, what should be especially cared for in every state, that the many should not avail the most.’† But of what use was this when confined only to the Comitia Centuriata; and when, in the Comitia Tributa, the vote of every citizen was of equal value in making laws, and, above all, in electing those few factious deputies, who, by a word, could paralyse the power of the senate, the armies, the consuls, and even the assembly of the people themselves?

We are induced to enter more fully on this subject, because we think (especially since the delightful and interesting additions made by the palimpsest discoveries of Mai to the treatise *De Re Publicâ*) too much credit has been given to the Romans for proficiency in political science, and for the possession (at any period) of rational liberty. It is true that Cicero has accurately, and with his wonted elegance and clearness, stated some of the most pregnant maxims of polity, but with singular deficiency in perceiving the inadequacy of any given institution for carrying such principles into effect, and in devising any permanent means for supporting a principle, or for neutralizing hostile forces. The whole history of the republic exhibits a succession of expedients

* Mai only cites part of the remarkable passage from Nonius, and none of that from Augustin. Both are here taken from Ernesti’s edition of Cicero, vol. vii. p. 903.

† Ut suffragia non in multitudinis, sed in locupletum potestate essent, curavitque (quod semper in re publicâ tenendum est) ne plurimum valeant plurimi.—*De R. P. ii. 22. Edit. Mai.*

temporarily to counteract—not of principles permanently to alter—the originally vicious nature of the constitution, which gave to the assembled people, or subsequently to their agitators, the tribunes, the whole power of the state.

And yet this is the constitution so lauded by Cicero, and who, reasoning in the abstract, declares, that ‘when the greatest power of a government is vested in the people, and they rule everything at their pleasure, that state of affairs may be called liberty, but is, in fact, licentiousness; in which death and confiscation are dealt about at the will of a mob, not of the people, for the people are those only who act under the supremacy of law—and a multitude, usurping their name, is the cruellest of tyrants, and the most savage of wild beasts.’*

These are sentiments which every wise man must approve, but which no one of the present day would think consistent with an encomium on the constitution of the Roman republic.

We have called the history of that state one of expedients: the political life of Cicero was an eminent example of it; and the insufficiency of the legalized institutions for securing liberty must be allowed to furnish the best apology for his vacillating conduct. The wisdom, the magnanimity, and noble energy, with which he employed his constitutional powers, as consul, in suppressing the conspiracy of Catiline, might have sufficed to save his country, of which he was so justly hailed *the father*,† had the efforts of desperate demagogues and their rabblement been the only force to be feared. But men of profounder speculation, of wilier wisdom, and of loftier minds than Catiline, had employed equally base arts, with the same base multitude, for obtaining a height of power, that made them equally independent of the law, and of the despicable rout to which they owed their elevation. Cicero, therefore, was compelled to resort, not to his vaunted constitution—for that had no power to avail him—but to the balancing of one unconstitutional power against another. Hence his support of the Manilian law, to give unprecedented power to Pompey; and his advocating the *senatus consultum* for extending Cæsar’s command in Gaul, with an unprecedented grant of money and patronage. Hence, too, his sup-

* Si vero populus plurimum potest, omniaque ejus arbitrio regantur, dicitur illa libertas, est, vero, licentia . . . populus non est nisi qui consensu juris confinetur: sed est tam tyrannus iste conventus, quam si esset unus: hoc etiam tritior, quia nihil istâ quæ populi speciem et nomen imitatur immanius belluâ est.—*De Re Pub.* l. iii. c. 14, and 32. Edit. Maii.

† It is grievous to think how much the value of such a title is lessened. Cicero had previously applied it to Marius, (*Pro Rabir.* c. x.) and, therefore, Pliny’s ‘Salve, primus omnium Parens Patriæ appellate,’ is nullified by Cicero’s abject compliment to one of the coarsest of tyrants. Yet this passage of Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* vii. 30.) is cited without comment by Middleton in his life of Cicero, (vol. i. 236.) by Tiraboschi (*Lett. Ital.* p. iii. l. iii. c. 13.) and now again by Mr. Dunlop (vol. ii. 477.)

port of Octavian against Anthony, and his consequently becoming, on their coalition, the victim of the personal animosity of the one, and of the dastardly ingratitude of the other. As for the censure which these measures brought upon Cicero from Brutus and his party—we need not now repeat what we so lately said concerning those proverbialized patriots. Even admitting that they were enthusiasts for freedom, and giving them their principle of justifiable tyrannicide, the killing of Cæsar was a useless murder: the only question was, what master was best for the state; and there was no man so powerful, so enlightened, and so lenient as the great Julius; for, though ‘cruel as death and hungry as the grave,’ when necessary for his ambition,* yet he had no innate avarice or blood-thirstiness, and was too magnanimous for revenge.

The agonies which Cicero suffered when forced to choose between such evils are painfully portrayed in that collection of his letters, which is matchless in historical and classical interest, and in varied beauty of style and sentiment. Yet, they display in the writer a very mixed and defective character; generally weak and timid, but, when driven to bay, both collected and courageous—witness his consulship, his Philippics, and his death. His sensibility was excessive; and, whilst it rendered him a doting parent, and a zealous and affectionate friend, not only made him belie all the principles of philosophy which he had so beautifully enforced in his ethical compositions, but deprived him even of common fortitude: occupying his mind with the superstitious folly of consecrating a temple to his deceased daughter; and during his banishment, fatiguing his friends with a querulousness, only more tolerable than the pining of Ovid, because his exile was of shorter duration. Morbid sensibility, too, was probably the source of that inordinate vanity, which we have noticed as his ruling passion; which is exhibited in the self-applause so offensively pervading these otherwise delightful epistles; and which could induce him to urge Luceius to falsify history on his behalf, [ad Divers. v. 12.] and violate the very law of it, which his friend had in his preface professed to follow; and which himself, just about this very time, had thus emphatically laid down:—‘*Nam quis nescit, primam esse historiæ legem, ne quid falsi dicere audeat? deinde, ne quid veri non audeat? ne qua suspicio gratiæ sit in scribendo? ne qua simultatis? Hæc scilicet fundamenta nota sunt omnibus.*’ [De

* See his own account of his horrible cruelty to the Veneti (Bel. Gal. iii. 16.); to the Eburones (vi. 33.) and to the Uxellodunenses (viii. 84.); and see Cicero ad Att. x. 4. For a brief statement of the real political question between the parties of Brutus and Cæsar, we refer to an article, ‘On the Subversion of Ancient Governments,’ in Number XC. of this Review.

Oratore ii. 13.] One would have imagined that he would have been ashamed to have this letter seen, but he had discovered, before Heloisa, that 'epistola non erubescit;' and, accordingly, speaks of it to Atticus as a master-piece, ('valde bella est,') desires him to get it of Lucceius, and urge its purpose on him. [ad Att. iv. 6.]

When, indeed, the ruling passion did not interfere, Cicero's conduct appears to have been dictated by that high-toned morality expounded in his ethical treatises, and more especially in the three books 'De Officiis,' which may be considered as the gospel of heathenism. But, however we respect the force of reason, and the power of eloquent persuasion, and of appeal to the best and loftiest feelings of our nature; and, however we may admire the strength of character, and venerate the virtue that maintained a life of resistance to especial temptations, from regard to general principles, and to the dignity of conscious rectitude; and, however such motives may have produced exalted characters in the few sages who had leisure, learning, and ability, to elevate their minds to such contemplations, and who had enthusiasm enough to carry such speculative principles into practical effect; it is obvious that these could have little influence on the conduct of the generality of mankind. To them, such principles must have appeared destitute of sanction, and such conduct devoid of motive; sufficient sanction and adequate motive could alone be supplied by a Divine revelation, and its assurances of a retributive futurity.

It is true that Cicero, like many other philosophers of antiquity, entertained the natural 'longing after immortality;' and had endeavoured to justify the hope by every rational argument, and every ingenious analogy, which uninspired wisdom could collect from the whole range of reason, of observation, and of fancy; but from such excursions he returned, like Johnson from his investigation of the second-sight of the highlanders, 'only willing to believe.' This is all the result of the beautifully elaborate disquisitions of the Tusculan, and other dialogues and treatises, that exhaust all which had then been learned from metaphysical inquiry, and to which little has been added by the researches of two thousand years. No reproach, therefore, can attach to Cicero; he only stopped where he found human intellect stopped; and declining to dogmatize where he could not demonstrate, he concluded, as the wisest and best in his predicament must have done;—'But if I err in believing the soul of man to be immortal, I am willing so to err; nor, whilst I live, would I have this error, which is the delight of my life, extorted from me.'*

Upon the whole, Cicero must be considered as having attained,

* Quod si in hoc erro, quod animos hominum immortales esse credam, libenter erro: nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo extorqueri volo.—*De Senect. ap. Sen.*

in Roman oratory, an eminence which none before him ever reached, and from which all that followed declined. He enriched, also, the literature of his country with an elegant and lucid development of all that had been taught by the most distinguished sects of Grecian philosophy—himself advocating the doctrine of the lower Academy—neither absurdly doubting of everything with the sceptics, nor dogmatically asserting with the stoics, on subjects, where, by uninspired reason, probability, but probability only, could be attainable. Still, with all his wonderful talents, his brilliant accomplishments, and his multifarious erudition, he wanted originality of conception, and added little to the treasures of literature from the creations of his own mind. This deficiency became eminently conspicuous when he attempted to celebrate his own deeds in his own verse.

‘Stant circum attonitæ vatem, et nil dulce sonantes,
Nec digitis nec voce, Dææ.’

Cicero, however, was doubly fortunate in not being his own historian, (whether in Latin verse, or in Greek, or in Latin prose—for in all three he attempted it,) and in having for the recorder of the most splendid of his transactions; one of the ablest of his contemporaries, and one of the best historians of any age or country. This was Sallust, whose narration of the Catilinarian conspiracy gave a new character to historical composition in Rome. This department had previously only exhibited dry annals of the republic, or memoirs of particular families, fraught with all the exaggeration of clannish chroniclers in a rude state of society. On the contrary; the works of Sallust now remaining record the occurrences of a most important war in the age immediately preceding his own; and of a most critical struggle in which many of his contemporaries had been engaged. Of these events he does not furnish the mere series of facts, but develops their remote causes, and enters into such collateral circumstances, and portrayings of characters, as may elucidate his subject and interest his reader; blending all with the reasoning and reflections of a philosophic mind—degraded though that was in him by hypocrisy, debauchery, cruelty, and avarice. In most of those excellencies of composition which we have stated, he excelled Thucydides, whom he had taken for his model. His expositions are as clear, and stronger, and briefer. But some of those concentrated expressions, which are occasional in Thucydides’s speeches, seem to have commanded so much the admiration of Sallust, that, like other imitators, he exaggerated and repeated the excellence till it became a fault, with which his whole style is imbued; and which cannot be more appropriately censured and described, than in the words of Seneca criticising Arruntius, an imitator of the same Sallust:—

‘Quæ

'Quæ apud illum rara fuerunt, apud hunc crebra sunt, et pænè continua; nec sine causa: ille enim in hæc incidebat, at hic illa quærebat.'—(Epist. 114.)

On this account, we must consider Sallust, with all his merits, as the first corrupter of that perfection of Roman prose, which in Cicero exhibited a masculine vigour united with consummate grace.

We thus observe the same cause operating to the corruption of taste in prose, as we before remarked with regard to poetry. Untranscendable excellence in one drives others to seek some new mode of distinction, which, when effected by talent, commands, from its novelty, popular admiration; and success draws after it a herd of imitators. Thus the sententious brevity of Sallust has been exaggerated in the short, broken, intermittent style of that very Seneca whom we have seen censuring his obscurity. And again, the quaint antithesis of Seneca, added to the occasional obscurity of Sallust, pervades almost every page of the profound but affected Tacitus; and we moderns behold an imitation of all these faults, with a seasoning of French frippery and French paradox, disgracing the '*Esprit des Loix*' of Montesquieu.

The decline from unaffected elegance of prose, which commenced with Sallust, was probably checked by the strongly-contrasting chasteness and almost austerity of Cæsar's style, to the influence of which the high authority of that extraordinary man must have greatly contributed; and, to estimate such influence, it should be recollected, that though we have only his military memoirs remaining, he had written in a great variety of the departments of literature.

But severely simple as the style of the Commentaries is, they furnished an example of a conqueror not restricting his attention to military affairs, but recording the most important geographical information, with notices of the religion, laws, and customs of the nations with whom he warred. These continue to be highly-interesting at this day—especially as relating to our own country, short as his visit was—for, in the words of Tacitus, '*Britanniam potest videri ostendisse posteris, non tradidisse.*'—*Vit. Ag.* 13.

Unaffected elegance of style was further maintained by the biographer Nepos, whom we have no hesitation in placing among the writers of this period. Indeed, we can only wonder at scholars having been found to ascribe to the same hand the terse and classical composition of the '*Lives of eminent Commanders*,' and that miserable copy of verses in which Æmilius Probus attempted to impose on the ignorance of the latter part of the fourth century, and to claim for himself the authorship of a work which he had no doubt transcribed; that merit he had, but he had the disgrace

disgrace also of proving, by his verses, how little perception he could have of the merits of the author, and how little regard he had to the principles of common honesty. The narratives of Nepos are clear and concise, but exhibit little vigour of intellect or comprehensiveness of views.

Numerous other writers of history and biography are recorded as flourishing during the age of Augustus, and that immediately preceding; but most of them have perished, probably from having been thrown into shade by the magnificent work of Livy. Of his, as of so many other Roman works, we can only judge by the ruins that are left to us,—for only about a fourth part remains; and of that fourth a third is the mere crypt of the sublime edifice—namely, the first decade, containing the obscure and fabulous traditions on which the whole fabric of Roman history rests. The parts which are lost are the more to be deplored, as least supplied from other sources, and as they would have detailed the steps by which, owing to the radical evils of the constitution, the republic was conducted, from a stormy liberty, through the hurricanes of military domination to the stagnant malaria of despotism.

Judging, however, by what remains, our regret for the lost portions, though deservedly great, may be somewhat moderated from observing that the object of the writer seems to have been not so much the developement of truth, as the painting by the pen a splendid picture, which, exciting the admiration of his readers, might cast a reflex glory round his own head. Hence all the favourite popular traditions are invested with the dignity of history; and though he sometimes shelters himself under an *on dit*, ('ferunt'—'dicitur'—'fama est,' &c.) yet he takes no trouble to investigate truth or to expose falsehood. His style is less diffuse than Cicero's, less condensed than Sallust's, and less severe than Cæsar's; it is ornate and studied, but neither turgid nor stiff. As to what has been called his Patavinity, it appears gross affectation for moderns to pretend to find blemishes in a composition which, for dignity, beauty, and strength of language, all antiquity had conspired to praise, excepting Asinius Pollio, who seems, from various anecdotes, to have been a literary Thersites towards all whose works he did not, in common with his own, especially patronize.

The philosophy of this period, moral and psychological, has been considered under the writings of Cicero. The knowledge of the sciences, and of natural philosophy, may be deemed to have spread wider in society; but science itself was not advanced in the abstract. A splendid proof, however, of the knowledge of its practical application was exhibited in Cæsar's reformation of the Calendar; and it seems strange that so important a fact should have been so very cursorily noticed by Mr. Dunlop.

In all civilized nations, and at all times, it has been justly deemed a most important object so to regulate the civil year as to make its number of days correspond, as nearly as possible, with the solar year, or the return of the sun to the same point in the heavens. This has always been equally necessary to the heathen, in common with all people, for the authentication of history, the ordinances of religious and civil polity, and the applicability of rural and naval precepts; and to the Jew and Christian especially for the exposition and verification of prophecy.

The rude calendar of Romulus made the year consist of only 304 days, which, by Numa, was changed to 366½ days, by intercalating a month, of which the number of days was left to be regulated each year by the pontiffs, who, of course, abused the power, to protract or extend the duration of political offices, and to defer or accelerate the elections: In consequence of this double irregularity, from deficient science and from political craft, there was, in the time of Cæsar, a difference of three months between the civil and astronomical equinox; and it does high credit to his own enlightened views, and to the advance of science at that period, that notwithstanding the deficiency of instruments, and particularly the want of the telescope, he, with the assistance of Sosigènes, an Egyptian astronomer, constructed such a calendar that the annual error only amounted to ten days in 1028 years. Even this was probably in some degree known to Cæsar and his assistant; for they could not be ignorant that Hipparchus, a hundred years before, had calculated that the excess of 365½ days above a solar year would amount to a day in 300 years; but they probably considered their new calendar as the best practical regulation, and trusted to future times for correcting its deficiency, when that should become of practical consequence,—just as we now, with our wonderful improvements, instrumental and theoretical, are acting, for the sake of convenience, on a calendar of which the error we know will amount to a day in 3866 years—if days and nights be then.

It is probable that the alteration in the calendar had made astronomy, about this period, a subject of general interest; and from this consideration, together with many evidences internal and extraneous, we are inclined to assign to the Augustan age the 'Astronomicon' of Manilius, though Mr. Dunlop, from not noticing the poem, would appear to agree with those who refer it to a much later period.

The subject, as so much more limited, was a still more unfortunate one than that of Lucretius; and the author was endowed with a very small portion of his predecessor's fire of genius or richness of imagination. Even in the first book, where a general view is taken of the system of the universe, and where alone per-
haps

haps was scope for the sublime strains of poesy, he never rises above elegance of sentiment, couched in terseness of phrase and polished versification; but neither does he sink below these, even in the dry details of the subsequent divisions of his work. This mediocrity of talent and inaptness of subject may sufficiently explain the silent neglect with which he has been treated, and the obscurity into which he has been thrown by the splendid luminaries of the Augustan constellation.

Mr. Dunlop has omitted all mention of another eminent author most assuredly of this period; though some wild conjectures (which we cannot suppose Mr. Dunlop's good sense will permit him to adopt) have attempted to remove Vitruvius to a lower era. His work on architecture is the more remarkable and valuable, as being the only treatise on the subject which has descended to us from the ancients: and as Augustus boasted of having left the city marble which he had found brick, we may feel assured that we possess, in this contemporary writer, all that was then known on the subject, either to Greeks or Romans. And though Vitruvius mingled some whims of his own, as suggestions for improving on the Greek models, he has still left us the rules for such constructions in the purest style; and in proportion as the corruption of his text has been reformed by the investigations of scholars, the more certain it has become, either that the edifices called Vitruvian, and which differed from the Grecian proportions, were founded on incorrect interpretations of his text, or that the text itself had been corrupted, to sanction the wilful deviations of the architect.*

As Vitruvius's work is on a technical subject, general scholars perhaps have paid less attention to it; but it contains some curious passages, which might make it worthy the attention of both philosophers and mechanicians. For example, Clarke's explication of volcanoes, from the principle of the *Æolipile*,† might have been suggested by the following:—

‘*Ventus autem est aëris fluens unda, cum inusta motus redundantia. Nascitur cum fervor offendit humorem, et impetus fervoris exprimit vim spiritus flatu. Id autem verum esse, ex æolipilis aëreis licet aspicere, et de latentibus cœli rationibus artificiosis rerum inventionibus divinatis exprimere veritatem. Fiunt enim æolipilæ aereae cavæ; hæ habent punctum angustissimum quo aquæ infunduntur, collocanturque ad ignem, et antequam calescant non habent ullum spiritum; simul autem ut fervere cœperint, efficiunt ad ignem vehementem flatum. Ita scire et indicare licet e parvo brevissimoque spectaculo, de magnis et immanibus cœli ventorumque naturæ rationibus.*’—lib. i., c. 6, § 2.

* See this subject more fully stated in No. XLI. of the *Quarterly Review*, p. 36, &c.

† See *Quarterly Review*, No. LXVI., p. 470.

The prevention of dry-rot by decortication in spring, and felling in autumn, as explained by Darwin, in his *Phytologia* (iii., 2. 3), is precisely on the principle of Vitruvius (ii., 9.3).^{*} And had the architects of the Bath, or other crescents, attended to Vitruvius's caution on the aspect of a theatre (v., 3.2), they never would have constructed such focuses of summer heat and vortices of winter blasts. Had Vitruvius been duly studied, Lewis would never have had his name given to the apparatus for lifting huge stones; which is described in these words:—

‘Ad rechamum autem imum ferrei forfices religantur, quorum dentes in saxa forata accommodantur. Cum autem funis habet caput ad suculam religatum, et vectes ducentes eam versant, funis involvendo circum suculam extenditur, et ita sublevat onera ad altitudinem, et operum collocationes.’—x., 2. 2.

Lewis, however, be it remembered, was a subordinate and probably ignorant workman; and might have much more merit in rediscovering the apparatus than Vitruvius in recording it,—*ἄπειρος δ' εὐρόντος ἔργον*.

In the chapter on cements are passages which might seem to have suggested Priestley's and Black's doctrines, and consequently the whole system of Lavoisier, &c. on carbonic acid gas and latent heat:—

‘Ergo liquor qui est in ejus lapidis [calcis] corpore, et aer, cum exustus, et ereptus fuerit, habueritque in se residuum calorem latentem, priusquam ex igni vim recipiat, intinctus in aqua, et humore penetrante in foraminum parietes confervescit, et ita refrigeratus rejicit ex calcis corpore fervorem. Ideo autem quo pondere saxa conjiciuntur in fornacem, cum eximuntur non possunt ad id respondere; sed cum expenduntur, eadem magnitudine permanente, ex cocto liquore, circiter tertiâ parte ponderis imminuta esse inveniuntur.’—lib. ii., c. 6, § 2 and 3.

As the highest object of ambition in the cultivation of oratory had passed away with the popular nature of the government, the kindred art of poetry became the favourite pursuit of men, who were conscious of high talents for acquiring distinction. Of those we have anticipated the names of several in our account of the amatory and elegiac poets. But two remain, so superlatively eminent, that it seems unnecessary even to specify their names; and yet the slightest sketch of Roman literature would appear absurd without some notice of the works of Virgil and Horace. These, however, are so familiarly known, and their merits have been so often and so minutely discussed, that we shall add but a very little to the tomes that have been written; and of which Mr.

^{*} We are happy to see, by the way, that Mr. Kyan's really effectual process for the prevention of dry rot, explained in No. XCVII. of this Review, is at last beginning to be considered seriously by the public authorities.

Dunlop has given a very pleasing and compendious view.—‘*Quæ per diversos auctores librosque dispersa abbreviat ; ne vel fastidium nasceretur ex plurimis, vel plenitudo fidei deesset in parvis.*’

In regard to style, Virgil is as much the standard in Latin verse as Cicero in prose. When the subject, as in the *Bucolics*, required polished simplicity of language and ideas—or, as in the *Georgics*, elegant refinement and delicate taste, he far surpassed his Grecian masters, Theocritus and Hesiod ; and when, as in the *Æneid*, dignity and majestic power were demanded, he equalled Homer. And so far only his genius could bear him on. Imitation could not supply his original deficiency in towering imagination, in sublimely passionate conception, and in the knowledge and keen discrimination of diversified character. In these latter qualifications, Virgil's mode of life rendered him especially defective ; for his time was spent between rural retirement and the court of a despot, where manners are moulded into one form, and the exhibition of passion constrained within the narrowest limits.

Imitators as the Romans were contented to be, and rural as their habits were, it is singular that Hesiod and Theocritus should have so long remained unrivalled in Latin poetry ; and it is yet more singular, that, with all Virgil's genius and taste, he should have so servilely copied Theocritus, as to transfer the manners, climate, and mountains of Sicily to the marshy champaign of the Mincius ;—as great an incongruity, only not quite so amusing, as the Arcadian shepherdess in Guarini's *Pastor Fido* escaping from the gripe of a Satyr, by leaving her periwig in his hands :—we may well exclaim with the Satyr, ‘*O meraviglia inusitata !*’

The *Eclogues* partake of the insipidity of all *eclogues* ; and the *Georgics* betray the want of interest which is felt in all didactic poetry. But the *Georgics* have more exquisitely elegant variety, and more originality ; deriving much less from Hesiod than the *Bucolics* from Theocritus. And wherever Virgil condescends to borrow, he never fails to add brilliance to the beauties of those early writers ; as in Tasso,—

‘*Apollo inaura*

Le rose, che l' Aurora hà colorite.’

Speaking of the *Æneid*, Voltaire has observed, ‘*On dit qu'Homère a fait Virgile ; si cela est, c'est, sans doute, son plus bel ouvrage :*’ but this, like so many of Voltaire's smartnesses, is a mere *jeu de mots* : for ‘*si cela est*’—if Virgil have borrowed so much from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, as to make the *Æneid* only Homer's work, it must needs be inferior to his other works, from which it is borrowed. The probability is, that Virgil would have produced a better work if he had not copied Homer at all, but depended more on his own resources, consulted more the intellectual advancement

advancement of his own age, and abode more by the dictates of his own taste.

Virgil has been called the prince of the Latin poets; and if dignity and majesty be considered as the tests of supremacy, the title must be admitted; but if force of intellect, if variety of power, and if utility in the application of these, be deemed the characteristics of superiority, then Horace must be hailed as at least a rival chief. A much less proportion too of Horace's works is of an imitative kind; his Odes, indeed, have very many passages traceable to the extant works of Grecian lyrics; and therefore it is reasonable to conclude that he owed many more to others, that have sunk in the gulf, which separates the Augustan age from that of modern Europe. Still, in all, and especially in what may be called the political and occasional odes, much is unquestionably original. In his amorous and festive odes, though the Latin language would not allow him to emulate the harmonious volubility of Anacreon, yet he fully equals him in ease and elegant gaiety; and even with regard to rhythm, he had the merit of showing his countrymen that genius might make the stubborn Latin itself flexible to all the measures and cadences of the Greek.

In the Satires and Epistles of Horace, (in which we include that exclusively literary epistle, 'Ad Pisones,' commonly considered as if it were a formal treatise, and entitled 'De Arte Poeticâ,') we have at length entire compositions of original Roman poetry; and, as borrowed from no other nation, excelled by none—equalled by none. Of other Roman satirists—Ennius, Lucilius, &c.—fragments only remain; and from those fragments it is obvious, that they were rude indeed, compared with the exquisite productions of Horace. Combining elegant ease with strength and keenness, he is witty and severe, yet never out of humour; and shows such pleasant confidence that his readers will be interested in him—that he lets them into the history of his life, familiar habits, thoughts, and daily occupations; so that we not only have an intense admiration for him as a poet, but feel a delightful companionship with him; and most gladly admit for him the apology of Pindar:—

οὐδὲ τίς τ' ἴσται

Θιόδοτος ἔργων κίλινθον ἢ καλὰ γὰρ,

Μὴ φέροις κάμψαν τὸν ἰοικόν', ἀειδῶ

Καρύμην ἀντὶ σέθεν.

Hence it is, that his beautiful descriptions and sentiments, his maxims of morality, and canons of criticism, so happily and tersely expressed, are wrought into the memory, and constitute a portion of our own minds.

Though often differing in opinion from Mr. Dunlop, we most readily

readily acknowledge the assistance we have derived from his elegant essay, in this brief sketch of the rise and progress of Roman literature; and shall be very glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity, which we trust he will soon afford us, for tracing the history of its decline and fall.*

ART. IV.—*Life* (sic) of *Mrs. Siddons*. By Thomas Campbell. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1834.

THIS book is a real *superfetation*. We doubt whether the very uneventful life of Mrs. Siddons had not been already *overwritten*; but we are confident that every one, except Mr. Campbell, must agree, that after Mr. Boaden's labours on this subject, there was no room for *another* voluminous biography. Mr. Boaden, not satisfied with having anticipated the most important circumstances of Mrs. Siddons's history in his *Life of Kemble*, had favoured us with an equally copious *Life of Mrs. Siddons herself*; and although he professes to give not merely these lives, but a history of the stage during their time, there surely was not matter for *four octavos*—nay, we are satisfied that one volume would have afforded ample room for both the brother and the sister—the history of the stage in their day, and as much criticism as could be requisite to the due appreciation of their several merits. After expressing this opinion as to Mr. Boaden's bulky production, it is needless to say that another work, equally voluminous and more expensive, appears to us worse than unnecessary; and we regret to add, that the manner in which it is executed can add nothing to the reputation of either the object or the author of this *abuse of biography*. Mr. Campbell incidentally hints that Mrs. Siddons 'left to him her papers,' but he does not state this as an excuse for attempting this work of supererogation—indeed, it would afford none; for a few pages of autobiographical memoranda, a couple of prosy dissertations on the characters of Constance and Lady Macbeth, and three or four very unimportant letters, are the only things that can in substance (if such trifles may, by any laxity of language, be called substantial) distinguish Mr. Campbell's *Life* from that of his predecessor; while, on the other hand, Mr. Boaden's extensive theatrical information, and his personal recollections of the whole of Mrs. Siddons's career, of which from first to last he was an admiring, yet critical witness, give to his narrative and opinions a vivacity and authority to which Mr. Campbell, who appears to

* We observe that Mr. Dunlop has recently put forth '*Memoirs of Spain during the Reigns of Philip IV. and Charles II.*' such a work was wanted, and we doubt not we shall find that he has ably acquitted himself in it;—but we hope he has not abandoned the completion of his earlier and more universally interesting undertaking.

know

know little of the stage in general, and nothing from his own observations of Mrs. Siddons's earliest and most interesting triumphs, cannot pretend.

We however expected, that, in the elegancies of style, in accuracy of literary history, and in delicacy of criticism, Mr. Campbell would have improved upon his predecessor; but we are sorry to say that we have been, *on every point*, signally disappointed. In fact, we are much inclined to credit a prevailing rumour, that Mr. Campbell ought rather to be considered as the editor than as the substantial author of this book. Mr. Boaden's diction, though occasionally forcible, is too often inflated and obscure: he seems a great admirer of Gibbon, and sometimes applies with ludicrous solemnity to his dramatic history the oracular* style in which Gibbon describes the decline of the Roman empire. But Mr. Campbell—or, as we are willing to believe, Mr. Campbell's journeyman—has an obscure bombast of his own, which is still more intolerable—as our readers may judge from the following examples, extracted, with no labour of search, from the earlier pages of the work.

When he recollects Mr. Stephen Kemble on the Edinburgh boards, 'joy comes to his heart.'—p. 20. When he means to express an opinion that the 'Paradise Lost' was not embellished by Mrs. Siddons's recitation, he says—'the muse of Milton is too proud to *borrow a debt* from elocution.'—p. 37. When Mr. Siddons, whose addresses were not at first agreeable to Miss Kemble's parents, 'proposed to his beloved an immediate elopement, she, *tempering amatory with filial duty*, declined the proposal.'—p. 48.

What is *amatory duty*? But if that expression be somewhat turgid, we are immediately refreshed with the familiar slip-slop of *declining the proposal*!

When the author of the tragedy of 'The Regent' fell under what Mr. Campbell calls 'the savage vituperation' (though he does not deny that it was well deserved) of our beloved associate and friend, Mr. Gifford, he adds—'But his *scathed laurels* did not lower him in Mrs. Siddons's regard.'—p. 52.

* To avoid the repetition of proper names, as well as to give epigrammatic point to his periods, Gibbon is fond of describing his characters by some accidental quality, or some incidental allusion; for instance—'These spiritual terrors were enforced by a dexterous application to the Byzantine court; the *trembling president* implored the mercy of the church; and the *descendant of Hercules* enjoyed the satisfaction of raising a *prostrate tyrant*.'—*Dec. and Fall*, c. xx. § v. It requires a degree of attention rather to be expected from a mathematical student than a mere reader of history to discover that the *president* and the *tyrant* were no other than a certain '*haughty magistrate*' before mentioned, whom, on further search, we find to have been one Andronicus, who is further designated as the *monster of Libya*—and that the *descendant of Hercules* was a '*philosophical bishop*,' who, by reference to a former paragraph, is ascertained to have been 'the *polite and eloquent Synesius*.'

When

When he contrasts Mrs. Siddons's early failure with her subsequent triumphs, it is in a magnificence of metaphor that is liker the old *galimatias* of a French *éloge* than good English biography.

'Her case adds but one to the many instances in the history of great actors and orators, of timidity obscuring the brightest powers at their outset; like *chilling vapours awhile retarding the beauty of a day in spring*. But the day of her fame, when it rose, well repaid her for the lateness of its rising, and its splendour more than atoned for its morning shade.'—pp. 76, 77.

When he would tell us that Mrs. Siddons probably excelled all her predecessors, he opines—

'My inference is, if I may parody Milton's phrase, that she was the fairest of her predecessors—and that if *Time could rebuild his ruins, and react the lost scenes of existence*, he would present no female to match her on the Tragic stage.'—p. 94.

Our author suggests that the indelicacy of making love on the stage is greater in an amateur than a professional actress, but so commonplace a sentiment might have been expressed more soberly than in the following style:

'There are persons, not puritanical, who think it derogatory to female delicacy to meet the gaze of spectators in impassioned parts. . . . But the public actress has a fair apology, and her professional publicity is an *additional challenge to her virtuous pride*.'—p. 102.

When Mr. Campbell has been startled by an incredible statement, it makes '*the hair of his literary faith stand on end*.'—p. 111.

He resents with great indignation certain insinuations which some late writers have made against the virtue of Mrs. Bracegirdle, an actress who flourished an hundred and thirty years ago. The quarrel is just as important as that about 'the character of Sir Archy's great grandmother;' but it gives occasion to the following sentiment, which *seems* so moral and so beautiful, that we wish we could understand it.

'Injustice towards the dead leads, by no very circuitous route, to injustice towards the living. Once convict the one on false or defective evidence, and you will soon leave the other at the *mercy of malignity*. The *serpent vituperation* will thus grow into an *amphisbæna*, to sting at both ends.'—pp. 123, 124.

But while he thus pompously inculcates the duty of charity towards ladies of the fifteenth century, we regret to say that his practice is not always consistent with his precept; for, after stating that the mother of Mrs. Ellinor Gwynne was 'drowned by falling from her window into the Thames,' he adds, in a spirit and style very different from the charity and elegance of the *amphisbæna* passage which we have just quoted—

‘What had made her *top heavy* is not recorded.’—p. 101.

We really do not understand why the *sobriety* of Mrs. Gwynne, senior, should not be just as much an object of the moralist’s solicitude as the *chastity* of Mrs. *Bracegirdle*—even though this significant name should lead Mr. Campbell to hope that she could not be ‘a Paphian Grace with *zone unbound*.’

When Mr. Campbell wishes to explain that Mrs. Pritchard did not please so much in Dublin as she had done in London, he says, ‘that she *electrified the Irish with disappointment*.’—p. 141.

This we suppose is what the philosophers call *negative electricity*.

The following is still more scientific: meaning to enforce the recondite truth, that good acting may set off a bad play, he pronounces—

‘that it is not more certain that the northern lights can play upon ice’—[*an axiom which, we confess, we do not clearly understand*]—‘than that *electrifying* acting has often *irradiated* dramas very frigid to the readers.’—p. 167.

These examples, taken rather than selected from the earlier pages of the work, will probably satisfy our readers as to the taste of its author’s style, and will justify us in asking, in the words of his own criticism on ‘Pizarro,’ ‘If this be not *bombast*, what does the word mean?’—v. ii. p. 247.

But we have some more important—though, perhaps, we cannot call them more *serious*—objections to make than those which relate to mere *style*. Mr. Campbell seems to have adopted that *Aircastle* principle of modern biography, which enables a writer, on the incidental mention of a person or a place, to fly off into a region of conjectures and hypotheses, which have hardly more connexion with the original subject than honest Fluellen found between Monmouth and Macedon.

Thus, because

‘Our great actress’s birth-place was Brecon, in South Wales, in a public-house in the High-Street, at the sign of the *Shoulder of Mutton*, . . . where that, or some similar object, in a more substantial shape, was always at the accustomed hour seen roasting at the kitchen fire, on a spit turned by a dog in a wheel, the invariable mode in all Breconian kitchens,—

Mr. Campbell feels himself obliged to discover some affinity between *Brecon* and the *drama*.

‘Brecnoc, as far as I can learn, could never boast in modern times of having produced any other distinguished individuals than Mrs. Siddons and Charles Kemble; yet the place is not without its interesting historical, and even dramatic, associations. It was the first ground in Wales on which the Anglo-Norman banner intruded; and the grey moss-grown cairns upon its mountains are still the acknowledged

ledged resting-places of British warriors, whose memory is preserved in the songs of the ancient language of Britain. The last prince of Brecon, Bleddyn, who died fighting *pro aris et focis* against the Anglo-Normans, was the descendant of Sir Caradoch Bris Bras, one of the heroes of old French romance. In the fifteenth century, the lordship of Brecon fell into the possession of the Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham, one of whom acts a conspicuous part in Shakspeare's "Richard the Third." It was in the castle of Brecon that Buckingham, in concert with Moreton, Bishop of Ely, plotted the rebellion in favour of Richmond. It appears, however, that Buckingham was no great favourite with the Breconians and other Welshmen; for, after having followed him to the banks of the Severn, they left him to be taken by the adherents of Richard, who beheaded him without ceremony. The fact of so powerful a nobleman having been so wholly abandoned by his followers, would imply that the authority of the feudal lords had not been established in Wales to the same extent as in the rest of the kingdom, and probably never existed at all much beyond the limits of the boroughs and fortified towns. Soon after, when the Earl of Richmond landed at Milford Haven, he being a Tudor and of Welsh extraction, the natives of the principality flocked to his standard, and contributed to the victory of Bosworth.'—vol. i., pp. 27-32.

Mark the connexion. Mrs. Siddons—the 'Shoulder of Mutton'—turnspits—Charles Kemble—Welsh mountains—British cairns—the Anglo-Normans—Prince Bleddyn—Sir Caradoch Bris Bras—French romance—the estate of the Staffords—Bishop Moreton—the river Severn—the feudal system—Milford-Haven—Owen Tudor—and the battle of Bosworth. This, our readers will admit, really exceeds Aircastle himself.

'Aircastle.—I remember Ensign Jack—his father came from Barbadoes—I met him at Treacle's, the great sugar-baker in St. Mary Axe; he took the lease from Alderman Gingham, who served sheriff with Deputy —, &c.'—*Cozeners*, act ii.

But this is not all. Mr. Campbell, with his usual luck and good sense, could not but see that the connexion between 'the Shoulder of Mutton' and Richard the Third was rather too distant to satisfy the enthusiastic admirers of Shakspeare, and he therefore thinks it right to bring the affinity somewhat closer.

'Brecon has also furnished a character for the drama of Shakspeare, namely, that of *Sir Hugh Evans*, that "*remnant of Welsh flannel*," in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." He was curate of the priory of Brecon in the days of Queen Elizabeth. He died in 1581, and by a will, which is still among the records of Brecon, left a library, which must have been at that time thought considerable, and which bespeaks him to have been a man of reading. In the same will, he bequeaths his swash-buckler to one of his friends, and appoints Richard Price, Esq., to be overseer of his testament. The last-named gentleman was the son of Sir John Price, of the Priory, a great patron

of Sir Hugh Evans. By the younger Price, Evans was presented, in 1572, to the living of Merthyr Cynog, and was DOUBTLESS introduced also to Shakspeare. At least so says my learned Cambrian friend (the Rev. T. Price, of Crickhowell); who adds, that this Richard Price was a favourite at the court of Elizabeth; and on the authority of *the family records*, is stated to have held a correspondence with Shakspeare. It is so *delightful to identify ANYTHING appertaining to the poet of poets with the birth-place of our heroine*, that I am fain to indulge a *pleasing belief* in the probability of what my correspondent says further. He states, "that, from the intimacy which subsisted betwixt Shakspeare and the Prices of the Priory, an idea prevails that he frequently visited them at their residence in Brecon, and that he not only availed himself of the whimsicalities of old Sir Hugh, but that he was indebted to this part of the kingdom for much of the machinery of the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*."—vol. i. pp. 32-34.

We would willingly annihilate both time and space to make Mr. Campbell and his '*learned Cambrian friend*' happy; but we regret that historical truth and our critical duty oblige us to throw some little doubt over '*the pleasing belief of the delightful identity of ANYTHING appertaining to the poet of poets*' with either the '*Shoulder of Mutton*' or the Prices of the Priory. It is very probable that one *Hugh Evans* was rector of Merthyr Cynog from 1572 to 1581—for we suspect that there is hardly a parish in the principality that cannot enumerate among its ministers—from the reign of Henry IV., when the action of the play is laid, to that of Elizabeth, when it was written—some person of that most frequent of Welsh names, *Hugh Evans*; but we cannot understand why the comfortable incumbent of Merthyr Cynog should be transformed into the poor schoolmaster of Windsor: but let that pass. Shakspeare, Mr. Campbell is fain to believe, had become acquainted with the whimsicalities of old Sir Hugh in *his frequent visits to his friends the Prices*, with whom he had formed an *intimacy at the court of Queen Elizabeth*! Alas, we must destroy this '*delightful identity*!' Shakspeare was born in 1564, and therefore could, even at the death of the rector of Cynog, have been no more than seventeen years old, an age at which, according to all evidence, he had not yet left his native town, and at which—wonderful as he was—it is utterly impossible that he should have been admitted to *Queen Elizabeth's court*, or associated with her *favourites*. But when Mr. Campbell adds, that Shakspeare had paid *frequent visits* to so distant a place as Brecon, *during the life of Hugh Evans*, it must carry us back at least three or four years—to the thirteenth or fourteenth year of Shakspeare's age. What faith can we put in an author who, on a matter so notorious and a subject so interesting, has befooled himself,

self, or attempted to befool his readers, with such somnambulism as Shakspeare's introduction at court and his frequent visits to Brecon prior to the year 1580!

In the same blind style of anecdote-mongering, he tells the following story:—

'In the memoranda which she has left me, Mrs. Siddons says nothing of her juvenile days: but I remember her telling an anecdote of her infancy, which strongly illustrated her confidence in the efficacy of prayer, or rather of the Prayer-Book. One day, her mother had promised to take her out the following, to a pleasure party in the neighbourhood, and she was to wear a new pink dress, which became her exceedingly. But whether the party was to hold, and the pink apparel to be worn, was to depend on the weather of to-morrow morning. On going to bed, she took with her her Prayer-Book, opened, as she supposed, at the *prayer for fine weather*, and she fell asleep with the book folded in her little arms. At daybreak, she found that she had been holding the *prayer for rain* to her breast, and that the rain, as if heaven had taken her at her word, was pelting at the windows. But she went to bed again, with the book opened at the *right place*, and she found the mistake quite remedied; for the morning was as pink and beautiful as the dress she was to wear.'—pp. 35, 36.

We are quite sure that Mr. Campbell does not wilfully misrepresent; but as the *hair of his literary faith* is so prone to stand on end, we think that, before he trusted so implicitly to Mrs. Siddons's recollections of a childish dream, or his own recollections of a casual conversation, he might have paused to inquire whether the fact was possible. It happens, unfortunately for the story, that the prayer for rain and the prayer for fine weather are next to each other in the Liturgy;* and as they are both short, and stand at the head of the separate section of '*Prayers and Thanksgivings upon several occasions*,' it is impossible that they should, in any edition of the Prayer-book, appear in two different places. We never saw, nor do we think there ever was, any in which they were not on the very same leaf!

These are trifles—but of such trifles a book like this is mainly composed; and if a dramatic historian fails in trifles, he may almost be said to fail altogether: but Mr. Campbell sometimes introduces more serious matters, and contrives to mistake and misrepresent them also. For instance, after informing us that the Kemble family were Roman Catholics, he proceeds—

'Another ancestral relative, who, I imagine, was the great grand-uncle of Roger Kemble, was one of the last individuals in England who was publicly put to death for his religion. Some Church of England readers will possibly be shocked, or incredulous, when they

* Mrs. Siddons and her sisters, like their mother, were Protestants. The sons were brought up in their father's faith—the Roman Catholic.

are told that this poor man was *murdered by Christians of their own persuasion*; for it is but recently that the bulk of Englishmen have been forced to believe the historical fact, that their Protestant forefathers were nearly as *staunch persecutors* as the Catholics.'—vol. i., pp. 8, 9.

And then he adds a note:—

'It is not true, however, though sometimes asserted, that he was the very last of those *who suffered for the Romish faith* in England. The Reverend Oliver Plunket, titular bishop of Armagh, was hanged at Tyburn, 1681, two years after the death of Mr. Kemble.'—pp. 8, 9.

Now who would not infer from this, that Kemble and Plunket were *martyrs*,—indeed, Mr. Campbell uses that expression in the purest sense of the word,—and, like Ridley and Latimer, had suffered *merely* for their *faith*? We know nothing of Kemble's case, unless he be the *J. Kimball* whom the 'State Trials' mention as having been accused by Titus Oates; and Mr. Campbell tell us, that Kemble was somehow implicated in that villain's accusation: it is therefore probable that he was an innocent victim to the individual perjury and general insanity of what is called the *Popish Plot*. There is little doubt that Oliver Plunket, whose trial is extant, was so; but although it was their *faith* which exposed them to suspicion and the malignity of informers, it is a total misrepresentation to say that they were *put to death for their religion*—they were put to death for *high treason*—probably unjustly—but still for high treason. Against Plunket, facts, amounting to high treason, were charged and proved by witnesses—false witnesses, we believe—but who themselves were Roman Catholics. How then can it be said that he was 'put to death for his religion?' '*Martyrem*,' as Tertullian says, '*facit causa, non pœna*.' It might just as well be said, that Faux, Percy, and the other Gunpowder traitors were put to death *for their religion*; and, indeed, in considering that nefarious mystery the Popish Plot, it should not be forgotten that the memory of the stupendous and, at first, incredible villainy of the Gunpowder Treason prepared the public mind for that subsequent fever of credulity and passion which is sufficiently disgraceful and deplorable without any aid from Mr. Campbell's misrepresentations.

But in matters more germane to his subject, and on which every dramatic miscellany might have afforded correct information, we find Mr. Campbell equally inaccurate—nay, his very compilations from the books which he consulted are not to be relied on. We select a few examples.

He says Mrs. Siddons played a part in a farce called 'The Blackamore washed White, which was *coldly received*, and lived but

but three nights.'—(vol. i. p. 69.) So far from being *coldly* received and *living* three nights, it was *violently* condemned the very first night; and Garrick's attempt to force it on the town was the occasion of a very serious and dangerous riot, which lasted four nights, and ended in the defeat of the manager.

Again, he says,—

'Mrs. Siddons, according to Mr. Boaden, was to sound the very bass-string of humility, by performing in a farce, by T. Vaughan, called "*Love's Metamorphoses*;" but Mr. Boaden seems to have condemned the piece without having read it, for he gives it not even its real title, which is "*Love's Vagaries*," not "*Metamorphoses*," and it is very passable.'—vol. i., p. 73.

Now, notwithstanding this censure of Mr. Boaden's inaccuracy, the fact is, that Mr. Boaden is right, and Mr. Campbell wrong. The name of the farce was '*Love's Metamorphoses*;' under that name it was acted, and under that name it is recorded in *all* the theatrical registers of the day. Mr. Vaughan attempted to revive it some fifteen years after, and *then* printed it under the *new* title of *Love's Vagaries*. Deeply indebted as Mr. Campbell is to Mr. Boaden, gratitude as well as justice should have induced him to look into *some* of the contemporary authorities before he accused his leader of gross negligence and injustice—charges which, as we see, the facts of the case retort on Mr. Campbell. On another occasion also he does not scruple to misrepresent Mr. Boaden in a very flagrant way. He says,

'Mr. Boaden, in mentioning Smith, speaks of the "*hunter's health that glowed on his shoulders*." It was a strange place, if he had clothes on his back, for his health to make its appearance: but he means, I suppose, that Smith had no great refinement as an actor.'—vol. i. p. 203.

Now, Mr. Boaden talks no such nonsense. He says that Smith had no variety either in his features or voice, and did not fill the idea of a dramatic *hero*—

'for the same healthy hunter's *countenance* glowed *over* the shoulders of *all* his heroes, and one drowsy unmeasured tone pressed heavily on the ear,' &c.—*Memoirs of Siddons*, vol. i. p. 320.

A more elaborate misrepresentation can hardly be imagined; but we find a second nearly if not quite as bad of another of Mrs. Siddons's biographers. After quoting Mr. Boaden's testimony to the merits of Henderson, he adds,

'It surely outweighs the *assertion* of Mr. Galt, who never saw him, that "*Henderson was a mere mimic*."—p. 87.

Now, this passage, so ostentatiously given as a *quotation* from Mr. Galt, we cannot find in that writer; we have found what we suppose

suppose Mr. Campbell alludes to ; but our readers will see that it by no means affords a justification for Mr. Campbell's pretended quotation. Mr. Galt says,

'Henderson was undoubtedly a clever performer, and a mimic of the most perfect class.'—*Galt's Lives of the Players*, vol. ii. p. 32.

This is very different from calling him 'a mere mimic ;' and in summing up his general character, Galt says that Henderson

'was a performer above mediocrity, though far below excellence—his voice was not melodious, and it was alike deficient in the tones of love and rage—but *his judgment was his talent*. In soliloquy he was *admirable*, and in the expression of thoughtfulness and hilarity he was *almost great*.'—*Galt*, p. 34.

We are not defending the consistency or justice of Galt's opinion of Henderson, but surely, after Galt had praised his *judgment*, and admitted that in some important qualities he was '*admirable*' and '*almost great*,' it is a gross misrepresentation to say that he asserted that Henderson was a '*mere mimic*.'

Sometimes he contests Mr. Boaden's judgments on we think very inadequate grounds. As when he says,

'I very much doubt the justice of Mr. Boaden's remark, when, after noticing that Mrs. Siddons selected the part of Lady Randolph for her first benefit this season, December 22, 1783, he adds, that "*perhaps the most serious moment of her professional life was that in which she resolved to contest even that character with her rival, Mrs. Crawford*." I cannot conceive what there was to render the trial so terrific. . . . The tragedy of Douglas was got up for Mrs. Crawford's reappearance, on the 13th November, 1783, and Mrs. Siddons did not perform Lady Randolph at Drury Lane till more than a *month* afterwards, so that she had plenty of time to rally her courage.'—vol. i. pp. 226, 227.

Yet Mr. Campbell gives us subsequently Mrs. Siddons's own confession, that after—not a *month*, but—even *sixteen years*, a rivalry with a favourite performer struck her with alarm.

'It was (says Mrs. Siddons) with the utmost diffidence, nay terror, that I undertook the part of Lady Macbeth, and with the additional fear of Mrs. Pritchard's reputation in it before my eyes.'—vol. ii. p. 37.

If Mrs. Siddons, in 1785, could fear the reputation of Mrs. Pritchard, who had retired in 1768, surely Mr. Boaden is justified in supposing that she might have felt some anxiety at an earlier period of her career in encountering the living excellence and unbounded popularity of Mrs. Crawford. Equally unfounded and less pardonable is the following stricture on another observation of Mr. Boaden :—

'I am surprised at Mr. Boaden's affirming that, when this tragedy (*The Distressed Mother*) first came out, the writer of the *Spectator* used

used the little disingenuous art of totally concealing its French origin. That writer speaks of having seen the Distressed Mother *performed*; and, at the first performance, it was ushered in by a prologue from the pen of Steele, in which direct notice is taken of its being a translation. . . . After Steele's prologue had thus publicly advertised the fact, the Spectator would have been out of his wits if he had thought of concealing it.'—vol. ii. pp. 85, 86.

The Spectator is not so rare a work but that Mr. Campbell might have consulted it before he accused Mr. Boaden of so gross a blunder. The Spectator in question, No. 290, was published on the 1st February, many weeks before the performance of the play, which was the 17th March. The writer does not, and *could not* speak of having seen it *performed*—he says that the players, as a personal favour, admitted him to *hear the play read!*—and therefore all Mr. Campbell's assumption of superior accuracy turns out to be a fresh instance of extreme negligence. Mr. Boaden is quite right, and he is grossly wrong. When the play came to be performed, it was no longer possible to conceal that it was borrowed from the French; but this *puff preparatory* did, somewhat *disingenuously*, announce it as a new tragedy, and in terms from which no one could gather that it was a translation from Racine.

We are obliged to dwell on these small matters by the tone of superior accuracy which Mr. Campbell so unmeritedly assumes.*

'Mrs. Siddons had a new part within a week after (the 13th)—March 20, as Dianora in the 'Regent,' a tragedy by her friend Bertie Greatheed. . . . The *Biographia Dramatica* allows the 'Regent' considerable merit; it is however *wrong* in stating that it was acted only twice—it ran through twelve nights.'—vol. ii. p. 124.

Now, though the *Biographia* is wrong, Mr. Campbell contrives to be more so. The Regent was *not* played on the 20th, but on the 29th—and that this is not an error of the press the preceding words 'within a week of the 13th' show. Nor did it *run through twelve nights*. It did not—if the magazines 'have writ their annals true'—*run* at all. It was acted on the 29th March, repeated on the 1st April, and not again till the 26th—played *five* other times during the rest of the season—in all, *eight* representations.

Upon a more important point of literary history we suspect Mr. Campbell to be equally mistaken when he says,

'Pope attacked Mrs. Oldfield dead and alive four times in his poetry.'

* Mr. Campbell, however, has detected and corrected one error. Mr. Boaden mistakes Colonel La Harpe, the tutor of Alexander, for the poet La Harpe, the author of the Earl of Warwick. Mr. Boaden, however, has some excuse for this slip, for La Harpe the poet was a regular and salaried correspondent of Alexander's mother, Catherine, and might almost be called her professor of Parisian literature.

He *hated her merely* for being the friend of Cibber, who had ridiculed the obscene and stupid farce of 'Five Hours after Marriage,' which Pope was concerned in getting up. The damnation of the 'Five Hours' gave Pope an implacable aversion to players. He says, "the players and I are luckily no friends"—but he might have omitted the word "luckily," for his enmity to players, as to other people, kept him in the foul atmosphere of satire when he should have been breathing the empyrean of poetry.'

Now, really, is Mr. Campbell ignorant that the line he quotes originally stood 'Cibber and I,' and that neither when the word was 'Cibber,' nor afterwards when Pope judiciously changed it to '*players*,' was there any real *enmity* expressed to either Cibber or the players? He only adopted a pleasant mode of evading the solicitations of a dramatic *bore*. Nor did his enmity to *players*, such as it may have been, arise from Cibber's ridicule of the farce, (though the enmity to *Cibber* individually might,) for the farce itself contains a *harsher* sentence against the players than any of Pope's subsequent works. And might we not with justice allege against Mr. Campbell—what he unjustly, as we have just seen, charged against Mr. Boaden—that he censures 'a farce without even knowing its real title,' which is not '*Five*,' but '*Three Hours after Marriage*:' and finally, we know not where 'in his poetry Pope attacks Mrs. Oldfield *four times alive and dead*?' We know the character of Narcissa, with

'One need not sure be frightful when one's dead—

And, Betty, give this cheek a little red,'

has been applied to Mrs. Oldfield; but surely that anonymous allusion, even if meant for Mrs. Oldfield, is no proof of *personal* hatred?* He also mentions in reference to the stage *costume* of the day—

'Quin's high plume and Oldfield's petticoat.'

Is that also *personal* enmity? We suspect that, as to the *other* poetical *attacks* on Oldfield—at least the only others that we remember—Mr. Campbell has made the ridiculous mistake of a *Mr. Oldfield*, a celebrated epicure, for *Mrs. Oldfield* the celebrated comedian; and, finally, we regret to find Mr. Campbell so

* It may even be doubted whether it really applied to Mrs. Oldfield; it seems to have been added to the first sketch upon a hint of *Lord Cobham* concerning the posthumous vanity of some woman of quality. Mrs. Oldfield is alluded to in the disgusting verses called *Sober Advice*; but if, which we doubt, these were written by Pope, the allusion does not savour of *enmity*.

'Engaging Oldfield, who, with equal ease,
Could join the arts to ruin and to please.'

Among many reasons which we have for disbelieving that this piece was written by Pope, this very couplet is one; for Pope knew very well that the imputation of *ruining* lovers was the very last that Mrs. Oldfield deserved.

strong

strong a believer in the *contagion* and duration of *hatred*, as to assert that Pope's displeasure against Cibber must extend to Mrs. Oldfield, *merely* because she was his friend, (which she was *not* in any peculiar or remarkable degree,) and to assume that such enmities could so long survive the occasion; for the farce was played in 1717, and the first *poetical* allusion to Mrs. Oldfield (and even that is not an unfriendly one) was not written for near twenty years after. In short, the whole story is a piece of visionary scandal, which Mr. Campbell has amplified, we believe, from an ambiguous phrase of Mr. Galt's. As to 'the foul atmosphere of satire' in which the damnation of the farce involved Pope, and 'the empyrean of poetry' from which he was seduced, we do not venture to say that we understand clearly what Mr. Campbell means: we only know that the *Essay on Man* (to say nothing of the *Moral Essays* and the fourth book of the *Dunciad*, which Mr. Campbell might challenge as tinged with the atmosphere of satire) was written *many years after* the event which Mr. Campbell thinks debased the muse from 'breathing the empyrean.' Is there any of Pope's poetry in a higher strain than the *Essay on Man*?

Mr. Campbell indeed seems singularly ignorant of the literary history of our Augustan age. In allusion to the gift of 100 guineas presented by the barristers to Mrs. Siddons in 1783, he says,

'The high compliment paid by the gentlemen of the bar to the unrivalled merit of Mrs. Siddons is unexampled in the history of the English theatre, except in the instance of the celebrated Mr. Booth, who, on his first appearance in the character of Addison's Cato, was presented by the Tories with a purse of fifty guineas, for so nobly declaiming against a perpetual dictator.'—vol. i. p. 164.

This fact, and its application, he copies from Boaden and from Galt, but evidently does not understand the story, though he might have found in Galt and Boaden *hints*, and in Dr. Johnson a clear exposition, of the real case. The compliment was not a tribute to Booth's acting, but the mere trick of a political party. Here is Johnson's account:—

'The whole nation was at that time on fire with faction. The Whigs applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every clap to show that the satire was unfelt. The story of Bolingbroke (*the leader of the Tories*) is well known. He called Booth into his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator (*the Duke of Marlborough, the leader of the Whigs*). The Whigs, says Pope, design a second present when they can accompany it with as good a sentence.'—*Life of Addison*.

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The reader sees that the two instances are as like, as we said before, as Macedon and Monmouth—'there are *guineas* in both.'

But it is not alone as to facts taken from other books that Mr. Campbell makes such mistakes; he even forgets what he has said in his own. For instance, he tells us, that on the 12th February, 1767, John Kemble, *then about twelve*, and Mrs. Siddons, *then approaching to fourteen*, appeared in Havard's Charles I., though a few pages before he had given us the date of their births so precisely, that we are enabled to state, that on February, 1767, John Kemble was exactly *ten*, and Mrs. Siddons not *twelve*.

Again he says—

'In her autograph memoranda, she says that, after her dismissal by letter from the prompter of Drury Lane, she made an engagement at Bath. *I imagine* she means, that her first important engagement was at Bath, for *I find* that her first performance, after she quitted London, was at Birmingham.'—p. 78.

He *imagines* and he *finds*! Why, he had just before given Mrs. Siddons's own memorandum, in which she expressly says—

'I was fulfilling an engagement at Birmingham, when I received my official letter of dismissal from Drury Lane.'—p. 62.

This trivial instance proves how very loosely Mr. Campbell has executed his work, and we cannot be surprised at his mis-statements of other men's pages, when we see how he treats his own.

We could produce many such instances of inconsistency and negligence; so many, indeed, that we suspect that this work was sent to the press sheet by sheet, and has never had the advantage of a continuous perusal by the correcting eye of its editor—but we are, and our readers must be, weary with all this minute criticism—which, however, on a minute subject, cannot be omitted—*these little things are great to little men*. But we have to complain of some more serious passages.

On the mention of Voltaire's tragedy of 'Zaïre,' Mr. Campbell takes occasion to say—

'Voltaire's general fame as a man of talents, and as a *stormer of PREJUDICES* in their strongest holds, justly rests undiminished; but his glory as a tragic writer is as justly on the wane.'—p. 290.

In other words, Mr. Campbell hails the duration and applauds the justice of that part of Voltaire's fame, which he acquired as an atheist-scoffer against religion. The *stormer of prejudices, forsooth*!—but we will not enter into that discussion—the mere quotation of Mr. Campbell's own words will excite an adequate indignation.

And again—

'The playhouse, say its enemies, is the resort of great numbers of
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the vicious, the idle, and the dissipated. Unhappily, so are all popular assemblies, not excepting every Methodist meeting in the kingdom. In fact, if you proscribe theatres, you are bound, in consistency, to persecute Methodism, to uproot vineyards, to destroy breweries, and to abolish music and dancing.'

Admirable logician! He proceeds, however, with something worse than bad logic:—

'And religion says as little as sound morality against plays and players. The Scriptures no where stigmatize them, though, in our Saviour's time, there was a theatre in Jerusalem. That *theatrical establishment*, we know, was forced upon the Jews, at the expense of several lives, by Herod the Great.'

We know no such thing: Herod built his *theatre*—not for dramatic exhibitions, but for wrestling and other athletic exercises—five-and-twenty years *before* our Saviour's birth; and the commotion was not against the *theatre*, but against the statues, trophies, and other 'graven images,' with which, contrary to the Jewish law, it was decorated—(see Josephus, xv. 21); nor do we know that this *theatrical establishment*, as Mr. Campbell chooses to call it, existed even at Herod's death. The fact is of no importance—Herod's theatre having no more affinity with a play-house than what is called the *theatre* at Oxford—but we cannot but smile at this false parade of erudition. What follows, however, is more important:—

'After Herod's death, if Jesus Christ had thought a theatre among the evils to be extirpated by Christianity, *he would have found no topic more popular* than an innovation so violent to Jewish feelings. But he has left upon it not the slightest denunciation; and, in this circumstance, he is imitated by all the Apostles; St. Paul even *quotes* a dramatic poet,* and shows that he was well acquainted with the Attic drama.'—p. 106, 7.

We are assuredly not of those who would proscribe theatrical amusements; but we must say that we are exceedingly offended at the introduction, *on such an occasion*, of the *most sacred name*, with such idle comments and such unfounded inferences. This loose presumptuous trash is, to our reason, contemptible, and to our feelings offensive. Mr. Campbell means, we are willing to

* St. Paul makes two direct allusions to Greek poets: Acts xvii. 28, and Tit. i. 12; but they are not to dramatic poets. Mr. Campbell adds, that *St. Paul was well acquainted with the Athenian drama*. We have no doubt that he was—such a man could not be uninformed on any prominent topic; but we know not where Mr. Campbell has found any special evidence on that particular point. Is it because St. Paul *uses* (there is no appearance of its being a quotation) a proverbial phrase, *Evil communications corrupt good manners*—(1 Cor. xv. 33), which, St. Jerome says, the comic poet Menander also employed, and which we doubt not might be found amongst the colloquial aphorisms of all ages and nations? We fear Mr. Campbell knows too little about St. Paul.

believe, no harm: but we must confess, that, when we came to the passage, we closed the book in involuntary disgust.

In some subsequent observations on the kind of persecution to which John Home was exposed for his tragedy of 'Douglas,' our author betrays something of the same *irreverent* tone; and again exhibits, what we suspect he would have been more anxious to conceal—that he is a poor classical scholar. With an obvious sneer at the *odium theologicum* imputed to the old schoolmen, he characterizes the hostility of the ministers of the Scottish church to the stage as *odium theatricum* (vol. ii. p. 253). But it is clear that he neither understands the phrase which he imitates, nor the Latin words which he employs. *Odium theatricum* would, according to the precedent, signify the hatred which *players* might bear towards *one another*; but not at all the hatred of the Scottish clergy *against the theatre*, which is what he meant to express by this choice scrap of Latinity.

From the examples we have given, our readers might suppose that Mr. Campbell's work has at least some pretence to *originality*;—but, alas! even this hope must be disappointed; there is nothing original but his blunders: almost all that is novel is either mistake in fact, or error in taste; while the greater portion of the substance of the work is taken, sometimes wholesale, and generally without any sign of acknowledgment, from preceding writers.

Sterne, a wholesale plagiarist, carries his propensity so far as to steal from old Burton his ridicule of plagiarism, and complains that book-making in his day was only pouring out of one vessel into another: Mr. Campbell's work is the most remarkable modern instance of this process that we recollect to have met. We do not mean as to the dates and facts of Mrs. Siddons's life—these must, when correctly stated, be the same in all biographies; but as to a great mass of accessory circumstances, occasional observations, anecdotes and criticisms, which, though given by Mr. Campbell as the result of his own researches or opinions, turn out to be copied (sometimes so servilely that manifest errors are repeated) from former publications. To exhibit this to its full extent would occupy our whole number; we must content ourselves with giving a few examples—selecting, not those which are most striking and important, but those which are shortest and will occupy the least of our space.

'Mrs. Siddons's first appearance on the stage must have been very early, for the company was *offended* at her appearance of childhood, and was for some time *shaken with uproar*.'—Campbell, vol. i. p. 37.

'The child was brought forward in some juvenile part. The taste of the audience, however, was *offended* at her extreme youth, and the house was *so shaken with uproar*,' &c.—Galt, vol. ii. p. 295.

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This last peculiar phrase could not have spontaneously occurred to two different pens; but Mr. Galt uses the metaphor with some approach to correctness—the *house* might be *shaken*—but Mr. Campbell's *company shaken with uproar* is not only plagiarism, but nonsense.

'It was on Friday, the 29th December, 1775, that Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance on the London boards, in the character of Portia, in the "Merchant of Venice." She was announced merely as a young lady,' &c.—Campbell, vol. i. p. 66.

'It was on Friday, the 29th December, 1775, that this great woman made her first appearance on the London boards, in the character of Portia; she was announced as a young lady merely.'—Boaden, vol. i. p. 35.

In stating these facts any two original writers would probably have resembled each other; but could there have been such identity, literal identity, as the foregoing?

The accidental mention of Curl, the bookseller, introduces the following observation:—

'Curl was so formidable for getting up the lives of people when they were hardly cold in their coffins, that Arbuthnot denominated him "one of the new terrors of death."—vol. i. p. 111.

This pleasantry might have been, with no great erudition, found in Pope's Letters; but it is evident that Mr. Campbell has taken it, with many adjoining passages, from Davies's 'Miscellanies.'

'Curl, whom Dr. Arbuthnot termed one of the new terrors of death, from his constantly printing every eminent person's life.'—Misc., vol. iii. p. 340.

In his Third Chapter, Mr. Campbell thinks it necessary to interpose a history of Mrs. Siddons's greatest predecessors on the tragic stage, for no reason that we can discover, but that Mr. Boaden having filled up the interval between Mrs. Siddons's first and second appearance in London with the history of the stage during that period, Mr. Campbell—always prone to imitate—thought he had better do something of the same kind:—so not venturing to plunder Mr. Boaden to so large an extent, he has judiciously filled up the space by common-place compilations from Cibber, Davies, and even from Galt, who himself professes to be only a compiler.

We shall exhibit two or three parallel passages—

'Mrs. Elizabeth Barry was the daughter of Edward Barry, a barrister, who got the title of Colonel for having raised a regiment in the cause of Charles I.; but as
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'Mrs. Elizabeth Barry was the daughter of Edward Barry, Esq., a barrister of some eminence in the early part of the reign of Charles I., and who, in consequence
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he ruined himself in providing soldiers for Charles, his family were left at his death to provide for themselves. His orphan daughter was born in 1658. She was educated by the charity of Lady Davenant, a relation of the poet of that name, and was by his interest brought upon the boards in 1673.—*Campbell*, vol. i. p. 111.

of raising a regiment for the service of that prince in the civil wars, was afterwards more generally known as Colonel Barry. By this proceeding, and the bad success which attended the royal cause, Mr. Barry was entirely ruined, and his children left to provide for their own maintenance. Lady Davenant gave this daughter a genteel education.—*Galt*, vol. i. p. 85.

As Mr. Campbell probably took the facts of this statement from the same source as Mr. Galt, we do not so much quote it as an example of unacknowledged copying, as to note two mistakes with which he has disfigured Mr. Galt's statement,—first, by calling Lady Davenant a relation of Sir William's—she was his wife, Mary Davenant, the only lady we believe of the name in our annals; and secondly, by saying that Mrs. Barry was, in 1673, introduced on the boards by Sir William's interest. Sir William died in 1668; and if the matter were worth while, we could show good reason to suppose that the whole story is a fiction. Such inquiries would be at present extraneous—but when Mr. Campbell affects to treat these subjects, we should have hoped that he would have removed old errors instead of adding new.

'Mrs. Porter was the genuine tragic successor of the famous Barry, whose female attendant she had been. She was noticed when a child by the great Betterton, who saw her in a Lord Mayor's pageant in the reign of James II. In those times it was customary for the fruitwomen of the theatres to stand fronting the pit, with their backs to the stage, and this actress was so little when she came under BETTERTON'S TUITION that he used to threaten, if she would not speak and act as he would have her, that he would put her into a fruitwoman's basket and cover her with a vine-leaf.'—*Campbell*, vol. i. p. 129.

For the manifest absurdity and internal contradictions of this story—which confounds the rehearsal with the representation—Mr. Campbell is not responsible—no, not even for the phrases in which it is told—for we find it, *totidem verbis*, in Davies's Miscellanies.

'Mrs. Porter was esteemed the genuine successor of Mrs. Barry, whose theatrical page she had been when very young. She was first taken notice of by Betterton, who saw her act when a child in a Lord Mayor's pageant, in the reign of Charles or James II. She was so little when first under his tuition that he threatened her, if she did not speak and act as he would have her, to put her into a fruitwoman's basket and cover her with a vine-leaf. It was the custom of the fruitwomen formerly to stand fronting the pit with their backs to the stage,

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and their oranges and other fruit covered with vine-leaves.'—vol. iii. p. 464.

In this long and minute description it is obvious that Mr. Campbell has copied Davies in every word except two, and in that slight variation he has made nonsense. Davies says Mrs. Porter had been the *theatrical page* of the tragedy queen Barry—a very natural *débüt*—but when Mr. Campbell alters that to *female attendant*, it is manifest that he stultifies his whole story, for the little young thing which could be covered by a vine-leaf, though it might be a *page*, could not have been previously a *lady's-maid*.

But we must now turn to another department of Mr. Campbell's work. He gives, as we have before stated, some autobiographical memoranda written by Mrs. Siddons; they are undoubtedly the best pages in the book, but they are unfortunately—as compared with the whole mass—short and unimportant, and Mr. Campbell produces them in a very unsatisfactory way.

He speaks of them as having been drawn up 'in her advanced age,' (p. 63)—and we conclude that if she had not meant them for the public, Mr. Campbell would not have published them; but we think we had a right to be told, which we are not, whether the lady's MS. formed a continuous narrative, out of which he has only selected a few passages; and why, if so, the rest has been suppressed. In forming one's opinions from anything calling itself *Autobiography*, it is important to have such circumstances distinctly explained.

However—it was on the Cheltenham stage, in 1774, a few months after her marriage, that Mrs. Siddons attracted the notice of Miss Boyle and her noble family, and on their favourable representation, Garrick sent down his friend and pupil, King, to see her. King's report was satisfactory, and she was engaged. She failed, however, at Drury-Lane; and perhaps we cannot give a more favourable specimen of her autobiographical memoranda than the account of this, to her, critical period.

'I knew neither Mr. King nor his purpose; but I shortly afterwards received an invitation from Garrick himself, upon very low terms. Happy to be placed where I presumptuously augured that I should do all that I have since achieved, if I could but once gain the opportunity, I instantly paid my respects to the great man. I was at that time good-looking; and certainly, all things considered, an actress well worth my poor five pounds a week. His praises were most liberally conferred upon me; but his attentions, great and unremitting as they were, ended in worse than nothing.—How was all this admiration to be accounted for, consistently with his subsequent conduct? Why thus, I believe: he was retiring from the management of Drury-Lane, and, I suppose, at that time wished to wash his hands of all its concerns and details. I moreover had served what I

believe was his chief object in the exaltation of poor me—and that was the mortification and irritation of Mrs. Yates and Miss Younge, whose consequence and troublesome airs were, it must be confessed, enough to try his patience. As he had now almost withdrawn from it, the interests of the theatre grew, I suppose, rather indifferent to him. However that may have been, he always objected to my appearance in any very prominent character, telling me that the fore-named ladies would poison me, if I did. I, of course, thought him not only an oracle, but my friend; and, in consequence of his advice, *Portia*, in the “*Merchant of Venice*,” was fixed upon for my *débüt*; a character in which it was not likely that I should excite any great sensation—I was, therefore, merely tolerated. The fulsome adulation that courted Garrick in the theatre cannot be imagined; and whosoever was the luckless wight who should be honoured by his distinguished and envied smiles, of course became an object of spite and malevolence. Little did I imagine that I myself was now that wretched victim. He would sometimes hand me from my own seat in the green-room to place me next to his own. He also selected me to personate *Venus*, at the revival of the “*Jubilee*.” This gained me the malicious appellation of Garrick’s *Venus*; and the ladies who so kindly bestowed it on me rushed before me in the last scene, so that if he (Mr. Garrick) had not brought us forward with him with his own hands, my little Cupid and myself, whose appointed situations were in the very front of the stage, might have as well been in the Island of Paphos at that moment. Mr. Garrick would also flatter me, by sending me into one of the boxes when he acted any of his great characters. In short, his attentions were enough to turn an older and wiser head. He promised Mr. Siddons to procure me a good engagement with the new managers, and desired him to give himself no trouble about the matter, but to put my cause entirely into his hands. He let me down, however, after all these protestations, in the most humiliating manner; and, instead of doing me common justice with those gentlemen, rather depreciated my talents. This Mr. Sheridan afterwards told me. When the London season was over, I made an engagement at Birmingham, for the ensuing summer, little doubting of my return to Drury-Lane for the next winter; but, whilst I was fulfilling my engagement at Birmingham, to my utter dismay and astonishment, I received an official letter from the prompter of Drury-Lane, acquainting me that my services would be no longer required. It was a stunning and cruel blow, overwhelming all my ambitious hopes, and involving peril, even to the subsistence of my helpless babes. It was very near destroying me. My blighted prospects, indeed, induced a state of mind that preyed upon my health, and for a year and a half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline. For the sake of my poor children, however, I roused myself to shake off this despondency, and my endeavours were blessed with success, in spite of the degradation I had suffered in being banished from Drury-Lane, as a worthless candidate for fame and fortune.”—vol. i., pp. 59-63.

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Mr. Campbell, following as usual Boaden and Galt, observes that these facts do not quite bear out a charge of duplicity and neglect of the young actress, which has been made against Garrick. Mrs. Siddons, though she elsewhere seems to accredit such imputations, does, we think, here give indisputable proofs of his zeal for her; while, as Mr. Campbell observes, his alleged treachery stands only on the evidence of Sheridan, the new proprietor who had dismissed her, and who was very likely, in her more triumphant days, to have endeavoured to palliate his mistake by laying the blame on Garrick. All the biographers agree that his soliciting her to play *Mrs. Strickland* to his *Ranger*, and *Queen Anne* to his *Richard III.*—when he was, for the last time, presenting to enthusiastic audiences what he considered his two masterpieces—was exceedingly flattering; but there is a small circumstance which shows that, during this farewell season, whenever the prior claims of Mrs. Yates and Miss Younge prevented Mrs. Siddons's appearance on the stage with Garrick, he paid her—what was at the moment—the most complimentary attention. 'He would flatter her,' she owns, 'by sending her to the boxes when he acted any of his great characters.' The extent of this apparently trifling attention the publication of the Garrick Correspondence enables us to appreciate; for we find there, that the prime minister (Lord North) and his lady—the secretary of the Treasury (Sir Grey Cooper) and his lady—the Duke and Duchess of Portland—Sir W. Young—Sir John Elliot—Governor Johnston—Hannah More—M. and Madame Necker—and a hundred other personages of distinguished rank and literature, were importunate petitioners for Garrick's influence to obtain them a seat in the boxes on these occasions. Our readers will be amused to see a Secretary of the Treasury *soliciting Garrick for a place*. Sir Grey Cooper complains, that he and Lady Cooper 'have failed to obtain a row, though he has found that a certain M. Necker, and a certain Dean of Derry, have boxes every night.' Garrick replies, by protesting his dutiful attention to Sir Grey and Lady Cooper, and adds,—
'What you tell me of the Dean of Derry was quite a secret to me; by my honour he never got a single place through me:—I plead guilty to Madame Necker; I received many favours from her in France; she came over on purpose to see me act, and I thought myself bound in duty and gratitude to be attentive to her. *The last box I procured for you has caused me much mischief.*'—*Gar. Cor.* vol. ii. p. 152.

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As to her failure, Mr. Campbell has copied from the account of her life in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1831, the following contemporary criticism :—

'On before us tottered, rather than walked, a very pretty, delicate, fragile-looking young creature, dressed in a most unbecoming manner, in a faded salmon-coloured sack and coat, and uncertain whereabouts to fix either her eyes or her feet. She spoke in a broken, tremulous tone; and at the close of a sentence her words generally lapsed into a horrid whisper, that was absolutely inaudible. After her first exit, the buzzing comment went round the pit generally—"She certainly is very pretty, but then how awkward, and what a shocking dresser!" Towards the famous trial-scene, she became more collected, and delivered the great speech to *Shylock* with the most critical propriety, but still with a faintness of utterance which seemed the result rather of internal physical weakness than of a deficiency of spirit or feeling. Altogether, the impression made upon the audience by this first effort was of the most negative character.'—vol. i. pp. 68, 9.

Mr. Campbell, in commenting on this criticism, is rather contemptuous towards the *gentleman of the press* who penned it. He calls him a *vile newspaper critic*—a scribbler—an uncharitable *newsman*,—because, forsooth, he does not attribute her failure to mere *timidity*. It is very easy for Mr. Campbell, who heard Mrs. Siddons herself ascribe her weakness to diffidence, and who witnessed some of her subsequent triumphs, to assign the real cause; but he should recollect that the *vile scribbler* had not 'the second sight of a Scotchman,' and could only describe what he saw. But Mr. Campbell is probably wrong in taking *au pied de la lettre* Mrs. Siddons's excuse of *timidity*. Timid and agitated, no doubt, she must, in some degree, have been; but still it must be remembered, that she was almost born, and had been bred from her very childhood, on the stage—*native and endued unto that element*—and, surely, even if she had been so overwhelmed with *timidity* at the commencement, she could hardly have continued to be so at the conclusion of the season, when she played *Lady Anne*; of which another critic of the day, in the 'London Magazine,' says—'All the female characters were *wretchedly* performed—Mrs. Hopkins was an ungracious *Queen*—Mrs. Johnstone a frightful *Duchess*, and Mrs. Siddons a lamentable *Lady Anne*.'—(*Lond. Mag. May*, 1776.) But there is another better, because incidental proof of her failure, which we find in the Garrick Correspondence.* It appears that, at the time she accepted Mr. Garrick's

* We expected much amusement from this huge collection, but regret to say a more worthless one was never published. The two enormous quartos of which it consists hardly contain half a dozen letters that any one, except, perhaps, some professed

rick's proposal, she and her husband were already in treaty with Covent Garden; and that the Covent Garden managers thinking they had been unhandsomely dealt with, took steps to prevent Garrick's ratifying his engagement.—(*Gar. Cor.*, vol. ii. p. 113, Dec. 15, 1775.) We know not whether or how these matters were explained, but it is clear that the anxiety of the Covent Garden managers for her assistance was extinguished by her performance; those talents, which they were ready, before her appearance, to contest with Garrick, they subsequently resigned, without an effort, to the obscurity of a strolling company. This satisfies us, that, like Mrs. Barry—Mrs. Marshall—Mrs. Oldfield—Mrs. Yates, and some other great actresses, she may be said to have *failed*—and that the indifference of the manager and the critiques of the '*newsmen*' were not wholly unjust. Why should we imagine that an excellent dramatic artist was—contrary to the course of nature—equally excellent at the outset as at the meridian of her career? But further; without entering into the discussion whether it be most difficult to play well in tragedy or in comedy, we think it probable, that she who is destined to become a great tragedian, must be endowed with a more acute sensibility, a more delicate nervous organization, than an ordinary woman, and that she is, therefore, more liable to accidental agitation, and more sensitive of any discouragement. This was, we doubt not, the species of timidity which paralyzed Mrs. Siddons's earlier efforts in London.

From the summer of 1775 to the winter of 1782, Mrs. Siddons was pursuing her profession, and *hardening her nerves*, before country audiences, principally at Manchester, York, and Bath. Of this interval Mr. Campbell tells us little—probably there was not much to tell; but on the 10th October, 1782, she burst out again at Drury Lane with a splendour of talent, and with a sudden acquisition of fame which never suffered any diminution, but even appeared to increase to her very last appearance.

We do not think that theatrical critics distinguish with sufficient accuracy the different species of merit that mark the different epochs of an actress's life. Men are less variable creatures—their theatrical qualities are not much affected by *age* as long as *vigour* remains. Garrick was, we are told, never greater in '*Ranger*' and '*Don Felix*,' than in his last season; and he played *Lear* in 1742 with as

fessed collector of play-bills, would wish to read. The editor's sketch of Garrick's life is ignorant, feeble, and full of the most pitiable affectation; and his notes illustrate nothing but his own presumption. The monstrous congeries, however, may be of some little use to persons employed on such a task as the present reviewal—and this is the most we can say of another enormous compilation more recently published, which is entitled, '*Account of the English Stage, 1833*,' 10 vols. 8vo. Who can be the purchasers of such anile rubbish?

much

much effect as he did three-and-thirty years later—but what the satirist, somewhat unjustly, says of women, in respect to their moral qualities—*varium et mutabile semper*—is more true of their dramatic attributes. Ladies, no doubt, as well as men, can conceal age under the illusions of dress, paint, and lamp-light, but not with equal success, because in men personal appearance is a *secondary*, while with females it must be a *primary*, consideration; and Mrs. Siddons could, we believe, have no more been an adequate representative of Constance at twenty than of Juliet at sixty. Those, therefore, who remember only her later efforts have some difficulty in divesting themselves of the idea of her majestic grandeur, and must have a fainter perception of her earlier gentle loveliness. But we believe that the Juliet, Ophelia, Calista, Belvidera, of her younger days—the Jane Shore, Isabella, Mrs. Beverley, Hermione, Lady Randolph, of her maturity—the Constance, Lady Macbeth, Queen Catherine, and Volumnia of her still riper years, were all, in their respective days, equally excellent. In this view of the subject we should—even if we had no other reasons—be induced to give a decided preference to Mr. Boaden's biography over that of Mr. Campbell—to the critical judgment of one who had witnessed the several periods of her progress above that of him who saw her only in the third and last of her stages. It is impossible to read Mr. Campbell's work, charmed as he is *traditionally* by her early fame, without observing that his general criticism is tinged by his personal recollections of her later appearance. We regret, therefore, that he has not more diligently sought and more frequently exhibited the testimony of a *succession* of contemporary witnesses. He does so indeed occasionally, but too sparingly—he sometimes quotes Mr. Boaden, but he should have gone back still farther—he consulted Mr. Bartley, who played Edward IV. to her Margaret of Anjou, about, he says, 1809 or 1810; and he gives us this intelligent gentleman's lively account of her magnificent appearance in that play, which however both Mr. Campbell and we ourselves are old enough to remember.*

He

* Mr. Bartley's letter is so good, that we must give part of it in a note.—'On that occasion I happened to personate the character of *King Edward the Fourth*, who, in the scene referred to, learns that *Warwick* has taken *Margaret* and her son captives, and is momentarily expecting the triumphant appearance of *Warwick*. He does not know (nor does the audience) that *Margaret* had taken advantage of an unguarded moment to approach and stab *Warwick* as he stood in triumph over her son. Instead of *Warwick*, therefore, *Margaret* enters; and the skilful management made by this great performer to produce her effect was the following. The scene had a large archway, in the centre, at the back of the stage. She was preceded by four guards, who advanced rapidly through the archway, and divided, two and two on each side, leaving the opening quite clear. Instantly, on their separating, the giants burst upon the view and stood in the centre of the arch motionless. So electrifying was the unexpected impression, that I stood for a moment breathless. But the effect extended

He also applied to Mr. Godwin, and gives us a couple of modest and sensible letters, in which Mr. Godwin speaks discreetly of his indistinct recollections of times so long gone by. But the spirit in which Mr. Campbell appeals to these authorities is very remarkable, and utterly destroys the effect that they might produce. He states that the *Dramatic Censor* in 1770 asserts that Mrs. Yates had not a trace of comedy about her; this he doubts, and adds,

'the oldest and most judicious eye-witness of those times who is at present alive, and one whose judgment I would prefer to that of a thousand *Dramatic Censors* (Mr. Godwin), assures me that, in high comedy, she had an extraordinary degree of grace and refinement.'—vol. i. p. 143.

Now this is perfectly absurd. Why should the recollections of above sixty years be at all—much less 'a thousand times'—more authoritative than contemporaneous evidence? On the contrary, these kind of faint reminiscences are worth little or nothing; and of this one of Mr. Godwin's own letters affords a remarkable proof. He seems, in a comparison which at Mr. Campbell's request he institutes between two great actresses, to give the palm of *innate dignity* to Mrs. Yates above Mrs. Siddons; and yet, as an example, he adds that

'when Lady Constance, a few lines before her final exit, says, wildly, "I will not keep this form upon my head, when there is such disorder in my wit,"—Mrs. Yates, to suit the action to the word, took off a thin cap which surmounted her head-dress, and merely placed it on the right side of the circumference of her hoop.'—vol. i. pp. 146, 147.

Mr. Godwin may well doubt the authority of his recollections, when he hesitates as to the relative *dignity* in person and spirit of Mrs. Siddons and of an actress who could commit such a farcical absurdity as this.

It is this radical mistake which, while Mr. Campbell borrows so largely on other topics from Davies's *Dramatic Miscellanies*, has prevented his making from that work the only extracts which could have given any value to his publication—we

extended beyond me: the audience had full participation of its power; and the continued applauses that followed gave me time to recover and speculate upon the manner in which such an extraordinary effort had been made. I could not but gaze upon her attentively. Her head was erect, and the fire of her brilliant eyes darted directly upon mine. Her wrists were bound with chains, which hung suspended from her arms, that were dropped loosely on each side; nor had she, on her entrance, used any action beyond her *rapid walk* and *sudden stop*, within the extensive archway, which she really seemed to fill. This, with the flashing eye, and fine smile of appalling triumph which overspread her magnificent features, constituted all the effort which usually produced an effect upon actors and audience never surpassed, if ever equalled.'—vol. i. pp. 286, 287.

mean

mean Davies's contemporary evidence of Mrs. Siddons's early excellence. Davies knew more of the history of the stage than any man since Colley Cibber. He had acted with the generation that preceded Garrick—through all Garrick's life—and he survived him. He had known Mrs. Oldfield, acted with Mrs. Porter, and been the judicious, though humble colleague, of Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Crawford, and Miss Younge, the greatest (before Mrs. Siddons) heroines on the stage. His prejudices would naturally be against the young adventuress who, in his latter days, came to outshine all his old admirations. Davies published his *Miscellanies* in 1785, while Mrs. Siddons was in her spring; and considering his taste, his judgment, and his experience, his praise therefore would be doubly valuable. Mr. Campbell does not even allude to it, yet we pronounce it to be the best and most decisive authority that ever has been, or can be, adduced in favour of Mrs. Siddons's supremacy. Our readers will be curious to see this very striking and conclusive evidence.

'While I am writing this (1784), a great and admirable genius has struck the world with admiration. Mrs. Siddons is the lawful successor of our most perfect actresses. Much is said of old schools and new schools in acting: this lady is the great ornament of Nature's school, which will eternally be the same.'—*Dram. Misc.*, vol. i. p. 251.

And, again,

'Mrs. Siddons has, in Belvidera, as well as many other parts, not only attracted the attention, but absolutely fixed the favour of the town in her behalf. This actress, like a resistless torrent, has borne down all before her. Her merit, which is certainly very extensive in tragic characters, seems to have swallowed up all remembrance of present and past performers; but as I would not sacrifice the living to the dead, neither would I break down the statues of the honourable deceased to place their successors on their pedestals. . . . The person of Mrs. Siddons is greatly in her favour; just rising above the middle stature, she looks, walks, and moves like a woman of a superior rank. Her countenance is expressive; her eye so full of information, that the passion is told from her look before she speaks. Her voice, though not so harmonious as Mrs. Cibber's, is strong and pleasing; nor is a word lost for want of due articulation, which the comedian should always consider as his first duty, and esteem the finest conception of passion of no value without it. She excels all persons in paying attention to the business of the scene; her eye never wanders from the person she speaks to, or should look at when she is silent. Her modulation of grief, in her plaintive pronunciation of the interjection, oh! is sweetly moving, and reaches to the heart. Her madness, in Belvidera, is terribly affecting. The many accidents of spectators falling into fainting-fits in the time of her acting, bear testimony

testimony to the effects of her exertions. She certainly does not spare herself. Neither the great nor the vulgar can say that Mrs. Siddons is not in *downright earnest*. The actors have assured me, that the farces, which used to raise mirth in an audience after a tragedy, now fail of that effect, from Mrs. Siddons's having so absolutely depressed the spirits of the audience, that the best comic actors cannot recall them into mirth or vivacity.'—*Dram. Misc.* vol. iii. p. 248-250.

And again—

'The expressions of anger and resentment, in the captive queen, seldom fail to excite laughter. Mrs. Porter, who was deservedly admired in Zara, and Mrs. Pritchard, her successor in that part, could not, with all their skill, prevent the risibility of the audience in this interview. Mrs. Siddons alone preserves the dignity and truth of character, unmixed with any incitement to mirth, from countenance, expression, or action.'—*Ibid.* pp. 350, 351.

Mr. Campbell must forgive us, but we hold that this discriminating and somewhat reluctant evidence of such a contemporary judge as Davies 'should be preferred to that of a thousand' dramatic critics, who never saw Mrs. Siddons in her prime, nor her greatest predecessors at all. It seems to us that the fame of Mrs. Siddons should be rested on the evidence of Davies for her earlier, and on that of Boaden for her later glories; but very little, we are sorry to say, on anything that Mr. Campbell has either written or compiled—for, of all who have handled this subject, we hold him to be indisputably the least competent as well as the most careless.

Besides Mrs. Siddons's auto-biographical Memoranda—which are generally written in a plain but often forcible, and always agreeable style, and which we should be glad to see in their natural and continuous shape—besides these, as we have already said, Mr. Campbell has given us two essays by Mrs. Siddons on the character of *Lady Macbeth* and *Constance*, of which we cannot speak with equal approbation. Mrs. Siddons seems to have been—*off the stage*—an indifferent critic; and when she takes to dissertation she becomes almost as verbose and turgid as Mr. Campbell himself. As we are anxious throughout this article to support our less favourable judgments by examples, we ask whether anything can be more inflated and more inane than the following passage of the 'remarks on the character of Lady Macbeth?'—

'Macbeth's letters, which have informed his lady of the predictions of those preternatural beings who accosted him on the heath, have lighted up into daring and desperate determinations all those pernicious slumbering fires which the enemy of man is ever watchful to awaken in the bosoms of his unwary victims. To his direful suggestions she is so far from offering the least opposition, as not only

to

to yield up her soul to them, but moreover to invoke the sightless ministers of remorseless cruelty to extinguish in her breast all those compunctious visitings of nature which otherwise might have been mercifully interposed to counteract, and perhaps eventually to overcome, their unholy instigations. But having impiously delivered herself up to the excitements of hell, the pitifulness of heaven itself is withdrawn from her, and she is abandoned to the guidance of the demons whom she has invoked.'—vol. ii. pp. 11, 12.

This really seems to us '*King Cambyzes' vein*.' Indeed, though Mrs. Siddons's personal memoranda and her letters are tolerably easy and natural, it is quite clear that, like Mdle. Clairon, she was apt to bring into private life too much of the pomp of the stage. Mr. Campbell gives a pleasant instance of this, which every one who ever saw Mrs. Siddons in private could parallel by some similar anecdote:—

'From intense devotion to her profession she derived a peculiarity of manner, of which I have the fullest belief she was not in the least conscious, unless reminded of it;—I mean the habit of attaching dramatic tones and emphasis to commonplace colloquial subjects. She went, for instance, one day, into a shop at Bath, and, after bargaining for some calico, and hearing the mercer pour forth an hundred commendations of the cloth, she put the question to him, "*But will it wash?*" in a manner so electrifying as to make the poor shopman start back from his counter. I once told her this anecdote about herself, and she laughed at it heartily, saying, "*Witness truth, I never meant to be tragical.*"'—vol. ii. pp. 392, 393. Mr. Campbell adds a remark—the only one that we recollect in his whole work which unites novelty with justness:—

'This singularity made her manner susceptible of caricature. I know not what others felt, but I own that I loved her all the better for this unconscious solemnity of manner; for, independently of its being blended with habitual kindness to her friends, and giving, odd as it may seem, a zest to the humour of her familiar conversation, it always struck me as a token of her simplicity. In point of fact, a manner in itself artificial, sprung out of the *naïveté* of her character.'—vol. ii. p. 393.

He might have added that Mr. Kemble had something of the same peculiarity, and that, so far from appearing affected, it certainly gave an additional air of *naïveté* and simplicity to his conversation and manners.

One or two anecdotes of Mrs. Siddons's first appearances on the Edinburgh boards are the best supplied to these pages by Mr. Campbell himself. There is something very touching in the following trait of simplicity:—

'Among the veriest vulgar of Scotland, Mrs. Siddons had now her devoted worshippers. A poor serving-girl, with a basket of greens
on

on her arm, one day stopt near her, in the High-Street of Edinburgh, and, hearing her speak, said, "Ah! weel do I ken that sweet voice, that made me greet sae sair the streen."—p. 257.

The next is sufficiently characteristic of 'mine own romantic town':—

'I remember Mrs. Siddons describing to me the same scene of her probation on the Edinburgh boards with no small humour. The grave attention of my Scottish countrymen, and their *canny* reservation of praise till they were sure she deserved it, she said, had well-nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay; but she now felt as if she had been speaking to stones. Successive flashes of her elocution, that had always been sure to electrify the south, fell in vain on those northern flints. At last, as I well remember, she told me she coiled up her powers to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart, that if *this* could not touch the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed.* When it was finished, she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice exclaiming, "*That's no bad!*" This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter. But the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause, that, amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fears of the galleries coming down.'—*Ibid.* p. 260.

We conclude what we have to say of this extraordinary woman by expressing our deliberate and well-considered opinion that she was *the greatest tragic actress that ever lived*; that, at the several periods of her life, she played the *appropriate* characters with the greatest individual excellence; and that she carried and maintained a general superiority both of mind and manner, higher, farther, and longer than any other woman was ever able to attain. Her personal character, in a station so liable to suspicion—it would be perhaps a vulgar error to call it temptation—was not only blameless but exemplary, and in private life she was as good and as amiable as in her public profession she was transcendently great. Can we say more?

One concluding word to Mr. Campbell.—We fear that he will be dissatisfied with our criticism, because we know how hard it is to induce a man to be dissatisfied with himself; but, as we have not made a single stricture without having produced the *evidence on which it is founded*, we fearlessly appeal to our readers—nay, we should almost venture to appeal to Mr. Campbell himself—whether the instances and examples we have produced do not

* We once heard Mrs. Siddons give what Mr. Campbell may think a very prosaic account of the beneficial influence of cheers on a player. Some one remarked, 'They give one heart;'—'Aye,' said she, 'and they do what is still better—they give one breath.'

amply justify the observations which it has been our painful duty to make. It is not given to any man to excel in all the walks of literature: Mr. Campbell is a distinguished poet—he has written a very popular poem, and several memorable odes; he is a man of undoubted genius—and he may well afford, without any diminution of his real and merited fame, to be recorded as, in every sense of the word,—supposing him to have actually written the book which bears his name—the worst theatrical historian we have ever read.

ART. V.—*Mischief*. Section First, 1830; Section Second, 1834. pp. 94. 8vo. London.

THIS production is trifling in bulk; and among its contents there are worse things than mere trifling—some very heavy attempts at humour, interspersed with ungenerous sarcasm—and several passages of culpable indelicacy. These last, however, occur in the first section, which was printed three years ago—and as they are apologized for in the preface to the second, we need not allow them to prevent us from now acknowledging that the author, amidst all his levities, as well as dulnesses, has exhibited some specimens of true poetical excellence. He appears to us to have no requisite for satire—his wit is always clumsy—and nothing can be more unfortunate than his efforts to blend the ludicrous and the serious after the fashion of *Don Juan*. But we think it worth while to assure him of our conviction, that if he were to drop all notions of merriment, and treat with zeal and devotion a theme of serious interest upon a considerable scale, we have no doubt whatever that he might raise himself to no unenviable place in contemporary literature. He would himself, we dare say, think it very absurd were we to bestow much of our space upon his *Mischief*; he must feel that he has as yet played with his strength, and asserted no adequate claim upon detailed criticism.

His object appears to be neither more nor less than to illustrate the very recondite fact that errors of a certain sort are visited, among the highest classes of society, with stern and fatal severity upon yielding woman, while hardly an affectation of rebuke falls to the share of the betrayer, man. This is the everlasting theme of our novelists of fashionable life—and of their management of it we, and all the rest of the world, are now heartily weary: but our author has brought out his contrasts briefly and potently, and perhaps the grace and energy of his stanzas may arrest attention in some quarters. We would more particularly recommend them to the

the consideration of our poor-law commissioners. They tell us, and parliament seems inclined to believe them, that to check this kind of *mischief*, the only plan is to throw all the punishment on the woman. The other plan of dividing the penalty between the accomplices has been tried, they say, for hundreds of years—and nevertheless the mischief goes on: a wiser, though apparently a less equitable, system must now therefore be adopted. Did it never occur to these worthy logicians that their *new* system has been, in point of fact, long established as regards *mischief* in the high places of the earth—and just to pause for a moment, and consider what its effect has been there, before recommending its application on that wider sphere where human passions, in themselves probably much the same all the world over, have comparatively few and feeble barriers? How tremendous is the doom of the erring matron in the upper world, we all see and know. Has the certainty of that utter ruin in case of detection been found, in practice, to diminish the array of delinquency?

The hero, Prince Alexis von Schaffhausenstein, seduces Eve, the fair and tender wife of Sir Adam Tudor, a baronet of Essex, whose talk is of bullocks. He deserts her—is challenged by Sir Adam—meets the injured husband at Battersea, and severely wounds him. As soon as it is ascertained that the baronet's life is not in danger, the prince's cabriolet re-appears in St. James's Street—

'Sing *Te Diabolum*, ye tribes of Hell,
With echoing pæans shake your sulphurous vaults!
Ye kindred tribes of Fashion round Pall-Mall,
Exult! for, safe from marital assaults,
The charming Foreigner returns to waltz

And flirt and gambol with your doves and kites;
Dearest of Men, with all his little faults.
Illuminate Almack's! more lights! more lights!
He comes! the pride of Clubs! the very soul of White's!'—p. 6.

We pass some poor-enough verses on the different clubs, of which the author does not happen to be a member. Now for the lady:—

The world, with all its wicked and few good,
O'erwhelms her; those insult, and these disown:
There comes a voice to her in solitude
That makes it terrible to be alone.
'Twas still the low, and deep, and thrilling tone,
Whose fatal melody in sin enthralled her,
That bade her now to reap as she had sown,
With scorn that withered, menace that appalled her,
While ever and anon by name the dread voice called her.

"Wo to the Adulteress! Wo to wandering Eve!
Who steps with mincing feet that love not home;
Quick to betray and facile to believe!
With eyes that gather poison as they roam.
Breast white and throbbing as the ocean-foam
That bubbled round the wanton Queen new-born,
And lips mellifluent as the wild-bee's comb,
A flower from Paradise by Satan torn;
A Traitor and a Toy, a Victim and a Scorn."

"Wo

That

That cruel voice was ever in her ears,
Though vanished was the Tempter from
her sight.
Abruptly as an arrow's silent flight,

The poet chooses to involve his frail heroine in the catastrophe of the Amphitrite at Boulogne, on the 31st of August, last year—and we can have no doubt that he must himself have been an eye-witness of the scene which he has described.

'Twas then that down the Channel's
flashing waters
A Convict-Ship its freight of Exiles bore,
Who gazed on England, her rejected
daughters:
Some, bold in hope, her rigour thanking;
more
With parting curses eyed their native
shore;
And some were weeping, with the bitter-
ness
That none but exiles know, whose hope is
o'er;
And some were singing, not forlorn the
less,
Their childhood's songs of joy, thrice sad
in their distress.

One wasted figure, lovely, lonely, mild,
Blistered with tears the Bible on her knee,
And now and then she looked to heaven and
smiled,
But such a smile 'twas agony to see,
So co-essential with her misery.
She gave not to the land one farewell look,
And not a glance of question to the sea,
Nor scoff nor gibe her silent patience
shook;
Condolence made the tears rain faster on
her Book.

Who can contemplate such a form and
features,
Nor feel his heart reverse the stern award
That mingles with the lees of human crea-
tures
What seems of purest essence still though
marred

We omit the description of the
'Of all that freight of crime and woe
survives

Woman nor child: by chance, or buoyant
aid

Of spar or splinter that the water drives
Ashore, three mariners to safety wade.—
But lo! the troubled morning lifts the shade
That veiled the wreck-strewn coast; a
scene of dread,
Where crowds confused inquire, lament,
upbraid:

The

Forsaken Eve forsook the world that
shunned her,
And left no trace behind; and 'twas a
nine days' wonder!

By some strange turn of Fortune blind
and hard!
Yet Justice is not Justice if the scales
In her hand tremble, and her keen regard
Before the power of fairest semblance
quails.—
Contrition's sigh be Theirs, whom Pity's
nought avails!

Their's was the doom, but not the destiny,
Of banishment to that Australian soil
Where roves the native silvan Savage free,
While Britain's gangs of guilty bondsmen
toil,
Tasked as of yore the Hebrews on the Nile.
Those shores of bale they never shall
behold,

Nor Nepean's valleys where December's
smile

With countless tints irradiates flowers
untold,
While flower-like birds disport on wings
bedropt with gold.

Them shall not Ocean with his ceaseless
brawl

For months with hoarse monotony molest;
Nor shall they hear at last the thrilling call
Of "Land!" that gladdens ev'n the Con-
vict's breast

Loathing his floating dungeon of unrest;
And makes him start to greet the Moun-
tains Blue,

Though they but welcome ocean's idle
guest

To painful labour with a felon-crew.—
Brief shall their voyage be, for, hark! the
Fates pursue.

night-storm.

The many by heart-smitten pity led,
And some in quest of spoil, the plunderers
of the Dead.

The dead! They lived and hoped ten
hours ago;

Where are they now? Of some the deep sea
knows;

St. Louis' walls, by pity reared to woe,
Twice thirty women in one room enclose;
Three ghastly lines of spectres in repose,

But

But what repose! See the dishevelled hair,
Dilated nostrils, cheeks that horror froze,
Eyes that, in fearful agony, yet stare,
Hands clenched, and limbs convulsed in
exquisite despair.

Here is a wretch whose struggle was sub-
lime;

This tawny mother by her infant pale.
These flat and homely traits may tell of
crime;

They tell of love, unyielding as the gale,
Of love in agony heroic.
Her boy she fettered to her heart, and
sprung

The host of howling billows to assail,
And grappled with her enemies, and strung
Her nerves to tenfold strength, contending
for her young.

Dashed mid the breakers, their o'er-tramp-
ling force

Crushed her, but wrenched not from her
heart the child:

And they were found together, corse to
corse,

As when alive they on each other smiled.
Her bruised and blood-stained fingers, lips
defiled

With sand and gore, ensanguined curls of
jet,

Of Afric's wiry texture, eye-balls wild
With courage unsubdued, though horror-
set,

Are torture to the sight—she seems to
struggle yet.

The child has not a lineament of her
Whose throes to give him birth to these
were weak;

His tresses blond are silken as the fur
That warms the flocks of Cashmere, wav-
ing sleek.

A bland composure hurls his polished cheek,
Whereon no marks of his rude fate appear,
Except one melancholy crimson streak,
That veins the marble of his cheek so fair;
Oozed from his mother's brow that blood-
drop trickled there.

But here, not, surely, of a vulgar race,
An angel's form seems laid in dreaming
sleep.

That lingering smile of sweet submissive
grace

Would seem to tell us not for *Her* to weep;
Would seem to tell us that the murder-
ous deep

Had been her friend, her truest, last, and
best;

Down her pale neck her auburn tresses
sweep,

Her

Her dexter arm is pillowed on her breast,
The hand upon the heart whose sorrows
are at rest.

Was ever chiselled beauty more complete?
Yet fearful too, so delicately spare!

Those white, minute, attenuated feet,
Those wasted arms, those sharpened fea-
tures wear

The meagre stamp of famine; but gaunt
care,

The troubled spirit, was the wolf that stole
Her blood; not inanition but despair

Starved the rich spring that through young
veins should roll,

The hunger of the heart, the famine of
the soul.

This prostrate Grace, this ruin doubly
wrecked,

In mind and form, that shocks and
charms the view,

Was once the sweetest bud that ever decked
The happy Mother's bosom whence it drew
Its genial aliment of milken dew.

Religious parents trained their infant trea-
sure;

Her prayers she lisped ere yet their sense
she knew;

When reason taught her their high aim
to measure,

Prayer was a holy fear, a dread ecstatic
pleasure.

Persuasive gold was spared not, from the
mart

Of lighter graces to adorn her mind.

Nature had made her beautiful; and Art
With more than Nature's elegance refined.

Her sixteen years flew like a fresh June
wind,

That flies intent the careless Hours to
smother

With odours from the sunny wreaths pur-
loined

When Spring and Summer meet and kiss
each other:

Flower-winged were all those years; for
then she had a Mother.

Then Sorrow came, and looked into her
eyes

And said, "I know thee, my allotted
slave!"

Her Mother languished, pointed to the
skies,

And blest her;—and was hidden in the
Grave.

* * * * *

Tears that are pure to precious uses turn;
With those salt drops from guiltless pangs
that flow

Time

Time fills his lenient and oblivious urn;
And sprinkling the pained heart, with
process slow

But certain, medicates the deepest woe.—
The orphan's smiles revived, and cheered
her sire,

As vernal beams the willow bent with
snow.

But soon, too soon, those smiles were to
expire,

Quenched in far other tears—of shame,
remorse, and ire.

Her Father's eyes, obscured by torpid age,
Or dazzled with the lustre of his gem,
Less strictly watched her than a parent sage
Should watch the Nymph whose very
charms condemn

Their holiest charm to peril. Not the stem
That props the starveling daisy of the rock,
But that which bears a richer diadem,
The cultured pink, the rose of brittle stalk,
The roving spoiler snaps in his licentious
walk.

Impalpably the precious zone of duty,
Of purity the strong though silken stay,

We apprehend we can hardly be mistaken when we pronounce
the writer of these stanzas something more than a mere versifier.
We conjure him to 'clear his head' of politics, scandal, and all
manner of uncharitableness, and not to let life slip away—for
we cannot for a moment fancy him a very young man—without
seizing the days and the nights that must be given to the worthy
completion of a monument of genius.

ART. VI.—*Some Remarks on the present Studies and Manage-
ment of Eton School.* By a Parent. Fifth Edition. London.
1834.

2. *The Eton Abuses considered; in a Letter addressed to the
Author of 'Some Remarks on the present Studies and Manage-
ment of Eton School.'* Second Edition. London. 1834.

3. *A few Words in Reply to 'Some Remarks upon the present
System and Management of Eton School.'* By Etonensis.
London. 1834.

4. *The Eton System of Education vindicated; and its Capa-
bilities of Improvement considered: in Reply to some recent
Publications.* London. 1834.

5. *Oxford as it is.* By a Foreigner of Rank. London. 1834.

6. *Oxford in 1834: a Satire, in Six Parts.* London.

OF all our national institutions, perhaps our great public
schools are the most characteristic; those which we should
almost despair of making intelligible to an inquiring foreigner, or
even

By moths that steal into the folds of
beauty,

By social vanities, was ate away.

A bride won lightly, on her nuptial day
She left the mountain valley of her birth,
To be a worldling frivolously gay.

The rest may be divined:—This Scorned of
Earth,

This Outcast of the Sea, is Eve, "The
Flower of Perth."

How from the form-fenced ledge of ornate
ease

To such a depth of wretchedness she
fell;

By what terrific plunge, or slow degrees,
Or what her guilt, no further may I tell.

By change of name she baffled but too
well

The search of kindred whose relenting
pride

Would yet have screened her in their
northern dell.

Contempt, compassion, thus alike denied,
In squalid want she lived, in woe con-
summate died.'

even to acute and sensible men in our own country, who in their youth have breathed an entirely different atmosphere. In some respects, they seem to set at defiance all the general principles, and to be at war with the whole theory of education, so that a dry detail of the school business, and of the daily and weekly exercises, may be accurate to the very letter, yet will give as inadequate, if not as unfair, a view of the real system, as the skeleton does of the breathing and animated man. We are the last to deny that much is wanting to bring these institutions up to the rising level of general information; the age demands an expansion of their system: but this may be effected without abandoning its primary and essential characteristics.

Education, especially when intended to comprehend that class of English youth whose birth and fortune place them above professional ambition, and who, however they may take a share in the public business of the country, must have much idle and unoccupied time—education, to this class especially, and indeed to those who aspire to fill the several departments of the learned professions, has not discharged its high and important function, when it has forcibly exacted the acquisition of certain rudiments of learning, and by incessant diligence driven into the reluctant and unconsenting mind the barren and ungerminating seeds of knowledge: it must excite rather than pretend to satisfy an ardent appetite for still increasing information; and encourage that love of letters and knowledge, without which the compulsory lessons of the school will either stagnate into pedantic self-sufficiency, or, as is more usually the case, be cast aside, and utterly forgotten, immediately that the constraint is removed. Education cannot, perhaps, implant, but it may foster and stimulate, to an incalculable degree, this self-improving spirit; and it has certainly been the good fortune, if not the deliberate aim, of the great school to which most of these pamphlets refer, to justify, by its success, in thus kindling the enthusiasm of youth towards the studies of the place, the ardent and somewhat exclusive attachment of its admirers. In Eton, this spirit, according to the general direction of study long adopted within its walls, has taken the turn of correct and elegant classical attainment. Years back this may be traced in the pure and exquisite, though perhaps fastidious and overwrought, poetry of Gray; in later days, after mingling with the fervid oratory, and giving a peculiar lucidness to the vehement invectives of Fox, it retired with him to St. Ann's Hill, to throw a quiet grace over the evening of his agitated life, and to impart a delightful occupation to a mind exhausted with political turbulence; it has shown itself not less distinctly in the statesman-like, yet highly-polished, public documents which have proceeded from the Wellesleys and Grenvilles;

it added the last perfect finish, the *curiosa felicitas*, to the vivid and harmonious eloquence of Canning. To extinguish or chill this spirit would, in our, perhaps prejudiced, opinion, be fatal to an institution, which, from its numbers, must depend rather on the prevailing tone of mind and feeling which pervades the general body, than on the close and particular superintendence of each individual. A more formal, burthensome, and mechanical ritual of instruction might have the effect of repressing this tendency to self-improvement; and while such a system might be better for the mass of students, whom it would force upwards to a higher standard of mediocrity, there is danger lest it should trammel and subdue the more generous and independent spirits, to whose perfect development greater freedom appears essential.

The grand problem of education, at least of liberal education, is to teach enough, and not too much; not to cultivate the memory alone, which in the dullest may perhaps, by assiduous and incessant diligence, be constrained to lay up stores of reminiscences which will never ripen into useful and productive knowledge, while the other powers of the understanding are either dormant or overweighed with the burthen under which the whole mind is labouring. After all, the self-educated will be the best educated; the pupil for whom the teacher apparently does least will often derive the most essential advantage from his tuition; the highest skill of the instructor, and the perfection of the system of instruction, is to stimulate the spontaneous expansion of the mind; to keep alive, wherever, either by the bounty of nature or by early habits, it may have been implanted, the ardent thirst for knowledge; to guide into proper and useful courses of study the active energies of the young understanding; to be ever at hand to remove difficulties which might repel, without making the way so smooth as to require no exertion; and, finally, to maintain that generous emulation, which is by no means necessarily connected with the narrow and baser passions of envy or jealousy. This honourable emulation, indeed, in a great public school, is of far wider influence, even as regards the attainment of knowledge, than mere competition in the comparative excellence of the school exercises, or proficiency in school learning. There is a constant secret operation, both of the honest shame of being thought ignorant by his compeers, and of the generous desire of surpassing them in acquirements, which, though not demanded, may still sometimes be brought to bear even upon the ordinary business of the school—particularly in the compositions, which are upon such a variety of subjects, that an ingenious youth has perpetual opportunities of drawing on his own private stock of information. Thus, a sort of latent system of mutual instruction is continually

at work; and where that desire of self-improvement has taken root, the youths among themselves, or the single boy in his private study, may often be not less profitably—or even more so perhaps, since they are willingly and eagerly—employed, than they would be in the more constant, but constrained attention to the immediate business of the school.

The announcement of a 'fifth edition,' on the title-page of a pamphlet of such moderate ability as that entitled 'Some Remarks on the present Studies and Management of Eton School,' may be assumed as an evidence, that this great establishment is of itself, and without involving the general question of public education, an object of no inconsiderable public interest. If the 'Parent' had confined himself to a calm and dispassionate examination of the present system of instruction, pointed out its deficiencies with temper and moderation, introduced the really useful suggestions which his pamphlet contains without the offensive tone of superiority, the scornful dictation, which provokes a closer investigation of his right to assume authority on such subjects, we should have honoured his motives, as a father anxious for the moral and intellectual improvement of his sons; and we are mistaken if he had not obtained a patient and candid hearing from the Governors of the Institution. But the 'Parent' has unfortunately condescended to adopt the language of the Pessimists, that prevailing school, which has but one universal axiom, *Every thing that is, is wrong*; he has chosen to cull some of the choice flowers from the eloquence of departed reform pamphlets, not quite in keeping with the relative importance of the subject under discussion. The grandiloquence of his declaration of war might perhaps kindle a smile, by no means of the serious or Sardonic cast which the author would anticipate, upon the countenance of some of the tasteful and classical masters of Eton.

'There are men whose wisdom consists in a stubborn refusal to improve. With a blindness, which baffles explanation, because it leads directly to their own downfall, they hate reform as if it were revolution, being apparently ignorant that they are proceeding the right way to ensure a revolution which will be no reform. But they are wrestling with a power that will laugh to scorn their puny endeavours. (!) Their brazen gates will be but as touchwood before the strong arm of the giant. (!!) With such men, I fear, any exhortation on my part will have but little weight. The wisest suggestion that could be offered—the most modest remonstrance that could be made—will by them be received with the same grin of contempt, and the same scowl of hate; but I shall not be deterred from giving advice, because it is likely to be rejected; nor shall I fear to assail the citadel of bigotry, because I feel assured that the garrison will defend it to its last gun. (!!!) Amongst other public institutions in England, which

have signalized themselves by an undeviating adherence to antiquated errors, I am compelled to instance Eton School as holding an unfortunate pre-eminence. Whilst *every other public school* has chosen the wiser part, and accommodated itself to the demands of the age by timely and judicious reformation, *Eton alone* seems resolved to make a stand against improvement, and to fight single-handed the battle of prejudice and wrong.'—*Some Remarks, &c.* pp. 5-7.

This is in the right 'Ercles vein,' and really unworthy of the good sense, and we would willingly believe, the good intention evinced in other parts of the pamphlet. But we are afflicted with a stubborn and inconvenient habit of inquiring into the facts of a charge, however it may be couched in the most positive and overbearing language. We are credibly informed that considerable alterations *have* taken place in the Eton system; we venture to doubt the fact that *every other public school* has taken the lead in timely and judicious reformation. Under the present very able master some alterations have been introduced at Harrow; and in another considerable school a more bold and experimental plan has been adopted. In a recent Number of the Quarterly Journal of Education, there has appeared a detailed account of the system pursued in the school at Rugby, as in former Numbers of that at Harrow. The degree of success which Dr. Arnold has met with in the working of his new arrangements will be a question of great interest to all who consider the importance of public education in our great schools. Some parts of his scheme appear to us well worthy of general adoption; as to other parts, we confess that the successful result would alone convince us of their general practicability.

As to Eton—it would of course be inferred from the tone of some of the pamphlets before us, that the public voice had made known its dissatisfaction with the instruction afforded by the present (or we must rather now write, late) master of Eton, by repeated remonstrances from the press, or by that more silent and unanswerable sign of diminished confidence, the visible defalcation of the numbers in the school. But it so happens, that under Dr. Keate, and that within a very recent period, the number of scholars—(considerably above six hundred)—stood higher than at any former period of the establishment. Other circumstances might tend to keep up the illusion with the masters at Eton. Notwithstanding the obstinate adherence to a worn-out and antiquated system, the perverse pupils have persisted in obtaining their full share of academical distinctions at the Universities, and have gone forth into life, at least in equal numbers, men eminent in the public service, and in all the learned professions. At the same time, with a still more inexplicable hypocrisy, these same neglected pupils, who ought to have been indignant

indignant at the misemployment of the irretrievable days of their youth on unprofitable studies, have, in general, been ardent in their sentiments and lavish in their expressions of personal attachment and gratitude to the master, who had filled his honourable situation for a quarter of a century. The old Eton feeling of generous pride and cordial love for the place of education seems to be as strong, we might almost write as romantic, as ever.* In the following words we may perhaps trace the language of a favoured pupil, but the writer boldly appeals to the general feeling in favour of Dr. Keate; at the same time, no one can deny the justice of his observations on the unfairness of expecting a sweeping alteration in an established plan of instruction, from one who has grown old in the long tried and apparently successful system; though, in fact, it might easily be shown that many and very material improvements have been introduced by Dr. Keate.

‘The profound and varied learning—the pure and refined taste—the unbending moral courage—the conscientious attention to the minutest points of duty—the benevolent though dignified intercourse with his elder pupils—these are the more peculiar features which have marked his character and conduct, and have ensured to him the affectionate reverence, and filial gratitude of the thousands who have grown up under his fatherly care.

‘It were unreasonable to expect that any extensive alterations could be carried into effect at the close of a hard-spent life, by one who was about to resign his office, and could not himself superintend the workings of a new system, which would be subject within a few years to the revision of his successor. It may be added, that a due justice to his successor would demand that the introduction of any important arrangements should be reserved for him, to whom, within so short a period, the adjustment and direction of them would be entrusted.’—*Eton System Vindicated*, pp. 5, 6.

As to any general expression of dissatisfaction from that quarter, which is tolerably vigilant in searching out abuses, the public press, we may not, indeed, have watched very accurately the discharge of such missiles, yet we believe that the first stone was cast by the hand of the ‘Parent.’

The second pamphlet on our list is so well criticised by the author of that from which we have just quoted, that we shall again adopt his words:—

‘It is evidently the work of a young person whose feelings are still embittered with the fancied indignities of some school discipline,

* Since the above was written, Dr. Keate has taken leave of the school. The scene has been described to us, from the profound and general enthusiasm among the boys, as positively affecting. It would be difficult to persuade us that a system of education is radically wrong, which could call forth so universal, generous, and manly a tone of feeling.

which,

which, to judge from his tone of writing, may have been well deserved, though it certainly has failed of its desired effect.'

On the side of the respondents, the 'Few Words in Reply by Etonensis,' are by no means very powerful or convincing words. The 'Vindication' is of a much higher cast. It is evidently the work of an unpractised writer, but of a gentleman and of a Christian. The author is moreover intimately acquainted with the most minute details of the subject, and affords us a clearer insight into the constitution of the collegiate *foundation* than has hitherto appeared before the public. With all this, it is far from the work of a blind and unreasoning partizan: the writer speaks with uncompromising boldness of the real defects of the existing system, but he likewise estimates with candour the difficulty of introducing adequate correctives. Though announcing *vindication*, it goes further—and we suspect will do more, in effecting a substantial renovation of all the imperfections of the system, than those who assume the tone and language of root-and-branch reform.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the question before us. The great public schools are in general the seminaries of instruction for the hereditary aristocracy of the country. From Eton, and other establishments of the same class, are continually sent forth those who have either a seat, by descent, in the higher legislative assembly of the land, or from their birth, weight, influence, or opulence, have fair pretensions to become members of the Lower House. The university may give the ultimate bias, and stamp the last colouring upon the character of the young noble or country gentleman—but that character has been already half formed—the talents developed, the tastes implanted, the habits of application or indolence, of generous ambition or Sybaritish coxcombry, the love of intellectual occupation, or the degrading passion for coarser pursuits, have been strongly riveted upon the mind and moral being during the earlier period of school instruction. But in the present times, the aristocracy of birth and wealth must likewise be an aristocracy of intelligence, talent, and information, or it will be in danger of losing its pre-eminence. Knowledge is the idol, we scruple not to add, the noble idol, of the day. Intellectual superiority must obtain increasing if not all-predominant influence. Hitherto the bitterest Radical will scarcely deny that, considering their relative numbers, the highest classes have gallantly maintained their ground. Withdraw from the House of Lords all those who in the present day have fought their way into it by their talents, the Eldons, the Lyndhursts, the Broughams, the Plunketts, and most of the Bench of Bishops,—yet even then, for compass of understanding, for strength of reasoning, for historical knowledge, for copiousness of illustration—for all which a good education

cation may begin to teach—and the habits of industry, of thought, and of literary taste, implanted and stimulated by good education, may have enabled the accomplished gentleman, in after life, to acquire ;—the debates of the Peers would still rank as a display of intelligence and ability, at least as high as those of any deliberative assembly which ever met to discuss the interests of a great nation. In the House of Commons it is yet to be seen—(hitherto, certainly, we do not discover the slightest appearance of such a result)—whether the ruder native intellect of the more plebeian members, the Birmingham Hampdens—as they have been ungratefully denominated by their once sworn allies of the public press—and the orators of vestries, will put to shame the system of education which has hitherto prepared the English gentleman for his place in the senate. Still the struggle for that influence which can alone be maintained by acknowledged intellectual superiority is likely, from the general diffusion of education, to be more trying and severe. The House of Peers must not depend on the continued infusion of new blood, of fresh intellectual strength into their order, from the constant accession of the most accomplished and successful men from certain professions—(though this is the peculiar strength and security of this branch of the constitution); the hereditary aristocracy must strain every nerve to keep ahead of the general mass; it must counterbalance the inevitable general tendency of distinguished birth and unbounded wealth to indolent luxury, or more manly and adventurous dissipation, by connecting itself as closely as possible with the intellectual energies of the country. A truly aristocratic cultivation of mind will alone maintain the legislative dignity of the House of Lords. Notwithstanding the menacing signs of the times, the Upper House has not yet lost its hold even on the popular respect, and the good sense of the nation will, it is still fair to hope, more and more learn to appreciate its value as a dam and rampart against the heady and turbulent current of democracy. But its future power, and with it the stability of many of the most valuable institutions of the country, must depend upon itself. We scruple not to assert that, on the personal weight, on the character for intelligence, information, eloquence, and political wisdom, maintained by the rising aristocracy of the country, will depend, to a great degree, the future constitution of England; not only the existence of their own order, but, that which is inseparably bound up with it, the present social system. The great practical question must at no distant day be solved, whether the country is to be a monarchy, fenced by a commanding aristocracy, or a republic, condescending for a time to retain the forms of a monarchical government.

As,

As, then, the aristocracy of the country receive the first, and in general a lasting impulse, from their education at our public schools, the nature of that education must neither be restricted by too rigid and timorous adherence to ancient forms, nor unnecessarily tampered with in a spirit of rash experiment. With this class, most especially, the system of instruction must not only be sound and comprehensive, but attractive and inspiring. A dry, repulsive, and purely utilitarian system will never do. It will create, perhaps, a lasting distaste for study. The reluctant pupil will pant for emancipation from his servile trammels; and when he has burst them, he will rush headlong into all the follies and the vices of the day. It will be an admirable plan for breeding future votaries of Melton, Newmarket, or Crockford's: but for the senate, for the society of cultivated men, for all which ought to distinguish an English nobleman, it will perhaps have induced a deep and permanent aversion. Learning will have a poor chance if reluctantly pursued; and we must consider what learning has to contend with—all that money can command at the school itself—(for in a great public establishment sumptuary laws will always be ineffective, particularly when the vanity or want of discretion in the parent, as is generally the case, stimulates rather than checks the thoughtless expenditure of the youth)—manly exercises, which ought to be, as they are, encouraged at our great schools, but which of course from a necessary relaxation, and a proper gymnastic education for the growing frame and unset limbs, are apt to degenerate into an engrossing passion;—above all, the consciousness which cannot be disguised from the youth of rank or fortune, and which is probably communicated and urged in the most unanswerable language by the groom or the gamekeeper in the vacation, that he has not to gain his subsistence by professional exertion—that his rank is incontestable, and his opulence secure. In the case of minds thus cradled, nursed, even at school, and at every holiday (unless under the superintendence of parents endowed with more than ordinary judgment) steeped in every indulgence which may withdraw them from exertion, we are more inclined to wonder that so many of our young men of rank come forth from the public schools with cultivated tastes and intellectual habits, scholars as well as gentlemen, rather than that others aspire to no higher eminence than that of Almack's dandies or gambling *roués*.

It is the great advantage of our whole system of education, as well at the public schools as at the universities, that it is in perfect unison with our national institutions. In a social system which like ours admits a triple aristocracy of birth, wealth, and talents, whatever

whatever tends to mingle together the different classes upon a footing as equal as possible, mitigates in some degree, and softens away those disadvantages and jealousies inseparable from all distinctions of rank. Aristocracy of every kind has a natural tendency to exclusiveness. Each has its narrow pride, which induces it to insulate itself within its peculiar circle, and to despise all distinctions but its own. There may be some truth in the theory espoused with so much bitterness, and exaggerated with animosity no less vulgar and unphilosophical than the arrogance which they condemn, by some of the second-rate novelists and the party-writers of the day, that the hereditary aristocracy has maintained a jealous and undue ascendancy over the government of the country. The real extent, and the advantage or pernicious consequences to the community from this long predominant influence, would be to a candid and dispassionate mind a subject of historical inquiry of equal interest and importance. But we scruple not to assert that but for the public system of education, this influence, whatever it may have been, would have been more dangerous and repugnant to the independent spirit of the nation. It is at the public school that birth and wealth receive their first, and their most salutary lessons of equality. The aristocracy of title and fortune has its first collision with the aristocracy of talent, and is taught that it may be, and will, without strenuous exertions, be worsted, and be obliged to submit to confessed inferiority in the contest. It is first taught that there is something besides hereditary distinction, which is of importance in the sight of the public. The boy, who in Eton phrase is frequently sent up for good, stands higher with the independent mass of his schoolfellows than the expectant heir to twenty thousand a year, or to a ducal title. The trifling distinctions which are permitted to persons of rank in the great schools, as well as in the universities, enforce little respect among the boys themselves; unless he is gentlemanly in his manners, courteous and unpresuming in his behaviour, the young patrician will come in for his share of that ruder discipline by which boys are apt to correct presumption and insolence. A plebeian boy will thrash an impertinent lord with most indiscriminating impartiality, and a high-born dunce will be laughed at with as little scruple as the blundering son of a tradesman. If the aristocracy has not degenerated into a caste—if it has not kept entirely aloof from the common opinions, feelings, and interests of society—we may thank this early fusion with the other classes. The tuft-hunter and flatterer will beset them in this outset of life, but the general and prevailing tone in a public school is that of bold and generous independence; not only cleverness and superior attainments, but strength and activity,

activity, success in the cricket-field, or pulling a good oar in the boat, frank and open manners, come in for their full share with high birth or the command of money in the popular distribution of respect and estimation. Incidental evils, no doubt, arise out of this intimate union of boys of different stations and different expectations in life. Some whose parents can ill afford the necessary expenses of the school may be tempted to rival the prodigality of boys of twenty times their fortune; in others the inborn servility of character may be developed by the vulgar desire of becoming on familiar terms with a boy of rank. We leave the author of 'England and the English' in full possession of his whimsical notion, that boys are very frequently sent to public schools with express injunctions to attach themselves to the younger nobility in order to secure their patronage in after life. There is no soil so rich, no air so pure, in which parasitic plants will not thrive, and thrive in proportion to the tall and stately trees which they encumber with their pertinacious grasp. But these are trifling evils in comparison with the advantages derived by both orders from their juxtaposition in the great arena of public education.

'The democratic character of the nobility of England, the democracy of the aristocracy, if I may be allowed so to call it, is very much to be attributed to the gregarious education they receive. In this manner, her public schools form a part of the constitution of the country. If they produce some vice and a good deal of rudeness, they subdue pride, selfishness, and conceit; they create emulation, friendship, and a manly strength of mind. Let any one watch the education of a youth of high expectations in Spain or Italy; he will see him followed every where by a servile flatterer, under the name of a preceptor, learning nothing but the varnish and the falsehood of the world; the idol of his parents and the torment of his friends. Men of sense, who have undergone this dangerous ordeal, all speak with envy and admiration of the public schools of England.'

This extract, from the curious and obsolete work of Lord John Russell on the Constitution, contains much truth and good sense. His Lordship, indeed, has become so heartily ashamed of, and so entirely recanted all the equally judicious sentences in the same work, which happened to be diametrically opposed to the principles of his Reform Bill, that, we presume, if at any period of his life Providence should bless him with an heir to his talents and virtues, the last place to which the youthful scion of his house would be sent for education would be Eton or Westminster.

After all, however, the sons of the higher aristocracy form but a small proportion of the pupils at our public schools; youths intended for the learned professions out-number very considerably those who are born to rank or independent fortune.

With

With these, individually at least, the question of early education is even of more paramount importance. Their station, their success in life may depend upon the first impulse of the youthful mind. Unquestionably, the understanding ripens at very different periods in different individuals. The precocious boy, who is a prodigy of quickness and intelligence, is apt to exhaust himself, and dwindle down to a very ordinary man ; while the solid talents of more slow, but profounder, understandings, are developed, as it were, with the utmost difficulty. Yet even in these extreme cases, and still more in the ordinary formation of the intellectual character, the great point is to excite an interest in the studies of the school ; to impel rather than to drive. The great advantage of the moral discipline of a public school is, that the youth is early and gradually habituated to self-dependence. In private education, that important period when a young man becomes his own master bursts upon him suddenly, when his passions are in their greatest strength, and he is altogether unpractised in the control or government of his own actions. It is the same, we are persuaded, in the formation of the intellectual character ; the earlier a youth is taught the advantage of self-exertion, the less he leans on any strength but his own, the greater necessity he finds of recurring to his own resources, the more he will endeavour to increase that strength and multiply those resources. But this will not be the case, unless the studies are in some degree congenial to the disposition and to the period of life ; such as may awaken some feeling beyond the mere satisfaction of having repeated a lesson with accuracy, and answered questions with greater promptitude than other boys. In the lower parts of the school the dread of correction and a severer discipline may be necessary, at least with the mass of children, to enforce the irksome drudgery of acquiring the first rudiments. Though it may fairly be questioned whether even our grammars are not composed on principles much too dry and repulsive, because merely mechanical and in general unintelligible to the child—still sterner regulations may be almost indispensable to fix the wandering attention during the very earliest period of instruction ; and a certain compulsion will be necessary throughout to spur up the careless and indolent to their work ; but compulsion will never make a scholar to whom his scholarship will be of any value in after life. The words will have been repeated, the lesson construed, the poetry of Virgil and Homer, and the prose of Cicero and Demosthenes, will have been committed to the memory, and a facility acquired of rendering so much Greek and Latin into so much English ; but the mind, the taste, the moral feelings, will have remained utterly uneducated, the judgment unrefined, the style unformed ; the task will have been performed ;

performed; the *business* of education creditably gone through; but that done, all is considered to be done. No desire of future improvement is stirring in the yet unsatisfied mind; no aspirations after higher perfection awakened. The wondering parent is delighted at the proficiency of the youth, who, he finds, has thus been perforce saturated with school-learning; but is too ignorant or too blind to take notice whether he ever after recurs to those books over which he has spent so many years of his young life, or whether he recurs, of his own accord, to any books at all. In short, we would put the plain question, whether what is technically called at the universities the *cramming* system, the results of which are sometimes, both at school and at college, so apparently flattering to the instructor and so complacently admired by the parent, answers, in the end, one real purpose of education? whether Jack, though by some good fortune, or as the reward of such incessant toil, he may have obtained school and university honours, is not as dull a boy as ever—perhaps conceited in his dulness? Even his habits of application, not being voluntary, are by no means settled and confirmed; no one of the faculties which are to be of use in public life has been quickened or rendered more acute; he has not acquired one taste which will give a polished tone to his mind; he has neither a scholar-like, nor a literary, nor a scientific turn.

It is certainly remarkable, and no favourable indication of the working of the system, that in proportion with the enforced acquisition of considerable classical knowledge in some schools and at the university, the classical taste of the community seems to be on the decline. We import from Germany all our best new editions of the classics, and works illustrative of ancient literature. The few which are published in this country above the rank of mere school books, whether of a philological character, or, like Mr. Henry Coleridge's Introduction to Homer, of a more general and tasteful class, find but a slow and precarious sale. This may, in part, be attributed to many concurrent causes. There is the secession of one considerable part of the educated classes into a kind of religious republic, which, if not openly hostile, is, in its influence, adverse to profane learning. With them scholarship is, at least, an unnecessary, if not a dangerous accomplishment. The extraordinary impulse given to scientific pursuits, and even to political economy, no doubt, by a still fairer rivalry, has withdrawn many vigorous minds from that which at one time was considered too exclusively the object of intellectual ambition. Yet these causes, and even the more engrossing anxieties of our political circumstances, the more laborious and difficult competition for success in the crowded state of the liberal professions, will scarcely,

scarcely, if we consider the great numbers who receive a highly classical education, account for this comparative indifference to all inquiries connected with manly and elegant scholarship. It is certainly remarkable, that the more favourite studies of the day are exactly those which men are left to study of their own free will; which they follow from the bias of their own minds, or for which they acquire a spontaneous taste from instruction which they have sought out for themselves. We may perhaps revert again to this topic.

Up to a certain period, the Eton system has certainly been singularly successful in attaching the scholars to the studies of the institution; but before we inquire into the system of education, it may be worth while to explain to the general reader the peculiar constitution of the school. Much animadversion has been thrown, from time to time, on the administration of the *College*—the original *foundation*. Some petulant, and it appears ill-grounded charges are advanced with the utmost confidence in one of the pamphlets before us; but, although we admit that countless difficulties embarrass the whole subject, some important alterations in the internal regulations, which regard the *scholars*, appear to be demanded, not by the discontented and revolutionary, but by the sober, rational, and improving spirit of the age. This part of the establishment is still essentially monastic in many of its forms and habits; in its origin it was like many of the same period, when there existed no considerable middle class, and when the children of the aristocracy only supplied the higher dignities of the church, a seminary intended to recruit the ecclesiastical order, with the more promising youths from the lowest classes.

The original foundation, as constituted in 1441, consisted of a provost, ten fellows (since reduced by royal dispensation, on occasion of the reduced income of the college, to seven), ten chaplains (since reduced to two), as many clerks, and sixteen choristers, of an upper and under master, and seventy scholars. There was also provision for thirteen servitors, to be elected at the discretion of the provost, whose peculiar office was to assist the parish clerk in ringing the chapel bells, to keep clean the chapel, the college, and outhouses, and to wait on the provost and fellows in hall and in their chambers. Students also were admitted from any part of the kingdom, who, under the title of *Oppidans*, shared many of the advantages of the institution, though unattached to the foundation. I shall confine my observations to those parts of the establishment which are connected with the scholars on the foundation. They were ordered to be "poor and indigent boys," who had acquired a certain proficiency in reading and the first elements of singing. Candidates were disabled by illegitimacy, or any such physical deformity as incapacitated them for the clerical profession; and every scholar was bound to undergo the "first tonsure"

tonsure" within a year of his election. They were admitted from all parts of England, though a preference was to be shown to the natives of certain districts; and there is a particular provision in favour of such choristers as should be considered most worthy of the distinction. The scholars and choristers were apparently of the same rank. The same qualifications were required of the candidates to both situations, and they were excluded by the same disabilities, and both orders were equally bound to qualify themselves for the clerical profession. The servitors also were to be prepared for taking holy orders at the age of twenty-five, when they were dismissed from the college. The three classes were educated together in the public schools, and instruction was afforded gratuitously to them all, as well as to the students unattached to the foundation. . . .

'All the members of the *College* were lodged in the quadrangle or cloisters. In the upper story, the provost, fellows, and masters had separate apartments; the other members were distributed in large chambers on the ground-floor. The number in each chamber is not expressly stated, but apparently two chambers at the most were apportioned to the *scholars*; and provision was made that three of the elder and most trustworthy boys should be placed in each, and made responsible for the conduct of the rest. Below the age of fourteen, two lay together in one bed. Each scholar made his own bed, during which operation they were to sing the morning hymn to the Virgin.—*Eton System Vindicated*, pp. 47-54.

Different as the object of the founder was, it is singular, though undeniably true, that it would be difficult to devise a more complete and perfect machinery of education for the present period, than is furnished by the foundation at Eton.

Our attention has of late been strongly directed to the complete system of popular education for all classes established in the Prussian dominions, and in other parts of Germany. The instruction of the whole population, distributed in their different schools of primary instruction for the lowest orders, of burgher schools for the commercial classes in the towns, in the gymnasia and the universities for the higher orders, is administered, by the beneficent despotism of the state, with the regularity and uniformity of military discipline. Some excellent persons are desirous that a scheme of this kind should be introduced into this country; to which there is this one insuperable objection—its total impracticability. Education may eventually form, but it must first adapt itself to the national character. Every sectarian jealousy must be allayed, every party-feeling quenched, the sturdy spirit of independence compressed by the strong hand of power, before the mass of the people would consent to receive an education established by the government. It would retard for an incalculable period the progress of education. Old Falstaff was not more resolutely determined against giving, than the whole population

pulation would be against being taught 'reason by compulsion.' The valuable public servant—whom the author of the 'Bubbles from the Brunnens' describes as driving the whole population of pigs to their forest pastures, through the street of a German town—would have an easy task to the constable who should have to enforce the attendance of all the children of a village at a school established by the state. This, however, by the way.

One of the most admirable parts of the Prussian system is the establishment of the Normal Schools for the instruction of masters: it is impossible not to appreciate the security which is thus obtained for the knowledge of the system, as well as for the talents and character of the instructor; while, from the lowest schoolmaster to the highest professor, ability and success are sure of their reward; and the servant of the state is never left without a respectable provision for his life. Now, the *Eton foundation* contains within itself the means of educating its future masters in the best discipline for an accurate acquaintance, and perfect familiarity with the details of its system; the school itself; while it has the power of offering a liberal remuneration for its retired servants, whose character and exertions may have deserved well of the institution. The scholars at Eton pass in a certain succession to King's College, in Cambridge; and from that college it has been customary (though there appears no statutable regulation to that effect, and in one instance we know that the custom has been infringed) to select the under-masters of the establishment. One of the under-masters has been, we believe, invariably advanced to the head-mastership. The dignities of the college, the provostship and fellowships, offer a liberal reward and an honourable retreat for some of the masters, after a certain period of labour. The fellowships, indeed, are by no means invariably filled up from the under-masters; it is, perhaps, scarcely desirable that it should be so, lest a kind of claim should be established, which might limit the proper freedom of election; but at present five out of the eight, including the provost, have gained the reward of comparative ease by many years of hard service in the tuition of the school. Thus there is a constant succession of teachers wellversed in all the practical details, and deeply imbued with the spirit of the system; pledged by all their old delightful associations, and bound by gratitude, by generous pride, and (no unworthy motive) stimulated perhaps by the hope of obtaining an honourable retirement after a proper period of service. In the frequent election of the under-master to the fellowship, there is another great advantage, that the succession of masters is more rapid—new life and energy is continually infused into the system. Instead of lingering on to unrewarded old age, when all the

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the spring and buoyancy of life have languished away, and the business of the school sunk by long habit into a dull and formal routine, the under-master at Eton rarely continues in his situation beyond what may be considered the active and ambitious period of life; he either obtains or despairs of obtaining some reward, from the college or in church preferment, and makes room for some fresh and enterprising successor.

But the beauty of this whole complete and progressive system will be marred if the fellowships of Eton and the church preferment, which is fairly tenable with such a situation, be not a liberal provision for a gentleman. We should be jealous of any reform in the establishment which would either diminish, to any considerable amount, the power of the college to maintain a liberal hospitality, or trench materially on the comforts of the individual members. At first sight it might appear, that in a foundation like that of Eton, the seventy scholars were intended to enjoy a more ample proportion of the common funds than the fellows, originally ten in number, but reduced to seven. The '*Vindicator*,' however, has made a strong case in favour of the present distribution, which appears to have the sanction of a law of the land, and, according to our view, is justified, at least to a certain extent, by the expediency of the case. Still the re-organization of the whole plan of the college, as regards the scholars, is imperiously required. It would be the most ungenerous, and, we are convinced, unjust impeachment upon the liberality, the good sense, the grateful attachment of the members of the present foundation, to the well-being of the whole institution, if we did not suppose them willing to make every sacrifice compatible with the comfort and proper dignity of their own situation. The College at Eton might be made the most splendid, according to our view the most useful, establishment of the kind in the whole kingdom. Introduce a fairer competition for its advantages; obtain, if possible, the concurrence of King's College in the honourable career of improvement; let the members of that establishment disdain the disgraceful privilege of obtaining a degree in the University of Cambridge without passing the usual examination, or being permitted to contend for the University honours.* Above all, remove whatever is offensive to the

* This dishonourable distinction is claimed also by the members of New College, Oxford. We remember a pamphlet, written by an elegant scholar and an excellent man, who has recently been cut off without attaining the literary or professional distinction, which his talents might well have commanded, the Rev. Augustus Hare, which in vain attempted to persuade the members of his College to disdain this exemption. The pamphlet was written with so much ability, that one of the most distinguished scholars of the University pronounced it to be fatal to its own argument; for if the existing system could produce men capable of such performances, it needed no reformation.

decency of modern habits and dangerous to the purity of Christian morals, in the present life of the *scholars on the foundation*; place them on a level, in every respect, with the *Oppidans*; and any sacrifice which may be made by men especially connected by every tie of pride and interest and gratitude with the character of the foundation, will be amply compensated by the increased reputation of the whole establishment, the superiority of their own position, and, we may perhaps add, the advantages of which their own families might partake in the improved administration of the College.

We are stating no imaginary grievance—we know that we are guilty of no exaggeration, when we assert that, in point of manners, habits, and morals, a gentleman's son is exposed to a most dangerous ordeal in passing through *the college* at Eton. In the first place, as to the lodging of the scholars: these seventy boys sleep together in one large, and two, or rather three, smaller rooms; the latter may contain rather more than twenty, the rest occupy the Long Chamber. In these rooms, after the doors are closed for the night, they are left without any control or discipline, except that which the elder boys are expected to maintain over the younger. On this subject we cannot do better than adopt the grave, guarded, and rational language of the 'Vindicator.'

'There is no reason why the collegers should not occupy the same honourable position among their fellows, as is now held by the foundation students of our Universities. The actual disparity that exists in the conventional rank of the two bodies can be accounted for only by the prejudices which attach to the mode of life still upheld at Eton. Independently of these evils, which may perhaps be lightly considered as mere matters of opinion, but are not on that account less oppressive, there is a practical evil of the worst tendency in the moral contagion arising from the constant intercourse of such large numbers in a public room. Not only are the studies and private pursuits of the scholar effectually interrupted, but there is an entire want of that individual existence, and inviolate retirement, which, according to the present habits of this country, are essentially necessary even among boys, for the production of pure and exalted feelings. There is no opportunity for such self-discipline, and the mind that experiences the necessity is necessarily injured by the loss; while among minds of a lower tone, the principles of evil spread and are multiplied by continued contact, and mutual excitement, to an infinite degree.

'Moreover, there is an entire want of effectual control over the boys while they are in their chambers. There are temptations and tendencies in this unnatural freedom, which few boys have the will, and still fewer the courage, to withstand. The license thus given, and the illicit practices thus carried on without the possibility of restraint,

have produced among the scholars low and unworthy habits, which, in many cases, have sunk their moral condition below the high and honourable tone of their fellow students. It is on the highest religious grounds, therefore, that I argue for the necessity of an entire alteration of this part of the system. It is from a settled conviction, that the mental constitution of thousands among the higher classes of our society is permanently deteriorated by its continuance.'—*Eton System Vindicated*, p. 62.

To this statement we shall add nothing, but that if the system be objectionable for one obvious reason, with regard to the elder boys, for another it is fatal to the lower: it is almost impossible for a lower college to be a gentleman; if he ever becomes a scholar, amid the various disadvantages under which he labours, it certainly reflects no ordinary credit on the general system of instruction. Fagging, in other parts of the school, excepting in very rare instances of extreme and always odious tyranny, is a kind of clientela, by which a young boy, if he performs some slight services, is entitled to the protection, and frequently obtains the lasting friendship, of an older one: but here it assumes its most objectionable and degrading form. There is scarcely a menial office which a young boy may not be forced to perform; on this one point, the language used by the author of the '*Eton Abuses*' is, in our opinion, however strong, borne out by the facts of the case.

The *Vindicator* has made some useful suggestions as to the necessary arrangements for lodging the scholars on a different plan, but he does not venture to point out the source from which the great increase in the expenditure is to be covered. As arbiters, who cannot be suspected of partiality, we shall be less scrupulous. Let that portion of the expense which cannot fairly be borne by the college be thrown at once and openly upon the parents of the boys. It will, we are persuaded, be a very considerable saving, even to them. At present the boys on the foundation have all the discomfort, all the degradation of charity boys, while their expenses are little less than those of the oppidans. The simple fact is, that the collegier could not subsist upon the diet alone furnished by the college—he could not carry on the studies of the school in the chambers appropriated by the college to his use. As for the diet, it may or *may not* be proportioned to the original statutable allowance; whether it be in the old hereditary mutton, or diversified by beef and veal, is altogether unimportant. The truth is, that there is no breakfast found; the dinner, to those who have not the good fortune to be the first assailants of the joint, runs desperately short, (surely this might be better regulated, by something like the plan of commons in the university,) and the supper, or whatever may be the evening meal,

is in the same manner to be provided by the boy himself. In consequence of all this, it is absolutely necessary that a boy should hire for his own use a room in the town, where of course he is under no control; and in this room he provides for himself a great part of his meals, and pursues his studies. This is done under the connivance of the authorities, though all these rooms, strictly speaking, are without the bounds beyond which the boys ought not to be seen. This is a heavy expense to the prudent boy—with the thoughtless it leads to every kind of extravagance. It would be much better that all this should be arranged in some manner so as to be both recognised and regulated by the college. The boys would be screened from the plunder and petty impositions of small tradesmen, and be secured from the temptation to debt, which is inseparable from the present plan. A direct charge made under the sanction of the college, with their guarantee for its economical disbursement, would be much fairer, and ought to be much more acceptable to the parents of the boys, than the unchecked, uncontrolled expenditure to which they are liable at present.

The college, if it were considered merely as the seminary of the future masters, ought to be raised as high as possible in public estimation; every unnecessary distinction, every debasing sign of inferiority to the other boys,—above all, everything which tends to lower the tone of their own minds, to vulgarise their habits, to give coarseness to their manners—every vestige, in short, of the *charity boy* should be effaced—every indication obliterated that the establishment was originally intended to breed up a race of young and not overcleanly monks; of which the vast and common dormitory and the refectory remain, while all the monastic discipline, the severe superintendence of the superiors, has gradually relaxed and died away.

The Eton *foundation* seems originally to have been intended as a nucleus for a more extensive system of education. The admission of oppidans or town boys is, we believe, coeval with the institution. The number of collegers is seventy; that of oppidans, of course, is variable, according to the reputation of the master. Eton, indeed, has been less liable than other schools to the capricious fluctuations of that fashion, which suddenly raised one celebrated school in the metropolis to above six hundred, and, under the same master, and the same system, allowed it to fall to one hundred and fifty. Five hundred may be assumed as a fair average of the Eton numbers, and perhaps those who are most deeply interested in its prosperity could scarcely wish to see it much above that number. The system of education is the same for both collegers and oppidans; each boy is placed under a tutor, selected

by the parent, and under his superintendence prepared for the lessons in the school. The compositions, likewise, pass under his correcting hand before they are finally delivered to the appointed master in the school. These lessons are learnt, and the exercises composed out of the school hours, which are in fact an examination rather than a period of study and instruction. The 'Parent' expresses his astonishment at this simple fact—a clear indication that, however intimately acquainted he may be with the outward details of the system, he has by no means a clear apprehension of its practical workings.

The first point to be considered is the religious education. On one important change connected with this subject all the writers before us appear to concur. We allude to the discontinuance of the frequent weekly attendance in the chapel, which on holidays, they say, 'serves the purpose of a roll-call, to prevent the rambling and adventurous from having too many continuous hours at their command; and is a substitute for school, with all the irksomeness of confinement, without the advantage of instruction.' The *Vindicator* himself concurs in the necessity of this change. He however insists on a wide difference between the church service which thus fills up the holiday at Eton, and the regular morning and evening prayers in the College chapels at the University. In defence of the latter he writes with the strength of unaffected piety; and as this practice has called forth some animadversion in the House of Commons, from a statesman whose religious character, no less than his eminent talents, must give weight to his opinions, we venture to call the attention of Mr. Stanley himself to the arguments contained in this pamphlet.

That man is not to be envied whose heart does not turn with love and reverence to those collegiate chapels, where alone in our land the God to whom the eyes of all look up for their daily bread, receives his daily offering of public praise and thanksgiving. These are forms endeared to every Christian, as a demonstrative part of that traditionary evidence on which his whole religion rests. They are the links that bind us to past times, and to modes of life which are no more. They realize to our senses the habits of devotion that prevailed in Christendom, when religion was all in all. They are the standing memorials and visible proofs of the deep, heartfelt impressions that Christianity wrought in the world when it was first preached. But it is not merely from its historical interest that I advocate the sacred importance of this custom. The object proposed at our schools of learning, by an observance of these forms, is to habituate the minds of our youth to the regular practice of social worship, and to train them up with a sense of the beauty and necessity of a daily communion with their Creator.

'I greatly doubt whether, even in such cases, any permanent dis-

taste

taste for devotion is produced by these observances. But among minds of a purer tone, such as are found in the far greater number of young persons, where the religious affections are ardent, though unsettled, and the sense of moral dependence is strong, though undefined, there are agencies forced into operation by this custom, which must be of the most essential benefit. The summons to chapel at the commencement and the close of every day—the recurring consciousness of the sacred duty—the constant representation of their dependence upon their Maker—the contrast of the devout ceremony and its solemn warnings, with the scene and the conversation which may have just been left—the harmony of these religious musings with the quiet studies of the day—the support and direction afforded to the transient and wavering aspirations after better things—these are influences so congenial to all our purer feelings, so beneficially associated with the general training of young minds, that their efforts can be destroyed or impaired only by some unnatural perverseness or insensibility.’—*Eton System Vindicated*, pp. 12, 13.

The Vindicator attributes the defective religious instruction at Eton during the last century to ‘the general religious indifference of the age.’ He has, we conceive, somewhat overstated this fact, which, to a certain extent, is undeniable. Be this as it may, no one would now question the necessity that religion should be taught in our great schools in its history, in its evidences, in its plainer doctrines, and, if possible, in its high and uncontroversial spirit. It should be taught, not as to the theologic student, but as to the well-informed Christian gentleman and the practical Christian. To this branch of study a strong impulse has been given by the munificent foundation of the present Duke of Newcastle. This nobleman, whose judicious liberality in ‘doing what he will with his own’ would be a fitter object for the imitation of his political antagonists than of their ill-assumed contempt, has instituted three scholarships of 50*l.* a-year, to be held at either university for the space of three years. According to the express direction of the founder, *the religious acquirements* of the candidates form an indispensable part of the examination for these honours. No boy who has not satisfied the examiners of his competency in this branch of study is permitted to enter further into the field of competition. We have seen more than one set of papers which have been proposed for these boys, at which we suspect that many candidates for holy orders, in former days, would have felt some awkward misgivings and perplexities; yet we have been credibly informed that, while no single boy, out of nearly forty candidates, has ever been rejected for want of sufficient information, some of the best instructed have answered the whole with surprising accuracy and extent of knowledge. Of course the benefit of this extraordinary impulse is not confined to the boys who are candidates for the scholarship; it influences

influences the general tone of mind throughout the school; and mingles itself with the general system of instruction.

It is, indeed, generally understood, that this high degree of religious knowledge is not so much attained by the public studies of the school, as in the private intercourse between the pupils and their tutor. There is one 'school-time' on the Saturday set apart exclusively for religious instruction; but, the 'Parent' complains with justice, this school-time is too frequently interfered with by different causes, which, according to ancient usage, convert the Saturday into a half holiday; besides this, there are Lent lessons in Burnet '*De Fide et Officiis*.' Some regulation appears desirable, by which this part of the instruction might be brought more regularly under the cognizance of the masters in the school; and there appears much truth in the objection, that part of the Sunday is devoted to the composition of a theme, which, though in general on a moral subject, is rather, in fact, an exercise in Latin composition.

But, notwithstanding this favourable result, the whole system of 'private business,' that is, of private study with the tutor, which is the privilege of a favoured few on the payment of a higher sum for tuition, appears to us radically wrong. In common justice, the whole disposable time of the tutor ought to be equally distributed among the pupils entrusted to his care. In practice, it is said, that a promising youth, whose parents are in narrow circumstances, may always be, and frequently is, admitted to the advantages of these private lectures without any additional charge; but however creditable this is to the liberality of the tutors, many parents may scruple to accept a boon of this nature, and yet have a just right to complain that any advantage should be enjoyed by one class of boys over another.* At all events, every appearance of favour to the more wealthy, any regulation which may afford the least ground for the suspicion of partiality, should be avoided with the most scrupulous jealousy. We shall again assert our privilege of impartial standers by, in explaining, without hesitation, the whole case. The plain fact is, that the tutors are shamefully underpaid, and this system has been allowed to creep in, under the specious pretext of affording an adequate remuneration for their labours. Those who are accustomed to tremble at the enormous expense of our public schools, will be surprised to hear that the payment for instruction is, to

* The 'Parent' animadverts on the injustice of excluding the collegers from private business. The *Vindicator* replies by suggesting, 'That it would give an unfair advantage to the wealthier scholars over their poorer competitors, in the examination for the King's College scholarships.' This is the weakest sentence in this excellent pamphlet. Things are much changed if the competition for the scholarships of King's be so fair or so formidable—we hope it is so.

the head-master, 6*l.* 6*s.*—to the tutor, 10*l.* 10*s.*—a small charge of about 2*l.* 10*s.* for other incidental matters, is the whole expense of Eton education. Noblemen, we believe, have the privilege, unenvied, we presume, by the most liberal democrat, of paying double. The private pupils pay to the tutor an additional 10*l.* 10*s.* It would be much better, in our opinion, if the whole school paid 15*l.* 15*s.*, or even 20*l.*—this, we believe, is paid at Harrow—than that this inequality should be permitted to exist. We wish distinctly to be understood as objecting only to this appearance of unfairness, not to the private business itself, which, whether to adapt the plan of tuition to the slower or peculiar capacities of the dull and wayward, or to encourage, to direct, to stimulate the more promising, is among the most valuable parts of the system. It is this which brings the institution into closer contact with the peculiar mind, and the intellectual and moral disposition of the individual; enables each tutor not only to classify his pupils according to the extent of their attainments—but to adapt the books which he selects for their study, so as to remedy the defects or to suit the peculiar genius of the individual: in short, it introduces, as far as it is possible in so large an establishment, the single advantage of private tuition, the more close attention to the development of the different faculties, which vary infinitely in different boys; the constant accommodation of the system of instruction to the necessities of each particular case.

Classical learning is—long may it continue!—the staple commodity of Eton School. To do justice to the impugnors of the present system, there is no controversy on this point. We will not, therefore, enter at any length into this question, or summon to our assistance the splendid passage in Professor Sedgwick's 'Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge,' in which he dwells on the advantages of classical learning. But there is another witness, whose authority on questions of education may be considered even more impartial and unbiassed. Although his own studies have led him to fathom the very depths of ancient learning in its most abstruse inquiries—yet his highly-philosophical mind, extensive knowledge of modern literature, and the profound attention which he has paid to the subject of education in general, give the greatest weight to the opinions of M. Victor Cousin. In the translation of his 'Report on Education in Prussia,' by that industrious and very clever person, Mrs. Austin, we find the following passage:—

'Classical studies are, without any comparison, the most important of all; for their tendency and their object is the knowledge of human nature, which they consider under all its grandest aspects: here, in the languages and the literature of nations, which have left indelible traces

traces of their passage on earth; there, in the fruitful vicissitude of history, constantly remodelling and constantly improving the frame of society. Lastly, in philosophy, which reveals the simplest elements and the uniform structure of that wonderful being, whom history, language, and literature successively invest with forms the most varied, yet all connected with some part, more or less important, of his internal constitution. Classical studies keep alive the sacred tradition of the moral and intellectual life of the human race. To curtail or enfeeble such studies would, in my eyes, be an act of barbarism—a crime against all true and high civilization—and, in some sort, an act of high treason against humanity.*

What is the use of dedicating so much of the most precious time of life to the study of two dead languages? We do not pretend to assert that the acquisition of classical knowledge to as great an extent as is attained by the generality of those who receive a liberal education, or, indeed, a high degree of scholarship, may not be compressed into a narrower compass: its elemental principles may perhaps be taught in a simpler and more compendious form; the power of commanding the treasures of ancient thought, of communicating in their native tongues with those master-spirits who have cast the unapproachable models of composition both in prose and verse, may be attained with less exclusive and prolonged devotion. But if the studies of youth are to be severely measured by their *utility*, we must first define this vague and ambiguous term, and clearly ascertain the precise point in controversy. In the higher and nobler sense, all knowledge is *of use*—as it enlarges the mind—as it exercises the reasoning faculties—as it multiplies the sources of refined and elegant pleasure—as it elevates above sordid and sensual pursuits—as it disinfects us from prejudice—as it enables to appreciate the value and dignity of truth—as it brings us acquainted with the nature of man as de-

* Under the shelter of such authority as Professor Sedgwick and M. Cousin, we entertain no great apprehensions from the denunciation of classical studies with which the lively author of the 'Bubbles' has interspersed his German 'Bath Guide.' The opinions of the 'Old Gentleman' may perhaps be thought of less weight, as, by his own account, he discontinued those studies at the age of fourteen! and cannot have a very accurate remembrance of their effect or influence. The writer of the original 'Bath Guide' was a thorough Eton man; and he likewise indulged in suggestions for the refinement of Eton education.

'Though the master who left it,—though no one objects
To his care of the boys in all other respects,—
Was extremely remiss as a sensible man,
In never devising some elegant plan
For improving their persons and showing them how
To hold up their heads and to make a good bow;
When they've got such a charming long room for a ball,
Where scholars might practise and masters and all.'

But perhaps the author of a certain 'Ride over the Pampas' would prefer the instruction of the boys in a *gallopade!*

veloped

veloped under different circumstances of age, of country, of social perfection—as it carries us upward to the object and the fountain of all knowledge, the supreme Author of the Creation. But taking the narrower and vulgar sense of *usefulness*, as confined to that which will be of value in the common intercourse or the ordinary occupations of life; which will enable a man to get on in the world, help him in any difficult occurrence, assist him in attaining a decent position in society, or in providing for his family—*useful* knowledge may be comprised in a very brief and compendious summary, or may be reduced to little more than the peculiar studies of each art or profession. Contingencies may arise in which knowledge the most remote from one's ordinary pursuits may be of the most inestimable value. The man of the most sedentary life and profession may be obliged to cross the ocean, and it is quite conceivable that he might be of the utmost use to the ill-managed vessel if he should happen to be acquainted with the principles of nautical science. But these are circumstances of such rare occurrence, and so entirely dependent upon mere accident, that they cannot enter into any general question of the *usefulness* of any course of instruction: they will only prove the wisdom of acquiring and treasuring up every kind of knowledge which may fall in our way. But how few out of the multitudes who pass through our schools directly apply to any practical purpose of after life the result of those lessons of which the *usefulness* is generally admitted? How many men pass through life, checking their weekly bills, summing up their bankers' book, calculating the rate of interest which the funds or any other investment may offer, without the application, without the power of applying any of the more complicated rules of arithmetic? Addition, subtraction, and multiplication do the whole work, without even the old forgotten Rule-of-Three. Who denies the *usefulness* to mankind at large of the study of the exact sciences? It would be treason to the wealth, the prosperity, the fame of the country for unrivalled invention—it would be an insult to the ashes of our Arkwrights and Watts, to hint a doubt upon such a question. But early education probably has done little for most of those, *qui vitam inventas coluere per artes*. The native genius of such men usually has, and ever will triumph over every difficulty; they have been their own schoolmasters. But the real question is the ordinary use, in the common affairs of life, of that superficial acquaintance with the mere elements of science, which is and must be the portion of the immense majority. In fact, except a little French for the purpose of conversation, the first elements of numbers, and perhaps just enough Latin to understand the commonest words and phrases, and of what more can we prove the actual, every-day, indispensable

sable necessity? Do we doubt then, do we cast the thinnest shadow of an objection upon the advantage of mathematical or scientific studies? Far otherwise; but we deny their superior usefulness in this lower and more sordid sense of the term. If such studies assert their dignity as an exercise to brace the reasoning faculties—to teach the hardy mind the pursuit of severe and naked truth—to open the great storehouse of the wonders of nature and the God of nature—to raise, in short, mankind in the scale of rational and intellectual being—we would catch the reverence if we fall far below the language of our Sedgwicks and Herschels; but when we have risen to these considerations, we have lost sight of the practical *usefulness* to which all youthful studies were referred, we have exploded the standard of the coarser utilitarianism as the measure of intellectual value. If we admit into our estimate of *use* the general improvement, enlargement, refinement, in the more classical sense the *information* of the mind, we demand an admission on at least equal terms for classical instruction, and all school exercises connected with ancient literature.

In this higher sense, we are jealous lest any one intellectual pursuit should claim the exclusive appellation of usefulness. Why continually submit that highest privilege of man, his intellectual perfection, to this mean test? Those who are constantly inquiring into the direct and immediate utility of any pursuit, will be sure to narrow their definition of utility, and degrade the intelligence of man into a mere instrument to provide for his physical comforts and increase his opulence. Let not the spirit of Joseph Hume be permitted to soar above the regions of Cocker! Let it be taught, let it be impressed upon the inmost feelings of the heart, that knowledge, like virtue, is its own reward. This false and debasing estimate of the value of knowledge is beginning to run through our whole theory of education. There are some very sensible observations of Mrs. Austin on this important subject, as it relates to a system of universal national education.

‘It seems to me that we are guilty of great inconsistency as to the ends and objects of education. How industriously have not its most able and zealous champions been continually instilling into the mind of the people, that education is the way to advancement; that knowledge is power; that a man cannot “better himself” without some learning! And then we complain, or we fear, that education will set them above their station, disgust them with labour, make them ambitious, envious, dissatisfied! We must reap as we sow; we set before their eyes objects the most tempting to the desires of uncultivated men—we urge them on to the acquirement of knowledge, by holding out the hope that knowledge will enable them to grasp these objects: if their minds are corrupted by the nature of the aim, and embittered by the failure which must be the lot of the mass, who is to blame?

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If, instead of nurturing expectations which cannot be fulfilled, and turning the mind in a track which must lead to a sense of continual disappointment, and theme of wrong, we were to hold out to our humbler friends the appropriate and attainable, nay, unfailing ends of a good education; the gentle and kindly sympathies; the sense of self-respect, and of the respect of fellow-men; the free exercise of the intellectual faculties, the gratification of a curiosity that "grows by what it feeds on," and yet finds food for ever; the power of regulating the habits and the business of life so as to extract the greatest possible portion of comfort out of small means; the refining and tranquillizing enjoyment of the beautiful in nature and art, and the kindred perception of the beauty and nobility of virtue; the strengthening consciousness of duty fulfilled; and, to crown all, "the peace which passeth all understanding;"—if we directed their aspirations this way, it is probable that we should not have to complain of being disappointed, nor they of being deceived. Who can say that wealth can purchase better things than these? And who can say that they are not within the reach of every man of sound body and mind, who, by labour not destructive of either, can procure for himself and his family food, clothing, and habitation?'—*Preface to Cousin's 'Report.'*

With *liberal* education the constant association of future profit or advancement is still more unnatural, incongruous, and degrading. Men are too apt, particularly in our *nation boutiquière*, to measure

‘the worth of every thing

By just as much as it will bring.’

Even classical learning too frequently degenerates into a marketable commodity.—Young men of powerful talents, but sordid minds, will labour to attain, and actually attain the highest honours of the Universities, with no other design or object than future emolument. Where the schoolmaster is so well paid, his mind will often not soar above his hire; classical learning will be manufactured, if we may speak, like any other ware, to meet the demand. We would not, of course, encourage the romantic notion that the purely disinterested love of learning is likely to prevail to any great extent; the honest desire of a provision for future life, the honourable ambition of obtaining respectability, advancement, or reputation, are motives for her worship which knowledge would be by no means wise to reject; but this we would say, that where these are manifestly the sole and engrossing incentives, they will only produce worshippers of little credit or value. Where the young man, however successful his career in the University, has acquired much classical knowledge without a ray of classical taste, or an impulse of feeling for the real beauties and sublimities of the authors, whom he has studied with the dogged determination with which a weaver goes through his work or an accountant a long ledger, that man is the
last

last person whom we would recommend as tutor to a boy of brilliant promise or lofty expectation—the goods may be decently made up for the market, but we must decline becoming the purchasers. We have been tempted to wander into this great question, but we cannot too strongly inculcate, that the mere acquisition of knowledge, particularly of knowledge measured by this low and debasing standard, is not the main end of education of any kind, least of all that of the education of those bred at our public schools.

It is not, however, so much the *object* as the *system* of teaching which has called forth the animadversion of those who have arraigned the Eton plan of education. The 'Parent' has given a programme of the usual business of a week, on the whole sufficiently accurate. But he has altogether omitted the incidental instruction which is conveyed by the master or required from the scholar during these lessons; and we are persuaded that he is totally mistaken in his opinion on the effect and importance of composition. Yet in some of his objections we are inclined to concur. Too many of the school-times are undoubtedly occupied in repeating by heart the lessons which have been construed in a previous school-time. Independent of the comparative waste of time to the boy, this mechanical drudgery must be very bad for the masters themselves—it is almost impossible to keep up the attention while fifty boys in succession are repeating the same passage; it must, in the common course of things, lead to inattention on his part, to a careless and slovenly manner of repeating in the boy; nor does it seem proper that the boys in the upper forms should have to repeat by heart long passages of Greek Grammar, with the rules of which they ought to be familiar, and which they are called upon to apply, with the strictest accuracy, during every lesson. These repetition school-times might be reduced with considerable advantage, and more variety, in some manner, introduced into the passages repeated.

A more important change has been already commenced, and, we believe, with the best effect—the further subdivision of the fifth form. The present system was probably adopted in order to bring as large a number as possible under the direct superintendence of the head master. But, as it is clearly impossible, during the period of the school-time, that the head master should, at once, pay that close attention to the senior boys, which will put to a fair test their acquirements, abilities, and diligence,—and examine, in the most superficial manner, the vast number who may calculate upon being 'called up,' as the phrase is, scarcely once or twice during a half year,—it is obviously expedient that the head master should confine his direct superintendence to a more select and less numerous class. This, whether confined to

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the sixth form, or comprising part of the upper fifth, would admit of the introduction of a higher class of books, or at all events would, with more propriety, permit the lesson to expand, as it does to a great degree at present, into what the Germans call an exegetical lecture. It appears to us, that, in this respect, the present Eton system is nearly perfect in its outline, and only requires to be adapted, by each master, to the age and proficiency of the division over which he has the superintendence. The lessons are prepared under the care of a tutor, out of the school-time;—(the 'Parent,' by his complaint that no lessons are learnt in school-hours, betrays, notwithstanding his intimate acquaintance with the detail of the business, a total ignorance of its real spirit;)—the scholar is expected to be perfect master of the construction, sense, and grammatical analysis of the passages, while the master may follow it out in all its bearings—either himself conveying the instruction in this manner, which best commands the interest of the boy, or eliciting it from the boy himself—and illustrate it by all the parallel or connected matter which may suggest itself to a ripe scholar. Perhaps this part of the Eton system of instruction may have partaken of the peculiar tone which has so long prevailed in English scholarship; it may have been too exclusively philological. Of course, whatever author may be read, his language must be thoroughly, clearly, and grammatically understood; but the discussion of the text, the examination of different readings, unless where the whole sense and beauty of the passage depends on the question, are misplaced in an interpretation of a classical author, addressed to boys. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Sedgwick, though strenuous advocates for composition, and for composition in verse in general, that too exclusive attention has been paid to verbal criticism; and here may be a main reason for the fact that, although our Universities have certainly required a high general standard of classical attainment, classical studies maintain a less strong and lasting hold on the mind of the educated classes of this country than elsewhere.

'I think it incontestably true' (says the Cambridge Professor) 'that, for the last fifty years, our classical studies (with much to demand our undivided praise) have been too critical and formal; that we have sometimes been taught, while straining after an accuracy beyond our reach, to value the husk more than the fruit of ancient learning; and if of late years our younger members have written prose Greek almost with the purity of Xenophon, or composed iam-bics with the finished diction of the Attic poets, we may well doubt whether time suffices for such perfection—whether the imagination and the taste might not be more wisely cultivated than by a long sacrifice to what, after all, ends but in verbal imitations;—in short, whether such acquisitions, however beautiful in themselves,

themselves, are not gained at the expense of something better. This at least is true, that he who forgets that language is but the sign and vehicle of thought, and while studying the word, knows but little of the sentiment—who learns the measure, the garb, the fashion of ancient song, without looking to its living soul, or feeling its inspiration—is not one jot better than a traveller in classic land, who sees its crumbling temples, and numbers, with arithmetical precision, their steps and pillars, but thinks not of their beauty, their design, or the living sculptures on their walls—or who counts the stones in the Ap-pian way, instead of gazing on the monuments of the Eternal City.'—*Discourse*, p. 37.

It is precisely this which the Germans call the æsthetic part of education, this cultivation of high sensibility and masculine taste, which our eloquent professor would wish to see more widely dif-fused, that the head master, and indeed all the masters at Eton, have constant opportunity of mingling up, in due proportion, with grammatical or more general instruction; thus alleviating the irksomeness of the drier and more abstruse studies, and enlist-ing the ardent feelings of youth in the cause of study. There is certainly some evil in degrading the great writers of antiquity into school-books. Byron, according to his own account, never re-covered the distaste for Horace which he acquired when reluct-antly construing his verses at Harrow. Milton proposes to keep the great and more perfect poets sacred from the profanation of elementary teaching, and would adopt Cato and Columella, and such writers, for the rudiments of Latin.* But, at least in the *higher parts* of such a school as Eton, we are convinced that the manifest appreciation of the invention, the vigour, the purity of the great poets, of the manly strength, the arrangement and per-spiciuity of the great prose writers of antiquity, in the master, does excite, and always will excite, a kindred spirit in the clever and lively pupil: thus attracted, he will even drudge at the gram-matical niceties with less repugnance; he will not merely gain a remote and indistinct notion of the advantages of superior scholar-ship—but possibly a taste, a passion, an enthusiasm for such studies, which will give a high and dignified tone in public life—or throw a permanent and graceful refinement into the cha-racter of the private man. This kind of incidental teaching is not only valuable, as forming the taste, but as conveying knowledge in its most attractive and interesting form. It happily unites the advantage of teaching by lectures, with the old school system of the examination of each individual pupil. To a master of a phi-

* Milton on Education, Prose Works, vol. i. p. 283. In reviewing some months ago the strange book called 'The Doctor,' we quoted part of a chapter on the choice of Latin school-books, the whole of which will well reward our readers' attention.

philosophical mind and ample and varied reading, every lesson in a poet may be a lesson not only in the Greek or Latin language, but on the theory of taste, on the comparative style and merit of different imaginative writers, shown in parallel and illustrative passages. Every lesson, in the same manner, in Greek and Roman history will open out into numberless questions, by which the knowledge, the judgment, the reading, the tone of mind of the pupil, may at once be brought to the test, and the master be constantly infusing fresh stores of valuable information. Modern history, even if not directly taught, may be brought to bear, and that in the most useful manner, upon the study of the ancient constitutions. The analogies and the differences between the ancient and modern forms, usages, laws, and opinions—between the more distinguished characters and signal events of either period—will expand into a boundless field of information, on which the young mind may be led along in the most agreeable and persuasive manner.

By this improvement on the present system of classification a higher and more various order of books might be adopted in the head-master's class. As the 'Vindicator' well observes—

'The real defect in this part of the Eton system is, that the same books are read without distinction in all the upper classes. The age of the scholars in the fifth and sixth forms varies, on an average, from fourteen to eighteen, yet they all read the same books, and the same quantities of each. A scholar who attains the top of the school is confined to the same routine of study during the last four or five years of his course. During the same period, also, there are no public examinations, no trials by which competition may be sustained, and gradual advancement ensured.'

Nothing could so long and so effectually have neutralized the evil of thus apparently placing so large a portion of the school on the same level, as that more accurate and comprehensive kind of lecture-lesson addressed by the head-master, more particularly to the senior boys of his division: to which there is only this rational objection—that the system of incidental instruction which is calculated for the upper boys is in general above the lower. It has become a prevailing custom, originating probably in some vague and indistinct notion of this more tardy and uncertain improvement in the upper part of the school, to withdraw boys, while in the upper division of the fifth form, and send them to a private tutor to prepare them for the University. This is a great mistake, as the education in the sixth form is unquestionably the best in the whole school; the most imperfect is that during the long interval in which the boy is passing through the upper division of the fifth form. It is this part which ought to be made over to another master, exclusively devoted to

its care, as is at present the case with the master or masters in the lower divisions. It is here that the system of instruction wants a more close and direct application to each individual. As, however, it is of the utmost importance, that the authority and influence of the head-master should extend over as large a part of the school as possible—that as great a number as conveniently may be should be brought, at least occasionally, into contact with him; that which is, in all other respects, desirable, a system of terminal examinations, or collections as they are called in the University, if not under his direct management as to all its details, under his general superintendence, would make his presence felt, as it were, through the whole school, and enable him, from his personal knowledge, to form a fair estimate of the talents and attainments of the different boys. We must not incur the charge so justly made against the ‘Parent,’ of bringing forward, with a tone of ‘pompous originality,’ arrangements so obvious and commonplace as these. We doubt not that plans, equally if not far more effective, have occurred to the governors of the school. This is intimated by the ‘Vindicator,’ who appears to be well acquainted with the secret counsels of the Eton masters; though, obviously, he is neither one of their body, nor connected with them by any tie which fetters his perfect freedom of opinion.

The books at present read in the higher forms at Eton are mostly selections from the classic authors. The only works which are read from beginning to end are the *Iliad*, *Horace*, and the *Æneid*. The ‘Parent’ complains of the omission of the ‘*Georgics*,’ and in a sentence, intended at once, no doubt, to show his powers of irony and his talents for enlightened criticism, thus accounts for the neglect of that which we fully concur in considering as Virgil’s ‘*incomparable poem* :—

‘His subject in the one (the “*Georgics*”) did not allow him to abide by the cold rules of the epic; and therefore, *for that I know*, the “*Georgics*” may be deemed defective compositions by persons who estimate the beauty of poetry by the arbitrary rules of the schools.’

We have no doubt of the justice of this conjecture; the ‘*Æneid*’ must have been placed in this undue pre-eminence at the time when Martinus Scriblerus was master of Eton. This, however, is mere bad taste; but when this writer speaks of the ‘*licentious*’ lines in the Eton *Poëtæ Græci*, is it Puritanism or ignorance? Unquestionably, the selections from the classical authors now in use at Eton will admit of great improvement; nor can we doubt that the well-known taste and judgment, and extensive acquaintance not only with ancient but with foreign literature, of the future master, Mr. Hawtrey, will be directed to this

important

important subject. This gentleman has already given an admirable guarantee for his capacity, as well as desire of improvement, in the '*Eton Atlas of Comparative Geography*,' published under his care. We have no scruple to pronounce this work almost a singular instance of a school-book which fully comes up to the improved state of knowledge on a most important subject. We have seen some selections for the use of Harrow School, which, on a cursory examination, appear to us superior to any which have yet appeared in this country. If they are as good as we suppose, it would be false pride to refuse to adopt them at Eton—more particularly as we understand that they have been chiefly made by a scholar, himself an Etonian, and thoroughly Etonian in the cast and habits of his mind, Mr. Henry Drury. If, however, the dignity of Eton will not submit to receive its school-books from a kindred institution, it appears to us that the great principles on which such a selection should be framed are obvious and simple. The passages, both from the poets and the prose writers, should be both beautiful or remarkable in themselves, and show a kind of regular and historical progress. Brief specimens of the poets would show the gradual growth of each kind of poetry to its height and perfection—in the later period both of Greek and Roman poetry, running parallel with, and closely connected with, the political history. We are persuaded that a complete history of Grecian poetry might easily be compiled from passages suited to the understanding and attainments of boys, and likely more than any other exercise to awaken a lively interest, and to present introductory information on the style and peculiarities of each author.

In the same manner, a selection of no unwieldy extent might comprehend the whole course of Greek and Roman history; fixing, in the inimitable language of the great historians—perhaps of the orators—the great landmarks of fame, the more remarkable æras, and the more distinguished characters, who have stamped the impress of their being upon their times. Such a compilation, well arranged, and interpreted by a master accurately versed in the history of all ages, would be the best mode of conveying historical knowledge of ancient times; and might, in the manner above suggested, lead to comparisons between the states and the events of the ancient and modern world, which would incidentally introduce a wide range of modern history, stimulating to diligent inquiry, and rewarding that diligence by thus admitting it, in the most legitimate manner, into the ordinary business; giving the boy an opportunity of obtaining distinction by his private reading, from its connexion with the daily lessons in the school.

To this incentive for the display of knowledge, which does not

actually form part of the school instruction, original composition always has been, and may be made still more, a powerful auxiliary. We are sure that no master, at all acquainted with the better part of the working of the ancient system, will in the slightest degree, unless to regulate a more equable distribution in the different weeks, interfere with its amount, or withdraw the customary honours for success in this department. Here the Vindicator has some sensible and moderate animadversions upon the rash and indiscriminate dogmatism of the 'Parent.'

'Original composition is, perhaps, the most important feature of the public studies. I had thought that the benefits of this practice had been universally acknowledged, and that the peculiar refinement which characterizes the scholarship of Eton men had been traced to it. It is, therefore, with unmixed surprise that I read the following passages in the "Remarks." "The first step to be taken, if any step ever is to be taken at Eton, must consist in an entire abolition of the ridiculous system of original composition." "Composition is, unquestionably, the least useful of all the excellencies of scholarship." The object of original composition in a foreign language is to adapt the ideas of the scholar to the modes of thought and expression peculiar to the writers of that language. The works of the classical authors of Greece and Rome are the best known models of chastened imagery, of just reflection, and especially of simple, energetic, and concise expression. Original composition, in express imitation of such works, while it gives full exercise to the native genius of the writer, will instinctively embody his "airy nothing" in the shapes and proportions of those master-minds. There is an attractive and assimilative power in such works which can gradually form, after its own image, the developing sensibilities of inferior minds. Their earlier ideas and images are thus moulded in the die of classical beauty. Literal translations, which the author of the "Remarks" would substitute in its place, cannot produce this effect. In such an exercise, the habit acquired is that of a servile imitation of words and phrases; there is no exertion of thought, none of that secret process by which the mind arranges, and modifies, and determines the expression of its own conceptions after a fixed standard.'—*Eton Vindicated*, p. 30.

Translation is, in fact, though in some respects the most valuable, in others the most dangerous mode of instruction. If free and bold, it is apt to become loose and vague, and ceases to be a test of accurate scholarship. If close and literal, it forms a foreign and pedantic style. The first principles of English composition ought to be introduced into the Eton system, but the soundest instruction, in the idiomatic freedom of a genuine English style, would be continually struggling with, and too often, we are persuaded, would be unable to shake off the fetters which would be imposed by a constant practice of translation from the dead languages.

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On the subject of Eton verse-making, however, we regret to find ourselves at direct issue with the writer with whom we have hitherto proceeded on terms of most amicable agreement. Happily he has lent us his own assistance in directly confuting his own arguments. For if, as he justly states, the peculiar refinement which characterizes the scholarship of Eton men has been traced to their habits of original composition—as it is notorious, and indeed fully admitted by our author, that poetic composition has hitherto engrossed almost the whole attention, this distinctive taste and elegance must clearly be attributed to the once envied but now decried Eton verse-making. There is this unanswerable argument in its favour—that boys have always taken and always will take a lively and almost impassioned interest in this kind of composition, while we suspect that the most powerful influence of the most popular master will be unable to excite the same emulation or zeal in the writing of Latin prose. On what subjects are boys to write prose?—on those trite and common moral topics which are usually given as subjects for themes. To discuss these with any degree of originality of thought, or to rise above the flattest truism, requires the most matured powers of reasoning, and the deepest insight into human nature. Even in our own language, to array these commonplace maxims in any felicity of expression or grace of style, requires all the taste of Addison, all the vigour of Johnson; in schoolboy Latin, they are sure to degenerate into a set of jejune and borrowed phrases. Wretched as may be the mass of verse composed at school, the bald and idealess prose is infinitely worse. Boys, often acute enough in discovering their own weak points, are conscious of this. Not one in a hundred can feel any pride in his Latin prose composition; nothing of that delight which the clever boy experiences at what he supposes some happy or tasteful turn of expression, some sonorous or softly-flowing verse, some original gleam of fancy, or some skilful transfusion of more modern poetic ideas into classical language. But without this pride, without this inward self-approbation, there will be no sustained or vigorous effort, no honourable rivalry. Dissertations on subjects of history, or on historical characters, might occasionally be substituted; *—for, after all, we would not discourage the

* The greater variety introduced into the Rugby system of composition has many recommendations. 'There are exercises in composition, in Greek and Latin prose, Greek and Latin verse, and English prose, as in other large classical schools. In the subjects given for original composition in the higher forms, there is a considerable variety. Historical descriptions of any remarkable events, geographical descriptions of countries, imaginary speeches and letters, supposed to be written on some great question, or under some memorable circumstances; etymological accounts of words in different languages, and criticisms on different books, are found to offer an advantageous variety to the essays on moral subjects to which boys' prose composition has sometimes

the composition of Latin prose, though we would not sacrifice that of verse; and we by no means share in the *Parent's* awful horror at a Greek theme, which may be sometimes a very valuable and scholarlike test of proficiency in the Greek language.—But for essays of this kind, they would be conscious of want of information; the arrangement, the distribution, the management of materials, even if at their command, require a mature and practised hand. Boys can scarcely write good themes, and are not ripe for disquisitions. The imaginative are developed before the reasoning faculties, and in the great object of enlightening the mind, and creating an appetite for intellectual exertion, we should be most unwise to repudiate their assistance. These are the active and spontaneous energies of the young mind, and if enlisted in the cause of improvement, will give place in due time to those graver powers of thought which are later and more slowly matured. But let us give our adversary a fair hearing:—

'Poetical composition, confined by metrical rules, and limited in its words and phrases to established modes of expression, necessarily assumes an artificial form. When uninspired by genius, freely moulding and arranging its outward forms at will, it degenerates into a mere mechanical art, requiring nothing more than a ready application of technical usages. One of the greatest of our living poets has attributed to the peculiar technicalities acquired by this early habit of Latin verse-making, that style of writing, which in so many instances infected the English poetry of the last generation, which was characterized by imagery without reality, and words without things.'—pp. 32, 33.

Our object is not to make poets, but scholars. But let us say a word on the curious question raised by Mr. Wordsworth in the celebrated essay here alluded to. Writing verses at school will never make, we doubt if it will ever mar, a real poet. Even as to Italy, we suspect that if the most successful writers of Latin verse had confined their labours to their native tongue, they would have added little to the treasures of Italian poetry. Vida, Fracastoro, Naugerio, and even Politian and Sanazzaro, were not men of splendid invention or daring originality of thought. Scholars would have lost much if these delightful writers had never shown their exquisite skill in the more artificial style of Latin

sometimes been confined.'—*Quarterly Journal of Education*, No. xiv. p. 239. This article contains some very acute and sensible remarks on *construing* into English,—though there is something ludicrously whimsical in supposing that *boys* could be taught to translate Homer in words almost exclusively Saxon; the tragedians, in words principally Saxon, but 'mixed with many of French or foreign origin, like the language of Shakspeare; Herodotus in the style and language of the chroniclers; Thucydides in that of Bacon and Hooker; while Demosthenes, Cicero, Cæsar and Tacitus require a style completely modern.' Surely this is a pedantic dream!

composition

composition in which they excelled; we doubt if the readers of Italian poetry would have gained. We would still rather read Sannazaro's *Eclogues* than his '*Arcadia*.' The real poets of Italy threw aside these trammels, and it would be difficult to conjecture that they had ever thought or spoke in any tongue but their own. From the exquisite perfection of Petrarch's language, in his vernacular sonnets and canzoni, who would suspect him to have been the author of a heavy and laborious Latin epic? Boiardo wrote Latin verse, and with some grace and facility; but can we discern the least vestige of its frigid and artificial influence in his unbridled romanticism? Ariosto and Tasso composed in Latin; but the pure idiomatic Italian of the '*Orlando*,' and the rich, the gorgeous language of the '*Gerusalemme*,' are alike free from unnatural or Latinized turns of expression; they luxuriate indeed in imagery, but surely not in imagery without reality.

In this country the cultivation of Latin poetry, though a more close and fastidious study of the niceties of metre and quantity may have gradually grown up in some of our public schools, was not by any means exclusively characteristic of the last century. The peculiarity of Milton's highest poetical style was something of a Latin and artificial cast. We dare not call this a fault, for we cannot but look with reverence on the vigorous and splendid antique mould which his whole mind and diction had assumed—Sampson moves so nobly in his fetters, that we would scarcely wish to see him drop them. But this was the effect, not of the Latin verse which he wrote in his youth, but of the Latin prose, which was the serious occupation of his manhood. It is the antagonist of Salmasius and the Latin secretary of the Republic, not the elegiac poet, that is to be traced in the artificial collocation of words and the less colloquial idioms of the '*Paradise Lost*.' The English poems which Milton wrote in early youth, the '*Allegro*' and '*Penseroso*,' with the lyric parts of '*Comus*,' are in a much freer and more vernacular vein—yet at this time he was fresh from his Cambridge verses; and his beautiful '*Mansus*' and '*Epitaphium Damonis*' were the fruits of his Italian journey. Cowley was a Latin as well as an English writer; but it was his English that infected his Latin style, rather than his Latin that trammelled his English. Addison's '*Campaign*' would have been no better poem, if he had never written the clever Latin verses on the Puppet-show. Gray, after all, is the only real poet whose style betrays (and that by no means in his more perfect pieces, in his '*Elegy*' and less elaborate odes) the author of the splendid *Alcaics* on the Grand Chartreuse; and in Gray must be taken into account the whole sensitive and fastidious character of the man—the

the inborn timidity, which, as well as the inbred classical taste, repressed that daring lyric energy which burned within him, and led him to be overstudious of mere diction—rich, and pure, and harmonious as that diction usually is—the congeniality, in short, of his native genius with that overwrought cultivation. In the other poets of the period, Collins, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, of course, there is no vestige of this accomplishment, which the birth of some, and the habits of the others, had prevented their acquiring. Nor can we attribute the splendid faults of Johnson's style to his passion for writing indifferent Latin verse. As to the minor versifiers, if their frigid and artificial lines were constructed on a more formal model, and their elaborate diction devoid of fancy, feeling, and, in general, of imagery, we suspect that poverty of genius was more to blame than early education. The public taste soon takes its revenge on this kind of mediocrity as on that more ambitious mediocrity of the present day, which runs riot in language careless of the simplest elements of poetry, and in metres equally contemptuous of the deep and subtle principles of poetic harmony.

We repeat, that the writing of Latin verse is only valuable as the means of acquiring a more perfect and tasteful scholarship; if practised in after life by men of superior powers, it is never treated as more than an elegant recreation; as in his dignified and truly philosophic retirement, by the late Lord Grenville. If it continued to be a favourite study—as it had been the boyish pride—of some of the statesmen of the last century, we cannot discover that its influence was more unfavourable to the oratory than to the poetry of the day. Who would trace its artificial restraint in the frank, and energetic, and vernacular simplicity of Fox? Canning, though of necessity, in his active public career, a frequent and copious speaker, may, in some respects, be considered the Gray of English oratory; yet we cannot but think that Canning's style, if it had gained in idiomatic freedom, would have lost more if deprived of its fastidious purity of diction, its graceful classical allusion, and its general high-wrought tone of composition. We could adduce even more modern instances: Mr. Stanley obtained a prize for Latin verse, in the university; yet Mr. Stanley's style is singularly easy and unfettered. We are even credibly informed that the Chancellor himself amuses his leisure hours between the duties of the woolsack, the cabinet, the bench, and the mechanic's institute, with the composition of Greek verses; yet the enemies of Lord Brougham will scarcely trace the effect of these stolen moments of classical enjoyment upon his ordinary style of speaking. No one will deny his free and fluent command of the vulgar tongue. For ourselves, indeed,

indeed, we are not without hope, that a tract on Greek prosody, from its accomplished Patron, may at length appear among the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. We might pursue this inquiry into other branches of literature. Though the name of Mr. Hallam is prefixed to some of the best verses in the *Musæ Etonenses*, he is not less the master of a manly and vigorous style of historical composition unsurpassed in his age. In short, as an attractive exercise, as an incentive to diligent study, Latin verse-making may be of incalculable service to young minds of the highest order—it can do no harm to any mind which is capable of better things.

While, then, we would jealously preserve the present system of classical study in our great schools, and only with the utmost caution depart from the long-tried mode of conducting the classical studies, every judicious friend to the education of the better classes, every admirer of the general tone of English character, developed in the public schools of the country, would be anxious to engraft upon the present system every study which may qualify the young man to bear his part in the great struggle for intellectual eminence, which must become more difficult, and require stronger nerve in proportion to the general diffusion of intelligence. The elementary education at our public schools should be as universal as possible: every facility should be given to minds of different bias and capacity, to expand according to the impulse of nature. Without entering into the old and worn-out question of natural genius, it is impossible to deny that most minds have a peculiar turn for certain pursuits: if their taste happen to accord with the line of study laid down in the school, they proceed with tenfold energy, and the most brilliant success.

Whether the rudiments of the exact sciences, the higher branches of arithmetic, or the elementary parts of mathematics should be generally enforced, as a branch of school education, is a question which would deserve a profound and philosophical examination. The names of Sir John Herschel and Mr. Lubbock may prove that the modern system of Eton instruction contains nothing fatal to the development of the most splendid scientific attainments. We have been informed, that these gentlemen, though the hereditary right of Sir J. Herschel to scientific knowledge must, of course, be taken into consideration, commenced their scientific career after they had left Eton. There would be great difficulty—some might doubt whether there would be great advantage—in incorporating as an indispensable part of a public education, the knowledge of that which Mr. Sedgwick beautifully calls ‘a strange and to many minds a repulsive language, which, rejecting both the senses and the imagination, speaks only to
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the understanding.' But undoubtedly to all, to whom it is not decidedly repulsive, every means should be taken to facilitate, to encourage the acquisition of this 'mighty instrument of thought, which teaches us to link together the phenomena of past and future times; and gives the mind a domination over many parts of the material world, by teaching it to comprehend the laws by which the actions of material things are governed.' Mathematical attainment should unquestionably be accessible to all, and the Governors of the school have already recognized the expediency of this improvement, by securing the assistance of a high wrangler at Cambridge, as mathematical teacher. But even if not a regular part of the school business, it might be made a title to honourable distinction; some kind of prize or honorary mark, placed at the disposal of the mathematical master, and taken into the account in the general estimate of a boy's proficiency, or publicly noticed by the head master, would associate the mathematical master more closely with the general system. The reading in private business, or encouraging the solitary perusal of such works as Sir John Herschel's Introduction, or Mr. Whewell's or Dr. Prout's Bridgewater Treatises, would stimulate those who feel within themselves a bias towards scientific pursuits, and bring, as it were, the general tone of mind in the school more into unison with an age in which these studies command so large a share of public attention.

The incorporation of the study of modern languages with the business of the school is a point of still more acknowledged expediency, yet of still more impracticable difficulty. Of all persons, the master elect of Eton, Mr. Hawtrey, is least likely to be indifferent to the encouragement of such accomplishments. A scholar, who can transfuse the grace and sweetness of English poetry into German or Italian, or from one foreign language into another, with such perfect idiomatic propriety, and frequently with so much skill and felicity of expression, as is shown in some of the elegant compositions* of this gentleman which have fallen under our notice, will appreciate at its highest value this important branch of liberal education, and facilitate its cultivation by every available means in his power. Yet we candidly confess that we are at a loss to conceive any practicable plan by which the study of foreign languages can be effectively incorporated with the studies of so numerous an establishment. We learn French, not merely to make ourselves masters of the literary treasures of the language, but for the more practical purposes of conversation. Correct pronunciation, and an intimate acquaintance with the

* See, for example, the beautiful versions of Goethe prefixed to the little selection from that poet lately published at Eton. Perhaps his *lyrical* vein has never been so well caught as by Mr. Hawtrey.

idiomatic peculiarities of the language, are essential to our knowledge; more than this, if we are badly taught, we have every thing to unlearn. It is not merely waste, but positive mis-employment of our time, if we acquire a barbarous pronunciation, or a faulty manner of expressing ourselves. For this insuperable reason, we look with great mistrust on an attempt in one of our public schools to which we have alluded, to place this study under the care of the ordinary masters. If, as we believe, no foreign language can be taught, as a living language ought to be taught, but by a native of the country—the incorporation of the rudiments of foreign languages into the general system would require almost a second complete establishment of foreign teachers. To instruct five hundred boys, eight or ten masters would be indispensable. Their particular school-hours, their places in the school must be set apart, their authority upheld by the same powers of maintaining discipline. Yet, after all, from the peculiar difficulty of teaching foreign languages, particularly for purposes of conversation, in classes, or by lectures, the instruction will at last be imperfect, and inadequate to its end. In fact, we scarcely see our way to any improvement on the present system, by which every facility for learning modern languages, French, Italian, German, we believe Spanish, is afforded to those whose parents are anxious that they should acquire such accomplishments—but the attendance is voluntary on the part of the pupils. Parents, indeed, would be wise in taking care that their sons have already acquired the rudiments of French, before the period when boys are ordinarily sent to the public schools. The earlier this study is commenced the better. Every one knows that the flexible organs cannot be too early habituated to a correct pronunciation; and much less time will be withdrawn from the general studies of the school, if the pupil has only to keep up and to improve a talent, of which he has already learned the use. Little more, perhaps, can be done in the way of direct instruction; but much by the general tone and impulse which will be given to such voluntary studies by the avowed and constant interest in such accomplishments, which a master, himself highly skilled in modern languages, will find, or will make perpetual opportunities of introducing. For, after all, we suspect that, in a great school, it is not so much the system, as the master himself, that gives the general tone and character to the studies of the place. It is the command which he obtains, the confidence which he inspires, the manner and the language in which he incites, encourages, admonishes—the interest which he appears to take in the general proficiency—the relative importance which he attaches to the different branches of study—his own taste, feeling, judgment—his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge—his moral discrimination in his com-
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ments on the lessons of the school, which are reflected and multiplied in the answering mirrors of the young minds around him. In him resides the power of converting the dry and irksome task into an exercise of the imagination, of the memory, and of the reason, cheerfully and emulatively, instead of heavily and reluctantly, performed. It is his part in every branch of knowledge, even in the highest—

‘To allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.’

The improvement of our great public schools, their advancement in the effective cultivation of every branch of knowledge, which ought to form part of the education of an English gentleman, is not merely intrinsically important, but more highly so, as an integral part of the general system of liberal education, and as affecting the state and the influence of the universities. High as our universities stand, it is only from the defects of the lower and preliminary systems of education that they do not stand still higher. We would resist the temptation of making any remarks on the present position of the Universities, (a subject so important should not be dismissed with a mere incidental notice,) but we cannot refrain from pointing out the admirable consistency with which their adversaries conduct their attacks on these venerable institutions. On the one hand, we hear the most grave remonstrances against the illiberality, the injustice of excluding any part of the subjects of the realm, on account of religious differences, from the inestimable advantages of academic instruction; it is a wicked invasion on the common rights of all Britons, exclusively to appropriate this invaluable privilege:—On the other, the universities are represented as dens of vice and iniquity, from the contamination of which the Dissenters ought to consider it a moral mercy if their children are excluded by the jealous illiberality of the Church. One branch of the legislature, it appears, adopts the opinion, the most flattering to the pride, if the most dangerous to the privileges of the universities. On the expediency of parliamentary interference in such matters, the only point on which we would now touch, we happen to have at hand an authority, which with all wise men ought to bear considerable weight, with Whig statesmen might demand a still more deferential hearing. A recent biography of Sir James Mackintosh induced us to refer to some reviews attributed to his powerful pen—among the rest to one of ‘Gibbon’s Life and Miscellaneous Works,’ in the ‘Monthly Review,’ which bears strong internal marks of his vigorous style and philosophic mind. Gibbon, at a period when it would have been difficult altogether to exculpate the University of Oxford—nay, when a positive case of dereliction of their high duties might, perhaps, have been made out—observed, that even the omnipotence of parliament would shrink from an inquiry into the state

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of the two universities. The Reviewer thus comments upon this passage :—

‘The difficulty of reforming abuses, in which great and powerful bodies of men are interested, has ever been a general and natural subject of complaint—but ought a philosopher really to lament that the rights and privileges of great societies are not, even for the specious object of reformation, subjected to the discretion of the legislature? If, even for the most apparently salutary objects, these rights and privileges could be trampled under foot, there could no longer be either fixed law or secure liberty in a nation. The privileges of orders and bodies of men are the mounds and barriers which protect the rights of individuals. The most dangerous projects are generally carried on under the cover of the most specious pretexts; and it is better that reformation should be difficult (which at least ensures it against precipitation), than that law should be uncertain, and the enjoyment of many lives and properties precarious.’—*Monthly Review for May, 1796.*

The fatal error committed by the Cambridge petitioners, men for whom individually we entertain great respect, was the evoking a cause, which strictly belonged to the University itself, to a foreign tribunal, which had no legitimate jurisdiction.

Holding the opinions they did, their constitutional course, as members of the academic body, was by every means of influence and argument to bring round the Senate of the University to their own sentiments. If these sentiments, as they assume, were those of the age—if they were based on the great principles of justice and right—however slowly and reluctantly, the University must eventually have yielded the point, and spontaneously opened its doors, and under its own terms and regulations admitted the Dissenters to its privileges. But if the parliament once interfere, will not that interference, provoked and solicited by their own free supplication, in all probability be carried much farther than these gentlemen contemplated, and which the majority of them would deprecate from the bottom of their hearts? Parliament, by unnecessarily resorting to the extreme measure of exercising its *summum imperium* on a question of this nature, brings itself to this difficult and perilous dilemma. Either it will enforce the admission of Dissenters into the Universities or it will not. If it does not—if it passes an ineffective or nugatory bill, it lowers its own dignity, and commits a gross fraud upon the Dissenters themselves. It pretends to remove a grievance for which it does not, in fact, administer the slightest palliative. If it does enforce its object, it commits a most flagrant attack on the liberty of conscience. It takes away from the large body of heads and fellows of colleges, who are at present in possession of the academic instruction, the right of conducting that education according to their own

own conscientious views;—it compels the omission of certain parts of instruction, which they may consider essential and indispensable to the faithful discharge of their duty. In short, it rushes headlong into a contest in which it cannot fail with dignity—it cannot conquer without exercising the most tyrannical violence upon the deliberate principles and feelings—call them prejudices if you will—of a large, a respectable, nay, a most venerable body of the best-educated men in the kingdom.

As to those who are perpetually pouring forth their passionate invectives against the vices and immoralities of our universities (our public schools do not escape the same impeachment), we trust that we offend not against Christian charity when we assert, that those writers rarely appear to be actuated by pure and sacred motives. It is a degrading office to rake into all the tales of college profligacy, and to pour them forth upon the public, in their ill-disguised offensiveness. It in general betrays rather the pruriency of a jaded sensualist, than the honest indignation of a moral, virtuous man.* We have no doubt that there is some profligacy in public schools; much more, with some gambling, at the universities. It would be well, however, to remember the pregnant sentences of the Roman philosopher,—‘*Erras, si existimas nostri sæculi esse vitium luxuriam et negligentiam boni moris, et alia quæ objicit suis quisque temporibus. Hominum sunt ista non temporum: nulla ætas vacavit a culpâ. Et si æstimare licentiam cujusque sæculi incipias: pudet dicere, nunquam apertius, quam coram Catone, peccatum est.*’ Mr. Beverley was no Cato, and possibly some of his loathsome stories—*quorum pars magna fuit*—may be true; but how much of this grievance is fairly to be assigned to the remissness of the academical authorities—how much to human nature?

It is fair to take into the account not only the vast numbers of youth who are assembled together at this most critical and dangerous period of the boiling blood, the riotous passion, and the immature reason; but all the circumstances of their earlier, their domestic education. The university cannot exercise a severe moral discrimination as to those it admits within its walls; it receives the sons, not merely of parents whose whole virtuous lives have been dedicated to the public service, to intellectual or at least to blameless and useful pursuits, but those also of the Squire Westerns

* The author of a satire called ‘*Oxford in 1834*,’ containing some point and a few well-turned verses, would show his zeal for the moral improvement of the University, by inserting a luscious tale of seduction. We regret that the ‘*Parent*,’ evidently a man of sincere piety and virtue, has condescended to hint at the low intrigue of some youth of rank or fortune, who resided in a separate house with a private tutor. He must know that this separation of a single boy from the rest is an act of the parent, discountenanced by the directors of the school; and that the private tutor is responsible for any neglect of duty to the parent alone.

and the Lord Rochesters of the day—of men of boisterous and vulgar, or of more elegant, dissipation. It has youths who are bred not where the conversation is of Sir Robert Peel's last speech, Mr. Faraday's brilliant discovery, the new work of Mr. Southey or Mr. Moore; but of the number of pheasants bagged in the last *battue*, the last victim who suffered at Crockford's, the fashionable intrigue of the day: from such, as well as from the sons of virtuous and religious houses, is formed the young republic which is to be governed by the academical authorities. It is, probably, from the report, or from his actual presence at the orgies of some such individual or set, that the *soi-disant* 'Foreigner of Rank' has drawn his picture of 'Oxford as it is.' It should seem, indeed, from his animadversions on the 'gormandizing habits' of the Dons, as he familiarly calls the heads of colleges, that he has visited Oxford during one of those periods of hospitable festivity in which the hall tables do certainly groan under their delicate burthens; and has only mistaken this period of rare and chartered licence for the ordinary style of living.

If this 'nobleman' had taken the trouble to attend the examination schools; if he had condescended to inquire the relative number even of the sons of the higher aristocracy who take degrees, and take them with honour; if he had ascertained, with the more quiet and studious part of the university, the comparative estimate in which a gold tassel and a silk gown are held, with a prize or a first class; if, in short, he had not mistaken a bad *set* for the general tone of the university, he would have come to a very different conclusion. Both in the public school, and in the university, the most rigid discipline will strive in vain against the lavish command of money with which some injudicious parents take a pride in supplying their sons. Sumptuary laws, we have already said, will ever be evaded; and in a commercial country like ours, it is much easier to declaim against the unlimited credit which is offered by tradesmen, and the load of debt incurred by spendthrift youths, than to suggest a remedy for this acknowledged evil. The police regulations of the university are administered with a severity, and an invasion on individual liberty, which would be endured in no other part of the kingdom; but how the tradesmen of Oxford and Cambridge are to be prevented from speculating on the extravagance and the honour of young men, some of whom are in the command, many in the direct inheritance of unbounded wealth,—this we suspect to surpass all the powers vested in the university authorities. There are some sensible observations on this subject, as regards Eton, in the pamphlet of the Vindicator, who strongly animadverts on the unwise conduct of parents:—

'I allude to the means of indulgence afforded by the large supplies
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of money received from their homes. Habits of extravagance, and of coarse and sensual gratification, are thus formed—a spirit of vicious emulation is sustained, which forces even those who have no resources of their own to keep pace with their wealthier school-fellows, at the sacrifice of their principle and the ruin of their peace. Many are led to contract bills, which can be evaded only by the loss of honour; and all in common acquire tastes and habits of expense which infallibly deteriorate the young mind, though the means of gratification may be still afforded in after life, but of ruinous consequences when they are unbecoming their rank and resources. By these means a whole corps of idle and worthless persons are retained about the college, who live upon the illicit and immoral indulgences of the scholars. The masters have attempted all the means within their power to put down the evil; but they have hitherto failed, and can never effect their purpose while the means of indulgence are so liberally supplied by parents.'—pp. 75, 76.

The real effective countervailing influence to vice and extravagance, in the public school as well as in the university, will not be a severe discipline, which cannot be maintained without a jealous and hateful system of espionage, nor without destroying that which is the great advantage of public education, the early habituating the mind of youth to self-government; it will be the encouragement of better tastes for manly amusements, and for manly intellectual pursuits. We fully concur in the sentiments of the *Vindicator*:—

'The great variety of innocent amusements afforded by the localities of Eton is, under these views, of essential importance in the discipline of the young mind. The enthusiasm of an old waterman and cricketer may perhaps be excused, if he lingers a moment to celebrate the beauty of the cricket-grounds, and to declare that the Eton water is by far the best among all our inland boat-stations, for the exercise of this most noble, and delightful, and thoroughly English sport. The regulations by which the amusements are controlled, and the boundaries of time and of place determined, are, I believe, of a peculiar kind, but are as effectual as the circumstances will permit. Though they give rise to many inconsistencies and legal fallacies, which are the subject of ordinary ridicule, they are the best that can be devised to unite the greatest possible indulgence with the most summary and imperative control. Every facility is given for the pursuit of all innocent sports, without the college bounds; but on any emergency, or any prospect of danger or excess, the closest confinement can be enforced, and all illicit practices, without the walls, suppressed.'—pp. 71, 72.

Cricket and boating, though they may lead into some expenses, will, on the whole, be the best auxiliaries to a high and liberal intellectual tone, to restrain the young mind from vulgar and pernicious immoralities. It is in youth as in after life, that vicious propensities are best counteracted, not by stern precept and rigid law,

law, but by turning the feelings and passions into a purer channel, by giving a higher object to generous ambition, by centering the active energies on more worthy pursuits; by teaching them, in short, to find their highest gratification in mental and moral culture. Let a man's pride be to be a gentleman—furnish him with elegant and refined pleasures, imbue him with the love of intellectual pursuits, and you have a better security for his turning out a good citizen, and a good Christian, than if you have confined him by the strictest moral and religious discipline, kept him in innocent and unsuspecting ignorance of all the vices of youth, and in the mechanical and orderly routine of the severest system of education.

We have deviated much farther than we intended from the important subject of the connexion between the improvement of our public schools and that of our universities; or rather with the restoration of our universities to something nearer to their original design. If they have been in some degree lowered from the mark, the fault, however, is not their own. If the College tutors are employed in drudgery which is beneath them—in instilling the rudiments, or almost the rudiments, of Greek and Latin into their pupils—it is because those pupils are not sent to the University in the advanced state which they ought to be; but by being thus degraded (we use the term with reference to the higher studies to which his labours ought to be devoted) to the business and the toil of an usher, the mind of the tutor himself must in general be lowered, or at least prevented from expanding and improving itself as it might, if employed only in the cultivation of more mature scholarship, and more advanced science. He too contracts a distaste for his servile toil. The wearisome repetition of elementary lessons relaxes and enfeebles his interest for intellectual pursuits: at all events, he has little time for any studies, but those of preparing his pupils for the schools. The tone of his lectures is of necessity lower than it should be; and where what is absolutely necessary for a degree can be acquired only by such unremitting attention on his part, he can by no means encourage or advise his pupil to undertake any other course of study. We are persuaded that at Oxford at least, generally speaking, too much is done even for the superior young men; if they were more incited, and less unnecessarily urged—more guided than compelled—more left to themselves, under the honourable stimulants of emulation and ambition, rather than saturated and drugged with constant lectures, the result would be far better. A few comparatively dull youths would not be screwed up by a kind of mechanical power to a higher standard; but talent would be more freely and more profitably developed. A higher tone of taste, and of intellectual feeling, would be generated; the youths would feel themselves men, labouring for their own

own improvement—not school-boys, drilled to perform an exacted task.

It is highly to the credit of the tutors, that with both classes—the uninstructed, and those who are of better promise—they have submitted to this voluntary servitude. If we could advise their self-emancipation from this thralldom, we are convinced that it would be for their own interest, for that of their pupils, and would tend to raise the general tone and character of the University. As to the first class of pupils, the tutors have a right to claim from the Schools, that they should not leave their proper work to be conducted by the colleges. The remedy is in their own hands. In the Prussian universities, the pupil, we believe, is not admitted without a certificate of competent proficiency from a gymnasium. No young man—at least, a candidate for a degree—should be admitted to the University without sufficient at least of Latin and Greek to pass the first Oxford examination. We know the objection to this, that it would be an edict of exclusion to many young men of rank and fortune, who have no ambition for obtaining University honours, and have already shown their contempt for such plebeian attainments by the lordly rejection of the lessons at the school. The University certainly would lose little, in peace or fame, by the refusal to enrol these unpromising members among her more hopeful scholars. But society perhaps might suffer, if all such youths of importance—not for their personal character or talents, but from their station—should be thus thrown loose upon the world, at that critical period of life, without even that slight degree of discipline and instruction which they cannot altogether elude at the University. But for these we should suggest the possibility of forming some other kind of education, which, however imperfect, might be the best which the case would admit. Those who have acquired little Latin and no Greek at school before seventeen, may as well, perhaps, abandon the unprofitable study. Declaring then their intention not to proceed to a degree, such young men might be compelled to attend lectures on modern history, or other branches of liberal, not classical, education. Christ Church, or Trinity at Cambridge, might try the experiment, and surely would not want some accomplished member of their body qualified to instruct in these branches of literature.

If a higher standard of admission were demanded, the degree might be taken earlier, and a year at least be left for scientific or historical lectures—for chemistry, geology, astronomy, natural history—for ancient and modern history—for political economy—for the studies of an *university*, in contradistinction from a *school* education; or if it be considered objectionable that the degree should thus be hastened, much more time would be applicable to such

such pursuits, even by those most assiduously employed in the ordinary studies for the degree. In some such manner the mutual claims and interests of the various branches of an universal education might be reconciled and harmonized; a higher general system of teaching would prevail; and the Universities might again, instead of devoting their highest energies to the cultivation of the elementary parts of learning in the minds of yet almost uneducated youth, take the lead in the advancement of every branch of science and learning.

It is of incalculable importance that the Universities should maintain their connexion not only with the theology, but with the literature and the science of the country. But if the tutors are enslaved to the drudgery of school-instruction, or confined to the routine of books which are usually required for the public examinations—if they become heads of colleges only after their intellectual activity and literary tastes have become wearied and worn out by years of such unrelenting toil—they will scarcely be able to maintain their proud position in the estimation of the country, and indeed of all Europe. They ought to consider that these magnificent establishments are meant to act as guardians of the general education of the higher classes—and that *their* education must in no point fall below the intellectual standard which an age of unexampled activity in every branch of literature and of science will require. The youth distinguished at his University must be prepared at all points to stand his ground in the great contest for intellectual distinction among *men*. The Professors, some of whom at least are men of European reputation, instead of being, (we speak of Oxford,) with the exception of the Regius Professors of Divinity and Hebrew, rather a race of ornamental dignitaries, whose lectures the great mass of undergraduates, entirely occupied with their classical or mathematical studies for the schools, and the tutors, worn out with preparing the undergraduates, have no leisure to attend, might assume their proper place in the general system of education. The Bucklands, the Daubenys, or even the Wilsons, might not merely have a comparatively few ardent and zealous votaries, but it would be considered a disgrace, among all who aspire to the honours of an university education, to be entirely ignorant of any important branch of knowledge, or to have neglected such valuable opportunities of improvement, as would be afforded in every branch of polite literature, or general information.

ART. VII.—*Lettres de Napoléon à Joséphine, pendant la première Campagne d'Italie, le Consulat et l'Empire; et Lettres de Joséphine à Napoléon et à sa Fille.* 2 tomes. 8vo. Paris. 1833.

THESE letters are undoubtedly authentic; but—strange to add—they are worth nearly as little as if they were forgeries. We had no conception that authentic and confidential letters from Buonaparte to his wife could be so utterly valueless. They contain neither facts, nor sentiments, nor traits of character, nor domestic incidents, nor even gossip. Almost the only thing we learn from them is, that Buonaparte had little confidence in Josephine, and held her in a degree of estimation so low as to approach to contempt. Yet they are published by Madame Louis Buonaparte, *ci-devant la Reine Hortense*, with the professed object of doing justice to her mother's memory against some slanderous insinuations to which Buonaparte gave utterance in the *Mémorial de St. Hélène*. This Reine Hortense must be a very silly woman. We knew very well that Buonaparte was guilty of the deplorable indelicacy of amusing his followers at St. Helena with anecdotes about both his wives, and that some of these stories were not much to the credit of either the understanding or the character of poor Josephine; but her daughter would have shown better taste—even if she had the means of complete refutation—in leaving these petty scandals to rot forgotten, amidst the mass of falsehood in which they are imbedded, and, above all, more sense in not publishing, as a *vindication* of her mother, a mass of trumpery notes, which have no relation whatsoever to the points in dispute, and which, on the whole, tend, we rather think, to justify the tone in which Buonaparte is represented as having spoken of her. They prove, indeed, that he was or pretended to be passionately fond of her, during the first Italian campaign, but it was a fondness so childish, so ludicrous even, considering the age and preceding history of the object of such Philandering, that it does little credit to either party. A letter from before Mantua, 18th July, 1796, tells her,—

'I am very uneasy to know how you are—what you are doing.—I have been in the village of Virgil—on the shores of his lake—by a silvery moonshine, and not a moment without thinking of Josephine.'—vol. i. p. 51.

Again, next day,

'A thousand kisses, as burning as my heart—as pure as you!—I sent for the courier; he told me that he had seen you, and that you told him that you had no commands for him.—Oh fie—naughty, ngly, cruel, tyrannical, pretty little monster! You laugh at my threats, at my folly. Ah, you know that if I could put you into my heart, you should remain there in prison.'—vol. i. p. 55. We

We shall give the whole of a letter from Mona, 17th September, 1796, which exhibits at once the trivial affectation of a boyish passion, and the slight way in which he slurs over the events which a man of sense would most dwell upon to a wife whom he respected.

‘I write, my dear love, very often, and you hardly ever. You are naughty, ugly—as frightful as faithless, (*laide autant que légère.*) It is shocking to deceive a poor husband so—a tender lover! Must he lose his rights because he is absent, overwhelmed with business, fatigue, and trouble?—Without his Josephine—without the certainty of her love, what *remains for him upon earth?*—How could he live in this world? We had yesterday a very bloody affair—the enemy suffered considerably and was completely beaten. We have taken the faubourg of Mantua. Adieu, my adorable Josephine! One of these nights I shall force open your doors as if I were jealous, and there I am—in your arms.

‘Mille baisers amoureux!’—

And all this to a *middle-aged lady*, who had been a widow some years before she became the object of this *romantic flame*, and from a man engaged in the highest, and the most important, and the most hazardous concerns!—No real confidence—no interchange of mind—not one touch of true feeling—no communication of serious thoughts—no identity of interests—nothing that marks the mutual respect and affection which dignify and bless the married state; but—instead—we have these boyish tirades, which betray, by their gross exaggeration, the insincerity of the man and the silliness of the woman. Our readers will have observed the playful delicacy with which the husband talks of a favoured lover, and the significant hint that his love and jealousy may prompt him to make an *unexpected* visit. This might pass for a clumsy badinage, but we find that Buonaparte continues to *harp* upon it.—

‘Verona, 13th Nov. 1796.

‘No—I don’t love you at all—no, I don’t love you at all—on the contrary, I detest you! You are ugly—awkward—stupid—a very cinder-wench!—You don’t write to me—you don’t love your husband, you know the pleasure he takes in you—and yet you won’t throw away six lines on him!—What are you about, madam, all day? What important business prevents your writing to your dear, dear love?—What new affection supersedes the love—the constant tender love you promised me? Who is the new and dandy (*merveilleux*) lover who absorbs all your time—engrosses all your leisure, and drives your husband out of your head?—Take care, Josephine—one *fine night* your doors will be burst open, and there I am.—I hope, before long, to clasp you in my arms, and to cover you with kisses *burning as if under the equator.*’—p. 83.

It turns out, ridiculously enough, after all this warning—these menaces of midnight visits, and these promises of *equatorial kisses*, that the poor husband did really, one fine night, leave his army unexpectedly, and make his way ‘to my lady’s chamber,’ like ‘a goosy gander’ as he found he was, for Madame, instead of pining in her lonely bed, was, it seems, gone upon a party of pleasure to Genoa, or some neighbouring town, without apprising the ‘poor husband.’ He was evidently somewhat surprised and chagrined at the untoward result of his amorous escapade, and, like a true Celadon, hints that it is enough to make a man commit suicide.

‘*Milan, 27th Nov. 1796.*

‘I arrive at Milan—I rush into your apartment—I had left all to see you, to embrace you—you were not there—you were gone to look for amusement elsewhere—you absent yourself just when I am expected; you are tired of your dear Napoleon; you loved him by a caprice, and your inconstancy restores you to a state of indifference. Familiar with danger, I know the *remedy for the cares and misfortunes of life*. The misfortune I have suffered is incalculable—and it is unmerited. I shall stay here two days, but don’t put yourself to any trouble—pursue your amusements—pleasure is made for you—the gay world is but too happy, if it pleases you—your husband only is very, very unhappy.’

We dare say that this unlucky excursion was perfectly innocent on the part of Josephine, but it is clear that the ‘poor husband’ was somewhat offended, and his subsequent letters, though still affectionate, are no longer quite as *burning as the equator*. We cannot conceive why the queen Hortense should think the publication of this little matrimonial fracas necessary to the defence of her mother’s character. It seems, however, to have had no permanent consequences, for after *sulking* a little, Buonaparte returned to his usual style. The apparent absurdity of that style may be, we think, satisfactorily explained by reference to his wife’s position and character. We do not wish to revive the old scandals about Madame de Beauharnais; we need only observe, that she was an amiable and interesting woman, of good family and agreeable manners, and that when Barras, then President of the Directory, began—what Buonaparte afterwards endeavoured to complete—the restoration of a better tone of society in Paris, Madame de Beauharnais became a kind of authority in the fashionable world, and a principal ornament of the directorial court. The same day (March, 1796) conferred on General Buonaparte the *hand of Madame Beauharnais, and the command of the army of Italy*. It is very possible that her new husband really loved her—it is certain that he was indebted to her influence for his brilliant station and still more brilliant prospects—every motive

motive would incline him to live on cordial terms with her—he knew that, with a great deal of good nature at bottom, she was frivolous, capricious, and giddy—too vain not to be flattered, too indiscreet to be trusted—Buonaparte therefore, like Brutus, showed his prudence by acting like a fool. As he could not venture to place a real confidence in this light-hearted and light-headed lady, he compensated her vanity by those extravagant rhapsodies of love, which, agreeable to any woman from a young hero of twenty-eight, are peculiarly so to one *déjà sur le retour*. This seems to have been the whole secret of his early management of the lady, and the only rational explanation of such puerile absurdities as we have just quoted.

The amatory enthusiasm, however, began to wear out, as he felt himself stronger in public opinion—there are no letters from Egypt, and the notes (there is hardly one which deserves to be called a *letter*) of the *first consul* subside into a concise, but good-humoured familiarity, and evince a real kindness for his two step-children Eugene and Hortense Beauharnais, whom he seldom omits to mention. This is creditable to Buonaparte's goodnature and good sense—when we recollect that he returned from Egypt with the avowed, and not unjustifiable intention of divorcing his wife for her conduct during his absence. Having been persuaded—chiefly, we believe, by political considerations, and by the still subsisting influence of Barras—to abandon that course, he very wisely put the best face on the matter, and continued to live with her in a friendly familiarity, which on the birth of her grandchildren, in whom he saw the future heirs of his power, warmed into cordiality, and a more rational kindness than he had ever before shown. We shall select a few specimens.

‘The First Consul to Josephine at Plombiers.

‘Malmaison, 27th June, 1803.

‘Your letter—good little woman—tells me that you are out of order. Corvisart (the first physician) says, however, that it is a good sign—that the baths have the desired effect, and will soon restore you. Nevertheless it is really painful to my heart to know that you are suffering.

‘I went yesterday to see the manufactories of Sèvres and St. Cloud.

‘Say a thousand kind things to all about you. YOURS FOR LIFE.

‘BONAPARTE.’

His letters, after he assumed the crown, became shorter, but more frequent, and are, if possible, still more insignificant. They confirm, however, by slight incidental allusions, the statement which we have had from so many other quarters,—that her exaltation to the imperial dignity was the source of anxiety and unhappiness to

Josephine ;

Josephine; whether, as some say, the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, or, as others think, *jealousy* and some vague anticipations of a divorce, or, as is most probable, *both* these causes operated to prey upon her mind, it certainly appears that from that time Buonaparte's chief exhortations to her are to keep up her spirits—to dry her tears—to enjoy society, and to fulfil, with at least an *appearance* of content, her new duties. His first letter from Berlin, after the wonderful campaign of Jena, is a striking instance of the kind and quality of the attention he paid her.

' 1 Nov. 1806.

' Talleyrand is just arrived, and tells me, my dear (*mon amie*), that you do *nothing but weep*. What can be the matter? You have your daughter, your grandchildren, and good news. That is surely enough to make you happy. The weather is magnificent—not one drop of rain has fallen during the whole campaign. I am very well, and everything goes right. Adieu, my love! I have received a letter from M. Napoleon (the grandchild), but I suppose it was not written by him, but his mother. A thousand kind things to everybody.—N.'

Again,—

' Warsaw, 16th January, 1807.

' I am grieved at what I hear of your spirits. Why *in tears*—why *in grief*? I shall soon return—never doubt my affection. If you wish to be still dearer to me, show some courage and strength of mind. I am mortified to think that *my wife can distrust my distances*.'

And again, two days after,—

' They tell me that you are for *ever in tears*—fie, fie, that is wrong! Take courage and show yourself worthy of me. Hold your courts in Paris with suitable dignity; but, above all, be happy. I am well, and love you sincerely, but if you are for *ever crying*, I shall think you have no firmness of mind. I don't love cowards—(*les laches*)—an empress should have courage.—N.'

We were, at first, a good deal surprised at the number and nothingness of the notes which, at some of the most critical moments of his career, Buonaparte took the trouble of writing to the empress. We found some difficulty in reconciling the *frequency* of these communications with their *inanity*. They seem all composed on one plan: each has two principal *topics*—his own personal health, which is always good, and the weather, which is sometimes good, sometimes bad; but he generally throws in a slight *hint* about the *army*, which is always *superbe* and successful. As to this latter business, it is observable that his greatest victories are sometimes only alluded to in a *parenthesis of three words*; while, on the other hand, in cases where the success was really more doubtful, he insists, with unusual earnestness, on the prosperous position of his affairs. The explanation of the enigma

seems

seems to be this.—Buonaparte was much annoyed by the gossip of Josephine's society (some persons of which he occasionally sent into exile). He complains that all the bad news and unfavourable reports of Paris originate in her familiar circle; and it was, we are satisfied, to counteract this tendency, and to give a favourable idea of his position, that we find him, in some of his most important and critical moments—take the battle of Eylau for instance—writing to her such billets as follow :—

‘Eylau, 9th Feb. 1807.

‘My dear—There was yesterday a great battle. The victory was eventually ours (*la victoire m'est restée*), but I have lost a great number of men. The loss of the enemy, which is still greater, does not console me. I write you these two lines with my own hand, though much tired, to assure you that I *am well*.’

Another note of the same evening, and two others of the 11th and 12th, follow to the same effect—a *fifth* of the 14th says :—

‘I am still at Eylau. The country is covered with dead and wounded, but I *am well*. I have done what I wish and *repulsed* the enemy, whose projects I have baffled.’

He repeats, on the 17th, that the battle was bloody and obstinate, but that *he is well*, and he ‘writes two words’ to say that *all is well* on the 18th—twice on the 20th—on the 21st and on the 23rd Feb.—three times in the first week of March—and again on the 11th of March he reverts to the subject by saying,—

‘A great deal of *nonsense* will be talked about the battle of Eylau; but the bulletin tells all, and rather exaggerates than diminishes our losses.’—p. 283.

So many letters in so short a time, and each of only two lines to say *he is well*, savours more of the tender husband than could have been accounted for, but the FIFTEENTH *billet-doux* gives us *le mot de l'énigme*.

‘Osterode, 13th March, 1807.

‘I learn, my dear, that the *unfavourable reports* which used to circulate in your drawing-room at Mentz are renewed in Paris. *Silence those people*. I shall be very much displeased if you do not *stop this*.’

In short, Buonaparte knew very well that his bulletins had become of very doubtful authority, particularly when not corroborated by some decisive *advance* (after Eylau he had not been able to advance a step); and, with consummate ability, he despatched these little notes to his wife, which he knew would be circulated in Paris, and by their domestic and confidential style produce more effect than the discredited bulletins. In this point of view these letters may be of some value to the historian; in every other they are wholly worthless: indeed, it seems wonderful that

that such a man in such circumstances, during eighteen years of so eventful a life, should have been able to write *two hundred and thirty-eight letters* without mentioning one single political event, which had not been previously or at latest simultaneously published in the gazettes—without announcing, *in any one instance*, his own intentions—without anticipating, by the most remote hint, his own proceedings or projects, trifling or important—without communicating, in the frequency and apparent freedom of conjugal correspondence, *one word, thought, or deed*, which might not have been proclaimed on the *Bourse*, and which, if so proclaimed, could have interested the greediest *Quidnunc*. This is assuredly a most singular fact; but the Reine Hortense is greatly mistaken in imagining that its promulgation could either exalt or render more amiable or more respectable the domestic character of Josephine. As to Buonaparte himself—whatever may have been the motive that dictated these communications—they certainly exhibit more kindness, more ease, and more good nature than we had given him credit for possessing. His wife had, it is clear, no share in his thoughts; but he was not deficient in personal attentions to the partner of his throne.

ART. VIII.—*Life and Poems of the Rev. George Crabbe.* By his Son. Vol. viii. 12mo. London, 1834.

WE do not on this occasion propose to enter at large upon the subject of Mr. Crabbe's poetry. It is now certain that a Selection from his prose writings will soon be laid before the public; and until that has appeared, the consideration of his literary character, as a whole, must be deferred. We mean, therefore, at present, to confine ourselves to the easy and humble task of reviewing, in a very cursory manner, the last volume of the younger Crabbe's edition of his father's poetical works—that which consists entirely of new matter. In the other volumes of the series, various little pieces have for the first time been published—and some of these appear to us highly meritorious: indeed, the dialogue called 'Flirtation' (in vol. v.) is a fair specimen of his lightest humour; and 'The World of Dreams' (vol. iv.), though obviously unfinished in some parts, is on the whole a lyrical composition of extraordinary power, interest, and beauty. But the editor reserved unbroken for his concluding volume those *Tales* which the poet himself had destined and prepared for posthumous publication; and to these we must give the space that we have now at our disposal.

The volume is fitly dedicated to the kindest and most distinguished

guished of our poet's surviving friends—Mr. Rogers; and we understand that he is one of those to whose opinion of its contents the editor refers in his modest advertisement:—

‘Although, in a letter written shortly before his death, Mr. Crabbe mentioned the following pieces as fully prepared for the press; and to withhold from the public what he had thus described could not have been consistent with filial reverence; yet his executors must confess that, when they saw the first pages of his MS. reduced to type, they became very sensible that, had he himself lived to edit these compositions, he would have considered it necessary to bestow on them a good deal more of revision and correction, before finally submitting them to the eye of the world. They perceived that his language had not always effected the complete development of his ideas—that images were here and there left imperfect—nay, trains of reflection rather hinted than expressed; and that, in many places, thoughts in themselves valuable could not have failed to derive much additional weight and point from the last touches of his own pen.

‘Under such circumstances, it was a very great relief to their minds to learn, that several persons of the highest eminence in literature had read these poetical remains before any part of them was committed to the printer; and that the verdict of such judges was, on the whole, more favourable than they themselves had begun to anticipate;—that, in the opinion of those whose esteem had formed the highest honour of their father's life, his fame would not be tarnished by their compliance with the terms of his literary bequest;—that, though not so uniformly polished as some of his previous performances, these Posthumous Essays would still be found to preserve, in the main, the same characteristics on which his reputation had been established; much of the same quiet humour and keen observation; the same brief and vivid description; the same unobtrusive pathos; the same prevailing reverence for moral truth, and rational religion; and, in a word, not a few “things which the world would not willingly let die.”’—pp. v. vi.

From the judgment of the friendly critics here alluded to we do not apprehend there will be much dissent. The posthumous volume offers, indeed, no tale entitled to be talked of in the same breath with the highest efforts of Crabbe's genius—no ‘Peter Grimes’—no ‘Ellen Orford’—no ‘Sir Owen Dale’—no ‘Patron’—no ‘Lady Barbara;’ but it contains, nevertheless, a series of stories, scarcely one of which any lover of the man and the poet would wish to have been suppressed: every one of them presenting us with pithy couplets, which will be treasured up and remembered while the English language lasts; and some of them, notwithstanding what the editor candidly says as to the general want of the *limæ labor*, displaying not only his skill as an analyst of character, but in a strong light also his peculiar mastery of versification. The example of Lord Byron's ‘Corsair’ and ‘Lara’ had not,
we

we suspect, been lost upon him. In some of these pieces he has a freedom and breadth of execution which we doubt if he ever before equalled in the metre to which he commonly adhered—insomuch, that in place of a ‘Pope in worsted stockings’ (as James Smith has called him), we seem now and then to be more reminded of a Dryden in a one-horse chaise.

One of the most amusing of these stories is the first of them, entitled ‘Silford Hall, or the Happy Day.’ It gives us the summer’s-day adventures of an enthusiastic, dreaming boy, the son of a village schoolmaster, sent by his parent to receive payment of ‘a small account’ at a nobleman’s seat six miles off—kindly treated by the housekeeper—admitted for the first time to see the interior of a great mansion—and opening his imagination to those dreams of the felicity of grandeur which we suppose every lad of the same class has formed acquaintance with on some similar occasion. The editor intimates that this little narrative is in fact that of a day in the poet’s own early life—that on which, being then ‘our new’prentice,’ he first walked across the country with a packet of medicines to Cheveley Hall, a seat of the Rutland family, in whose nobler palace of Belvoir he was, in after years, domesticated. His picture of the schoolmaster is very good:—

‘Small as it was, the place could boast a School, In which <i>Nathaniel Perkin</i> bore the rule. Not mark’d for learning deep, or talents rare, But for his varying tasks and ceaseless care; Some forty boys, the sons of thrifty men, He taught to read, and part to use the pen; While, by more studious care, a favourite few Increased his pride—for if the Scholar knew Enough for praise, say what the Teacher’s due?— These to his presence, slates in hand, moved on, And a grim smile their feats in figures won.	No day of rest was his. If, now and then, His boys for play laid by the book and pen, For Lawyer Slow there was some deed to write, Or some young farmer’s letter to indite, Or land to measure, or, with legal skill, To frame some yeoman’s widow’s peevish will; And on the Sabbath—when his neigh- bours drest, To hear their duties, and to take their rest— Then, when the Vicar’s periods ceased to flow, Was heard <i>Nathaniel</i> in his seat below.’
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pp. 5–6.

Peter, the eldest son of this hero, is now in his fifteenth year—

‘A king his father, he a prince has rule,
The first of subjects, viceroy of the school’—

but at leisure hours showed little affection for the contents of old *Nathaniel*’s loftier bookshelf—

‘Books of high mark, the mind’s more solid food,
Which some might think the owner understood.’

In place of ‘*Fluxions*, sections, algebraic lore,’ Peter turned, with unwearied zest, to his mother’s little collection—

‘And

' And there he found
Romance in sheets, and poetry unbound;
Soft Tales of Love, which never damsel read
But tears of pity stain'd her virgin bed.

There were Jane Shore, and Rosamond
the Fair,

And humbler heroines frail as these were
there;

There was a Tale of one forsaken Maid,
Who till her death the work of vengeance
stay'd;

Her Lover, then at sea, while round him
stood

A dauntless crew, the angry ghost pursued;
In a small boat, without an oar or sail,
She came to call him, nor would force avail,
Nor prayer; but, conscience-stricken,
down he leapt,

And o'er his corse the closing billows slept;
All vanish'd then! but of the crew were
some

Wondering whose ghost would on the
morrow come.

' Arabian Nights, and Persian Tales,
were there,

One volume each, and both the worse for
wear;

There by Quarles' Emblems, Esop's Fa-
bles stood,

The coats in tatters, and the cuts in
wood.

There, too, "The English History," by
the pen

Of Dr. Cooke, and other learned men,
In numbers, sixpence each;—by these

was seen,
And highly prized, the Monthly Maga-
zine;—

Young genius was never better pourtrayed than in this last
couplet.

The maternal preparations for Peter's great expedition are
described in terms that call to our remembrance our friend Moses
Primrose on the morning of the spectacles:—

' Nathaniel's self with joy the stripling
eyed,

And gave a shilling with a father's pride;
Rules of politeness, too, with pomp he

gave,
And show'd the lad how scholars should
behave.

' Forth went the pony, and the rider's
knees

Cleaved to her sides—he did not ride with
ease;

Not such as now will men of taste engage,
But the cold gleanings of a former age,
Scraps cut from sermons, scenes removed
from plays,
With heads of heroes famed in Tyburn's
palmy days.

' The rest we pass, though Peter pass'd
them not,

But here his cares and labours all forgot:
Stain'd, torn, and blotted every noble
page,

Stood the chief poets of a former age—
And of the present: not their works com-
plete,

But in such portions as on bulks we meet,
The refuse of the shops, thrown down
upon the street.

' There Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton,
found a place,

With some a nameless, some a shameless
race,

Which many a weary walker resting reads,
And, pondering o'er the short relief, pro-
ceeds,

While others lingering pay the written
sum,

Half loth, but longing for delight to come.

' His books, his walks, his musing,
morn and eve,

Gave such impressions as such minds re-
ceive;

And with his moral and religious views,
Wove the wild fancies of an Infant-Muse,

Inspiring thoughts that he could not ex-
press,

Obscure sublime! his secret happiness.
pp. 8—11.

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gave,
And show'd the lad how scholars should
behave.

' Forth went the pony, and the rider's
knees

Cleaved to her sides—he did not ride with
ease;

One hand a whip, and one a bridle held,
In case the pony falter'd or rebell'd.

' The village boys beheld him as he
pass'd,

And looks of envy on the hero cast;
But he was meek, nor let his pride ap-
pear,

Nay, truth to speak, he felt a sense of fear,
Lest the rude beast, unmindful of the rein,
Should take a fancy to turn back again.'
p. 13.

We pass Peter's ride—his business with the bailiff—the courteous
address of the portly housekeeper—

' A learned

'A learned lady she, who knew the names
Of all the pictures in the golden frames.'

Let us suppose him well luncheoned, and on his travels through the never-ending galleries of Silford Hall:—

'Now could he look on that delightful place,
The glorious dwelling of a princely race;
His vast delight was mix'd with equal awe,
There was such magic in the things he saw.

But his gaze rested on his friendly guide,
"I'm safe," he thought, "so long as you abide."

'In one large room was found a bed of state—

"And can they soundly sleep beneath such weight,

"Where they may figures in the night explore,

"Form'd by the dim light dancing on the floor

"From the far window; mirrors broad and high

"Doubling each terror to the anxious eye?

"'Tis strange," thought Peter, "that such things produce

"No fear in *her*; but there is much in use."

'On that reflecting brightness, passing by,

The Boy one instant fix'd his restless eye,
And saw himself; he had before descried

His face in one his mother's store supplied;

But here he could his whole dimensions view,

From the pale forehead to the jet-black shoe.

Passing he look'd, and looking, grieved to pass

From the fair figure smiling in the glass.

But the Picture Gallery is the wonder of wonders. We must omit all the Guidos, Claudes, Tenierses, and Gerard Dows.

'The Scripture Pieces caused a serious awe,

And he with reverence look'd on all he saw;

His pious wonder he express'd aloud,

And at the Saviour Form devoutly bow'd.

'Portraits he pass'd, admiring; but with pain

Turn'd from some objects, nor would look again.

He

Twas so Narcissus saw the boy advance
In the dear fount, and met th' admiring glance

So loved—But no! our happier boy admir'd

Not the slim form, but what the form at-tired—

The riband, shirt, and frill, all pure and clean,

The white-ribb'd stockings, and the coat of green.

'Then to the Chapel moved the friendly pair,

And well for Peter that his guide was there!

Dim, silent, solemn was the scene—he felt

The cedar's power, that so unearthly smelt;

And then the stain'd, dark, narrow windows threw

Strange, partial beams on pulpit, desk, and pew:

Upon the altar, glorious to behold,

Stood a vast pair of candlesticks, in gold!

With candles tall, and large, and firm, and white,

Such as the halls of giant-kings would light.

'There was an organ, too, but now unseen;

A long black curtain served it for a screen;

Not so the clock, that both by night and day

Click'd the short moments as they pass'd away.

"Is this a church? and does the parson read,"

Said Peter, "here?—I mean a church indeed."

"Indeed it is, or as a church is used,"

Was the reply; and Peter deeply mused.

pp. 16—18.

"Well,

"Well, and what then? Had you been Joseph, boy,
 "Would you have been so peevish and so coy?"
 Our hero answer'd, with a glowing face,
 "His mother told him he should pray for grace."
 'A transient cloud o'ercast the matron's brow;
 She seem'd disposed to laugh—but knew not how;
 Silent awhile, then placid she appear'd,—
 "'Tis but a child," she thought, and all was clear'd.
 'No—laugh she could not; still, the more she sought
 To hide her thoughts, the more of his she caught.

A hundred times she had these pictures named,
 And never felt perplex'd, disturb'd, ashamed;
 Yet now the feelings of a lad so young
 Call'd home her thoughts, and paralysed her tongue.
 'She pass'd the offensive pictures silent by,
 With one reflecting, self-reproving sigh;
 Reasoning how habit will the mind entice
 To approach and gaze upon the bounds of vice,
 As men, by custom, from some cliff's vast height,
 Look pleased, and make their danger their delight.

pp. 18, 19.

Peter's mother, who had visited Silford Hall in her own earlier day, had particularly cautioned the boy not to be startled with the statues:—

'There, she related, her young eyes had view'd
 Stone figures shaped like naked flesh and blood,
 Which, in the hall and up the gallery placed,

Were proofs, they told her, of a noble taste;
 Nor she denied—but in a public hall,
 Her judgment taken, she had clothed them all.

p. 13.

But, nevertheless, Peter was marvellously awe-stricken when he found himself in such company. Madam Johnson inquires why his looks were so very earnest and rueful? He answers—

"A holy pilgrim to a city sail'd,
 "Where every sin o'er sinful men prevail'd;
 "Who, when he landed, look'd in every street,
 "As he was wont, a busy crowd to meet;
 "But now of living beings found he none,
 "Death had been there, and turn'd them all to stone;
 "All in an instant, as they were employ'd,
 "Was life in every living man destroy'd:

"The rich, the poor, the timid, and the bold,
 "Made in a moment such as we behold."
 "Come, my good lad, you've yet a room to see.
 "Are you awake?"—"I am amazed," said he;
 "I know they're figures form'd by human skill,
 "But 'tis so awful, and this place so still."

pp. 21, 22.

One glimpse of the billiard-room, and we dismiss the lions of Silford Hall:—

"And what is this?" said Peter, who had seen
 A long wide table, with its cloth of green,
 Its net-work pockets, and its studs of gold,
 For such they seem'd, and precious to behold.
 There too were ivory balls, and one was red,
 Laid with long sticks upon the soft green bed,
 And printed tables, on the wall beside—
 "Oh! what are these?" the wondering Peter cried.

"This, my good lad, is call'd the Billiard-room,"
 Answer'd his guide; "and here the gentry come,
 "And with these maces and these cues they play,
 "At their spare time, or in a rainy day."
 "And what this chequer'd box? for play, I guess?"
 "You judge it right—'tis for the game of Chess.

"This,

"There!

"There! take your time, examine what you will, "And these are Bishops—you the difference see?"—
 "There's King, Queen, Knight—it is a "What! do they make a game of them?" quoth he." pp. 22, 23.

Crabbe is never greater than in dreams. We have already alluded to that lyric recently published, which no one could have written but the author of *Sir Eustace Grey*. In a lighter vein, what can be better than the dreams of Peter Perkin, when, having explored all the galleries and libraries, and saloons of Silford Hall, he is told the housekeeper's dinner will not be for an hour yet—walks abroad into the gardens, and falls asleep under some huge oaks, as old, he doubts not, as Julius Cæsar?—

"I am so happy, and have such delight,

"I cannot bear to see another sight;

"It wearies one like work;" and so, with deep

Unconscious sigh—he laid him down to sleep.

'Thus he reclining slept, and oh! the joy
 That in his dreams possess'd the happy boy,—

Composed of all he knew, and all he read,
 Heard, or conceived, the living and the dead.

'The Caliph Haroun, walking forth by night,

To see young David and Goliath fight,
 Rose on his passive fancy—then appear'd
 The fleshless forms of beings scorn'd or fear'd

By just or evil men—the baneful race
 Of spirits restless, borne from place to place:

Rivers of blood from conquer'd armies ran,
 The flying steed was by, the marble man;
 Then danced the fairies round their pygmy queen,

And their feet twinkled on the dewy green,
 All in the moon-beams' glory. As they fled,

The mountain loadstone rear'd its fatal head,

And drew the iron-bolted ships on shore,
 Where he distinctly heard the billows roar,
 Mix'd with a living voice of, "Youngster,

sleep no more,
 "But haste to dinner." Starting from the ground,
 The waking boy obey'd that welcome sound.

'He went and sat, with equal shame
 and pride,
 A welcome guest at Madam Johnson's side.

At his right hand was Mistress Kitty placed,

And Lucy, maiden sly, the stripling faced.
 Then each the proper seat at table took—
 Groom, butler, footman, laundress, coach-

man, cook;
 For all their station and their office knew,
 Nor sat as rustics or the rabble do.

'The youth to each the due attention paid,

And hob-or-nob'd with Lady Charlotte's maid;

With much respect each other they address'd,

And all encouraged their enchanted guest.
 Wine, fruit, and sweetmeats closed repast

so long,
 And Mistress Flora sang an opera song." pp. 29—30.

It need not be said that Peter Perkin retired with a perfect conviction that the lords and ladies of this grand place must be the happiest of human beings. 'Long life to your honours!' said an Irish beggar, looking into a carriage, lined with bright blue silk, out of which some pence had been thrown to him while the horses were changing—'Long life to your noble honours! I need not wish you paradise, for sure you're there already!'—and such was Peter's parting impression of the state and condition of those who could number among their dependents persons so distinguished

tinguished as Madam Johnson and Mistress Flora. But mark the conclusion, and accept with gratitude a new page of Crabbe's *Autobiography*:—

'Dream on, dear boy! let pass a few brief years,
Replete with troubles, comforts, hopes, and fears,
Bold expectations, efforts wild and strong,
And thou shalt find thy fond conjectures wrong.
Thou think'st the lords of all these glorious things
Are blest supremely—so they are,—like kings!
Envy them not their lofty state, my boy;
They but possess the things that you enjoy.
Dream on awhile! and there shall come a strange,
And, could'st thou see it, an amazing change.
Thou who wert late so happy, and so proud,
To be a seat with liveried men allow'd,
And would not, dared not, in thy very shame,
The titles of their noble masters name—
Titles that, scarcely known, upon thy tongue
With tremulous and erring accent hung—
Oh! had they told thee, when thou satest with pride,
And grateful joy, at Madam Johnson's side,

And heard the lisping Flora, blue-eyed maid,
Bid thee be neither bashful nor afraid,
When Mrs. Jane thy burning blush had raised,
Because thy modesty and sense she praised;
Couldst thou have seen that in that place a room
Should be thine own, thy house, thy hall, thy home,
With leave to wander as thou would'st, to read
Just as thy fancy was disposed to feed,
To live with those who were so far above
Thy reach, it seem'd to thee a crime to love
Or even admire them!—Little didst thou know
How near approach the lofty and the low!
In all we dare, and all we dare not name,
How much the great and little are the same!

'Well, thou hast tried it—thou hast closely seen
What greatness has without it, and within;
Where now the joyful expectation?—fled!
The strong anticipating spirit?—dead!"

—pp. 32—34.

There are twenty-two tales in the volume; so that were we to go into them all at this rate, we should fill three or four sheets of our Journal. We have, we confess, dwelt so long at Silford Hall chiefly because of its connexion with the personal history of the poet. There are several other stories in the series which might tempt us, though not quite so strongly, on similar grounds; but we must satisfy ourselves with turning the rest of these leaves more hastily.

The 'Family of Love' is perhaps the best tale in this volume. A wealthy stranger, Captain Elliott, so called, is introduced as exciting attention by hiring a comfortable house in a place where few idle men would voluntarily have fixed their residence—viz.,

'In a large town, a wealthy thriving place,
Where hopes of gain excite an anxious race;
Which dark dense wreaths of cloudy volumes cloak,
And mark, for leagues around, the place of smoke.'

Here he becomes a very popular character—and no wonder, for he was regular in his attendance at church, was bountiful to the town charities, and, above all, gave handsome dinners:

'These last so often, that his friends confess'd
The Captain's cook had not a place of rest.'

But

But he appeared to regard with especial warmth and interest the members of one particular family, that of the Dysons, who were so celebrated for the affectionate terms on which they lived among themselves, as to have gained the popular cognomen of 'The Family of Love.' The truth is, that Captain Elliott is an uncle of their's, who, having spent thirty years in foreign parts, and realized a good fortune, has now planted himself near them under an assumed name, for the express purpose of watching their characters before making his will. There are two brothers and two sisters now subjected unconsciously to a most scrutinizing glance; and never did Crabbe show more of his own keen and delicate satire than in the whole management of the result. With what a just and easy skill does he, step by step, pluck every rag of disguise from the 'family of love'—how powerfully does he illustrate the efficacy of one glimpse of selfish gain to make all the beautiful varnish of domestic affection among a set of hardhearted old bachelors and spinsters peel off, and leave the *inutile lignum* bare! We do not meddle with the dramatic interest of the story, but merely extract a few specimens of the character-painting. James Dyson, the elder brother, is one of our 'cotton lords':—

'He had a sturdy multitude to guide,
Who now his spirit vex'd, and now his
temper tried;
Men who by labour live, and, day by
day,
Work, weave, and spin their active lives
away:
Like bees industrious, they for others
strive,
With, now and then, some murmuring in
the hive.
'James was a churchman—'t was his
pride and boast;
Loyal his heart, and "Church and King"
his toast;
He for religion might not warmly feel,
But for the Church he had abounding
zeal.

Yet no dissenting sect would he condemn,
"They're nought to us," said he, "nor
we to them;
'Tis innovation of our own I hate,
Whims and inventions of a modern date.

"Why send you Bibles all the world
about,
That men may read amiss, and learn to
doubt?
Why teach the children of the poor to
read,
That a new race of doubters may suc-
ceed?
Now can you scarcely rule the stubborn
crew,
And what if they should know as much
as you?
Will a man labour when to learning
bred,
Or use his hands who can employ his
head?
Will he a clerk or master's self obey,
Who thinks himself as well-inform'd as
they?"
'These were his favourite subjects—these
he chose,
And where he ruled no creature durst op-
pose.' p. 41.

It is obvious that James would have read with horror, had he lived down to August, 1834, the announcement, by us long ago foreseen, of the 'Society for the Diffusion of *Political Knowledge*'—chairman, the Lord Chancellor.* The very title of this Society's

* This Society is, of course, substantially the same with that for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge: the time has now come for dropping the mask; and any one who considers Lord Brougham's evidence before the late committee on the law of

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Society's forthcoming publication—'THE CITIZEN, a Weekly Paper, Price one Penny'—would have appeared ruefully ominous in the prejudiced eyes of Mr. Dyson. It seems, however, that he would have hailed with approbation the sternest clauses of the new Poor-Bill.

'Active himself, he labour'd to express,
In his strong words, his scorn of idleness;
From him in vain the beggar sought relief—

"Who will not labour is an idle thief,
Stealing from those who will;" he knew
not how

For the untaught and ill-taught to allow,
Children of want and vice, inured to ill,
Unchain'd the passions, and uncurb'd the
will.

'Alas! he look'd but to his own affairs,
Or to the rivals in his trade, and theirs:
Knew not the thousands who must all be
fed,

Yet ne'er were taught to earn their daily
bread;

Whom crimes, misfortunes, errors only
teach

To seek their food where'er within their
reach,

Who for their parents' sins, or for their
own,

Are now as vagrants, wanderers, beggars
known,

Hunted and hunting through the world,
to share

Alms and contempt, and shame and scorn
to bear;

Whom Law condemns, and Justice, with
a sigh,

Pursuing, shakes her sword and passes
by.'

p. 44.

The other brother, David, is a medical man; and Crabbe, it must be owned, is seldom better pleased than when he has an opportunity of exhibiting his dissecting ingenuity at the expense of the members of the profession which rejected himself.

'He had a serious air, a smooth address,

And a firm spirit that ensured success.
He watch'd his brethren of the time, how
they

Rose into fame, that he might choose his
way.

Some, he observed, a kind of roughness
used,

And now their patients banter'd, now
abused:

The awe-struck people were at once dis-
may'd,

As if they begg'd the advice for which
they paid.

'There are who hold that no disease is
slight,

Who magnify the foe with whom they
fight.

The sick was told that his was that dis-
ease

But rarely known on mortal frame to
seize;

Which only skill profound, and full com-
mand

Of all the powers of nature could with-
stand.

Then, if he lived, what fame the conquest
gave!

And if he died—"No human power could
save!"

'Mere fortune sometimes, and a lucky
case,

Will make a man the idol of a place—
Who last advice to some fair duchess gave,

Or snatch'd a widow's darling from the
grave,

Him first she honours of the lucky tribe,
Fills him with praise, and woos him to
prescribe.

In his own chariot soon he rattles on,
And half believes the lies that built him
one.

'But not of these was David: care and
pain,

And studious toil prepared his way to gain.

libel, together with this new prospectus, will perceive that the grand scheme for which all this machinery was originally set on foot and organized, was that of concentrating the whole management of the newspaper press throughout the empire in the hands of a snug committee of Bellenden Kers and Le Marchants, mixed up with Unitarians, &c.—under the tranquil superintendence of Lord Chancellor Brougham! The stamp-duty is, of course, to be removed forthwith. No wonder that the existing newspapers have taken the alarm—*οχλος αδιδακτος*—they are quite the 'Family of Love.'

At first observed, then trusted, he became
At length respected, and acquired a name.
Keen, close, attentive, he could read mankind,
The feeble body, and the failing mind ;
And if his heart remain'd untouch'd, his eyes,
His air, and tone, with all could sympathise.

' This brought him fees, and not a man
was he
In weak compassion to refuse a fee.
Yet though the Doctor's purse was well supplied,
Though patients came, and fees were multiplied,
Some secret drain, that none presumed to know,
And few e'en guess'd, for ever kept it low.
Some of a patient spake, a tender fair,
Of whom the Doctor took peculiar care.

' In his religion, Doctor Dyson sought
To teach himself—" A man should not be taught,

The elder of the sisters of this loving family is a widow—one who indulges her grief both for the loss of her husband and the smallness of her jointure. Crabbe pithily says—

' Sorrows like showers descend, and as the heart
grow ;
For them prepares, they good or ill impart ;
Some on the mind, as on the ocean rain,
Fall and disturb, but soon are lost again—
Some, as to fertile lands, a boon bestow,

This sorrowful widow was considered a very devout person ; and her maiden sister Fanny's worldly vanities, and her brother the doctor's Socinianism, appeared to cause her daily affliction. How admirable is the following portraiture !

' In her religion she was all severe,
And as she was, was anxious to appear.
When sorrow died, restraint usurp'd the place,
And sate in solemn state upon her face.
Reading she loved not, nor would deign to waste
Her precious time on trifling works of taste ;
Though what she did with all that precious time
We know not, but to waste it was a crime ;
As oft she said, when with a serious friend
She spent the hours as duty bids us spend ;
To read a novel was a kind of sin—
Albeit once Clarissa took her in. . . .
' Her Bible she perused by day, by night ;
It was her task—she said 't was her delight ;

Should not, by forms or creeds, his mind
debase,
That keep in awe an unreflecting race."
He heeded not what Clarke and Paley say,
But thought himself as good a judge as they ;
Yet to the Church profess'd himself a friend,
And would the rector for his hour attend ;
Nay, praise the learn'd discourse, and learnedly defend.
For since the common herd of men are blind,
He judg'd it right that guides should be assign'd ;
And that the few who could themselves direct
Should treat those guides with honour and respect.
He was from all contracted notions freed,
But gave his brother credit for his creed ;
And if in smaller matters he indulg'd,
Twas well, so long as they were not divulg'd.'

pp. 45—47.

And seeds, that else had perish'd, live and
grow ;
Some fall on barren soil, and thence proceed
The idle blossom, and the useless weed.'—
p. 49.

Found in her room, her chamber, and her
pew,
For ever studied, yet for ever new—
All must be new that we cannot retain,
And new we find it when we read again.
' The hardest texts she could with ease
expound,
And meaning for the most mysterious
found ;
Knew which of dubious senses to prefer :
The want of Greek was not a want in
her ;
Instinctive light no aid from Hebrew
needs—
But full conviction without study breeds ;
O'er mortal powers by inborn strength
prevails,
Where Reason trembles, and where Learning
fails.

Found

To

' To the church strictly from her childhood bred,
 She now her zeal with party-spirit fed :
 For brother James she lively hopes express'd,
 But for the Doctor's safety felt distress'd ;

And her light sister, poor, and deaf, and blind,
 Fill'd her with fears of most tremendous kind.
 But David mock'd her for the pains she took,
 And Fanny gave resentment for rebuke.'—
 p. 51.

Of this worldly Miss Fanny Dyson, in whom every reader must acknowledge a personal acquaintance, we can afford but a glimpse.

' Their sister Frances, though her prime was past,
 Had beauty still—nay, beauty form'd to last ;
 'Twas not the lily and the rose combined,
 Nor must we say the beauty of the mind ;
 But feature, form, and that engaging air,
 That lives when ladies are no longer fair.
 Lovers she ha', as she remember'd yet,
 For who the glories of their reign forget ?
 Some she rejected in her maiden pride,
 And some in maiden hesitation tried,
 Unwilling to renounce, unable to decide.
 One lost, another would her grace implore,
 Till all were lost, and lovers came no more :

Hers was the slender portion, that supplied
 Her real wants, but all beyond denied.
 ' When Fanny Dyson reached her fortieth year,
 She would no more of love or lovers hear ;
 But one dear friend she chose, her guide, her stay ;
 And to each other all the world were they ;
 For all the world had grown to them unkind,
 One sex censorious, and the other blind.
 They walk'd together, they conversed and read,
 And tender tears for well-feign'd sorrows shed ;
 And were so happy in their quiet lives,
 They pitied sighing maids, and weeping wives.'—p. 52.

Nor had she that, in beauty's failing state,
 Which will recall a lover, or create ;

But the affectionate intimacy of the two spinsters was something too pure to last long in this wicked world. Unfortunately for Fanny Dyson, her friend Sophronia had a gentleman-friend also ; and even when love is quite out of the question, it is difficult for two lady-friends to have a gentleman-friend in common, and enjoy his attentions without the slightest disposition to inquire in what proportions these are divided between them.

' There was among our guardian volunteers
 A Major Bright: he reckon'd fifty years.'

It was impossible that Miss Sophronia should keep such a gem all to herself. By and by,

' In walks, in visits, when abroad, at home,
 The friendly Major would to either come.
 He never spoke—for he was not a boy—
 Of ladies' charms, or lovers' grief and joy ;
 All his discourses were of serious kind,
 The heart they touch'd not, but they fill'd the mind.
 Yet—oh, the pity! from this grave good man
 The cause of coolness in the friends began.
 Miss Frances Dyson, to confess the truth,
 Had more of softness—yes, and more of youth ;
 And though he said such things had ceased to please,
 The worthy Major was not blind to these.'
 p. 53.

The inseparables separate ; and while the more elderly Sophronia

' Much wonders what a man of sense could see
 In the light airs of wither'd vanity :
 'Tis said that Frances now the world reviews,
 Unwilling all the little left to lose ;
 She and the Major on the walks are seen,
 And all the world is wondering what they mean.'

The story of 'The Equal Marriage' is a much shorter one than this truly excellent 'Family of Love'; and the subject is neither an interesting nor a new one—the sudden break-up of all affection and all comfort, consequent on the termination of the honeymoon allotted to a rake and a coquette, who have mutually deceived each other, and in so far themselves. The opening sketches of the lady and gentleman are, however, extremely lively.

'There are gay nymphs whom serious
matrons blame,
And men adventurous treat as lawful
game,—
Misses, who strive, with deep and prac-
tised arts,
To gain and torture inexperienced hearts;
The hearts entangled they in pride retain,
And at their pleasure make them feel
their chain :

For this they learn to manage air and
face,
To look a virtue, and to act a grace,
To be whatever men with warmth pursue—
Chaste, gay, retiring, tender, timid,
true,
To-day approaching near, to-morrow just
in view.

'Maria Glossip was a thing like this—
A much observing, much experienced
Miss ;

Who on a stranger-youth would first de-
cide

Th' important question—" Shall I be his
bride?"

But if unworthy of a lot so bless'd,
'Twas something yet to rob the man of
rest ;

The heart, when stricken, she with hope
could feed,
Could court pursuit, and, when pursued,
recede.

'Yet seem'd the nymph as gentle as a
dove,

Like one all guiltless of the game of
love,

Whose guileless innocence might well be
gay ;

Who had no selfish secrets to betray ;
Sure, if she play'd, she knew not how to
play.

Oh ! she had looks so placid and demure,
Not Eve, ere fallen, seem'd more meek or
pure ;

And yet the Tempter of the falling Eve
Could not with deeper subtilty deceive.
But men of more experience learn to treat
These fair enslavers with their own deceit.

'Finch was a younger brother's youngest
son,

Who pleased an uncle with his song and
gun ;

Who call'd him " Bob," and " Captain"
—by that name

Anticipating future rank and fame :
Not but there was for this some fair pre-
tence—

He was a cornet in the Home Defence.

The youth was ever drest in dapper style,
Wore spotless linen, and a censeless smile ;
His step was measured, and his air was
nice—

They bought him high, who had him
at the price

That his own judgment and becoming
pride,

And all the merit he assumed, implied.
A life he loved of liberty and ease,

And all his pleasant labour was to please ;
Not call'd at present hostile men to slay,

He made the hearts of gentle maids his
prey.'

pp. 79—81.

The post-matrimonial dialogue between this couple is all good.
We extract two or three sentences :—

" And so you own it ! own it to my face !
Your love is vanish'd—infamous and
base !"

" Madam, I loved you truly, while I
deem'd

You were the truthful being that you
seem'd ;

But when I see your native temper rise
Above control, and break through all
disguise,

Casting

Casting it off, as serpents do their skin,
And showing all the folds of vice within,—
What see I then to love ? was I in love
with Sin ?"—

" So may I think, and you may feel it
too ;

A loving couple, Sir, were Sin and you !
Whence all this auger ? is it that you
find

You cannot always make a woman blind ?
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You talk of falsehood and disguise—talk on !
 But a'! my trust and confidence are gone ;
 Remember you, with what a serious air
 You talk'd of love, as if you were at prayer ?
 You spoke of home-born comforts, quiet ease,
 And the pure pleasure that must always please,
 With an assumed and sentimental air,
 Snitting your breast, and acting like a player.

Then your life's comfort ! and your holy joys !
 Holy, forsooth ! and your sweet girls and boys,
 How you would train them !—All this farce review,
 And then, Sir, talk of being just and true !"—
 " Madam ! your sex expects that ours should lie ;
 The simple creatures know it and comply." pp. 88, 89.

From ' Rachel,' the only thoroughly sad story in this volume, we extract the following picture of a deserted and heart-broken woman :—

' One calm, cold evening, when the moon was high,
 And rode sublime within the cloudless sky,
 She sat within her hut, nor seem'd to feel
 Or cold or want, but turn'd her idle wheel,
 And with sad song its melancholy tone
 Mix'd, all unconscious that she dwelt alone.

None came ! and Rachel in the morn
 was found
 Turning her wheel, without its spindles,
 round,
 With household look of care, low singing
 to the sound.'

' Villars' is the history of a creature of imagination, tormented by the levity and, indeed, vice of a beautiful woman whom his infatuated admiration compels him on every occasion to forgive : there is, we have no doubt, truth in the conception—but the conclusion has not been adequately developed. The following sketch is in the best style of Crabbe's coast scenery :—

' Villars long since, as he indulged his spleen
 By lonely travel on the coast, had seen
 A large old mansion suffer'd to decay
 In some law-strife, and slowly drop away.
 Dark elms around the constant herons bred,
 Those the marsh dykes, the neighbouring ocean, fed ;
 Rocks near the coast no shipping would allow,
 And stubborn heath around forbade the plough ;
 Dull must the scene have been in years of old,

But now was wildly dismal to behold—
 One level sadness ! marsh, and heath, and sea,
 And, save these high dark elms, nor plant,
 nor tree.
 ' In this bleak ruin Villars found a room,
 Square, small, and lofty—seat of grief
 and gloom :
 A sloping skylight on the white wall threw,
 When the sun set, a melancholy hue ;
 The Hall of Vathek has a room so bare,
 So small, so sad, so form'd to nourish care.'

p. 118.

The other eighteen stories in this volume appear to have been originally designed for a separate volume, to be entitled 'The Farewell and Return.' In a letter to Mrs. Leadbeater, written in 1823, the poet says—' In my *Farewell and Return* I suppose a young man to take leave of his native place, and to exchange farewells with his friends and acquaintance there—in short, with as many characters as I have fancied I could manage. These, and their several situations and prospects, being briefly sketched, an interval is supposed to elapse ; and our youth, a youth no more,
returns

returns to the scene of his early days. Twenty years have passed; and the interest, if there be any, consists in the completion, more or less unexpected, of the history of each person to whom he had originally bidden farewell.'—This plan is essentially much the same with that of the 'Tales of the Hall;' but the characters of the 'Poet' and the 'Friend,' in whose dialogue these histories are brought out, have been left almost blanks, which is a sad falling off. The scene, however, seems to be undoubtedly laid at Aldborough; and, indeed, the following lines in the introductory section are little more than the versification of a passage in Mr. Crabbe's diary, describing his sensations on visiting his native place in very advanced life, which was inserted by his son in the Biographical Memoir—

'Yes!—twenty years have pass'd, and I
 am come,
 Unknown, unwelcomed, to my early home,
 A stranger striving in my walks to trace
 The youthful features in some aged face.
 On as I move, some curious looks I read;
 We pause a moment, doubt, and then
 proceed:
 They're like what once I saw, but not the
 same;
 I lose the air, the features, and the name.
 That bronzed old Sailor, with his wig
 awry—
 Sure he will know me! No, he passes by.
 'The very place is alter'd. What I left
 Seems of its space and dignity bereft:

The streets are narrow, and the buildings
 mean;
 Did I, or Fancy, leave them broad and
 clean?
 The ancient church, in which I felt a pride,
 As struck by magic, is but half as wide;
 The tower is shorter, the sonorous bell
 Tells not the hour as it was wont to tell;
 The market dwindles, every shop and stall
 Sinks in my view; there's littleness in all.
 'One object only is the same; the sight
 Of the wide Ocean by the moon's pale light
 With her long ray of glory, that we mark
 On the wild waves when all beside is dark.'

pp. 125, 126.

The poet, having at length discovered one old acquaintance of a communicative turn, proceeds to describe the persons whose fortunes he is most anxious to ascertain; and the first of these is a school-fellow devoted like himself, in those early days, to dreams of literary distinction. The result is—

'My grave informer doubted, then replied,
 "That Lad!—why, yes!—some ten years
 since he died."
 P.—Died! and unknown! the man I
 loved so well!
 But is this all? the whole that you can tell
 Of one so gifted?—
 F.—Gifted! why, in truth,
 You puzzle me; how gifted was the Youth?
 I recollect him, now—his long, pale face—
 He dress'd in drab, and walk'd as in a race.
 P.—Good Heaven! what did I not of
 him expect?
 And is this all indeed you recollect—
 Of wit that charm'd me, with delightful
 ease—

And gay good-humour that must ever
 please—
 His taste, his genius! know you nought
 of these?
 F.—No, not of these:—but stop! in
 passing near
 I've heard his flute—it was not much to
 hear:
 As for his genius—let me not offend:
 I never had a genius for a friend,
 And doubt of yours; but still he did his
 best,
 And was a decent Lad—there let him rest!
 P.—And is this all? alas!—"a
 decent Lad!"—
 The very phrase would make a Poet mad!"

pp. 133, 136.

Then comes 'Barnaby, the Shopman'—a model of industry:—
 'Farewell!

'Farewell! to him whom just across my way,
 I see his shop attending day by day;
 Save on the Sunday, when he duly goes
 To his own church, in his own Sunday clothes.
 Young though he is, yet careful there he stands,

Opening his shop with his own ready hands;
 Nor scorns the broom that to and fro he moves,
 Cleaning his way, for cleanliness he loves.'

p. 130.

Suppose twenty years passed—Barnaby has by degrees risen from the shop and the broom to be one of the principal personages in the town—a banker!—and then, like other bankers, Barnaby has failed, not without loss of character and estimation—

'But how is this? I left a thriving man
 Hight BARNABY! when he to trade began—
 Trade his delight and hope; and, if alive,
 Doubt I had none that Barnaby would thrive:
 Yet here I see him, sweeping as before
 The very dust from forth the very door.
 So would a miser! but, methinks, the shop
 Itself is meaner—has he made a stop?
 I thought I should at least a B. guess see,
 And lo! 'tis but an older Barnaby;

With face more wrinkled, with a coat as bare
 As coats of his once begging kindred were,
 Brush'd to the thread that is distinctly seen,
 And beggarly t'would be, but that 'tis clean.

Why, how is this? Upon a closer view,
 The shop is narrow'd: it is cut in two.
 Is all that business from its station fled?
 Why, Barnaby! thy very shop is dead!

The 'Friend's' narrative of the ex-banker's ups and downs concludes with

'Warn'd by the past, he rises with the day,
 And tries to sweep off sorrow.—Sweep away!'

'The Ancient Mansion' is one of the best pieces in this collection. See the noble dame at dinner in her dim and stately 'cedar-parlour:—

'Her servants all, if so we may describe
 That ancient, grave, observant, decent tribe,
 Who with her share the blessings of the Hall,
 Are kind but grave, are proud but courteous all—
 Proud of their lucky lot! behold, how stands
 That grey-haired butler, waiting her commands;

When she forbears, his supplicating eye
 Intreats the noble dame once more to try.
 Their years the same; and he has never known
 Another place; and this he deems his own,—
 All appertains to him. Whate'er he sees
 Is ours!—"our house, our land, our walks,
 our trees!"

The 'Ancient Mansion itself' is beautifully pictured:—

'We all have interest there—the trees that grow
 Near to that seat, to that their grandeur owe;
 They take, but largely pay, and equal grace bestow:
 These very pinnacles, and turrets small,
 And windows dim, have beauty in them all.
 How stately stand yon pines upon the hill,
 How soft the murmurs of that living rill,
 And o'er the park's tall paling, scarcely higher,
 Peeps the low Church and shows the modest spire.
 Unnumber'd violets on those banks appear,
 And all the first-born beauties of the year.

The grey-green blossoms of the willows bring
 The large wild bees upon the labouring wing;
 Then comes the Summer with augmented pride,
 Whose pure small streams along the valleys glide:
 Her richer Flora their brief charms display,
 And, as the fruit advances, fall away.
 Then shall th' autumnal yellow clothe the leaf,
 What time the reaper binds the burden'd sheaf:

The

Then

Then silent groves denote the dying year,
The morning frost, and noon-tide gos-
samer;

And all be silent in the scene around,
All save the distant sea's uncertain sound,
Or here and there the gun whose loud report
Proclaims to man that Death is but his
sport:

And then the wintry winds begin to blow,
Then fall the flaky stars of gathering
snow,

We must not follow the good lady and Jacob to their long home,
but take these fine lines on the ancient mansion's altered aspect
when the poet revisits it:—

'Who had done this? Some genuine
Son of Trade

Has all this dreadful devastation made;
Some man with line and rule, and evil eye,
Who could no beauty in a tree descry,
Save in a clump, when station'd by his
hand,
And standing where his genius bade them
stand;

Some true admirer of the time's reform,
Who strips an ancient dwelling like a
storm—

Strips it of all its dignity and grace,
To put his own dear fancies in their place.
He hates concealment: all that was en-
closed

By venerable wood, is now exposed,
And a few stripling elms and oaks appear,
Fenced round by boards, to keep them
from the deer.

'I miss the grandeur of the rich old
scene,
And see not what these clumps and patches
mean!

This shrubby belt that runs the land
around

Shuts freedom out! what being likes a
bound?

The shrubs indeed, and ill-placed flowers,
are gay,

And some would praise; I wish they were
away,

That in the wild-wood maze I as of old
might stray.

The things themselves are pleasant to be-
hold,

But not like those which we beheld of old;

When on the thorn the ripening sloe, yet
blue,

Takes the bright varnish of the morning
dew;

The aged moss grows brittle on the pale,
The dry boughs splinter in the windy gale,
And every changing season of the year
Stamps on the scene its English character.

'Farewell! a prouder Mansion I may see,
But much must meet in that which equals
thee!' pp. 160-162.

That half-hid mansion with its wide do-
main,

Unbound and unsubdued!—but sighs are
vain:

It is the rage of Taste—the rule and com-
pass reign.

'As thus my spleen upon the view I fed,
A man approached me, by his grandchild
led—

A blind old man, and she a fair young
maid,

Listening in love to what her grandsire said.

'And thus with gentle voice he spoke—

"Come lead me, lassie, to the shade,
Where willows grow beside the brook;

For well I know the sound it made,

When, dashing o'er the stony rill,
It murmur'd to St. Osyth's Mill."

The lass replied—"The trees are fied,
They've cut the brook a straighter bed:

No shades the present lords allow,

The miller only murmurs now;

The waters now his mill forsake,

And form a pond they call a lake."

"Then, lassie, lead thy grandsire on,

And to the holy water bring;

A cup is fasten'd to the stone,

And I would taste the healing spring,

That soon its rocky cist forsakes,

And green its mossy passage makes."

"The holy spring is turn'd aside,

The rock is gone, the stream is dried;

The plough has levell'd all around,

And here is now no holy ground."

pp. 163-165.

We wish we could afford to give the rest of these sweet stanzas.
In a very different style is the next tale—that of 'the Wealthy
Merchant'—proud, haughty, ostentatious, the great man of Slaugh-
den Quay, whom the poor poet, when piling up butter and cheese
there in his corduroy jacket, durst hardly look in the face—but
who,

who, when the twenty years have flown, is found in the almshouses. This sketch of his wife in her splendid days going a marketing is capital :—

'How bows the market, when, from stall
to stall,
She walks attended! how respectful all!
To her free orders every maid attends,
And strangers wonder what the woman
spends.

'There is an auction, and the people,
shy,
Are loth to bid, and yet desire to buy.
Jealous they gaze with mingled hope and
fear
Of buying cheaply, and of paying dear.

The *finale* of 'the Wealthy Merchant' is equally good :—

'See yonder man, who walks apart, and
seems
Wrapt in some fond and visionary schemes;
Who looks uneasy, as a man oppress'd
By that large copper badge upon his
breast.
His painful shame—his self-tormenting
pride,
Would all that's visible in bounty hide;
And much his anxious breast is swell'd
with woe,
That where he goes, his badge must with
him go.

Now to the paupers who about him stand,
He tells of wonders by his bounty plann'd,
Tells of his traffic, where his vessels sail'd,

They see the hammer with determined air
Seized for despatch, and bid in pure de-
spair!

They bid—the hand is quiet as before,—
Still stands old Puff till one advances
more.—

Behold great madam, gliding through the
crowd:

Hear her too bid—decisive tone and loud!
"Going! 'tis gone!" the hammer-holder
cries—

"Joy to you, lady! you have gain'd a
prize." p. 117.

And what a trade he drove—before he
fail'd;

Then what a failure!—not a paltry sum,
Like a mean trader, but for half a plum;
His lady's wardrobe was appraised so high,
At his own sale, that nobody would buy!
"But she is gone," he cries, "and never
saw

The spoil and havoc of our cruel law.

I, who have raised the credit of the town,
And gave it, thankless as it is, renown—
Deprived of all—my wife, my wealth, my
vote—

And in this blue defilement—*Curse the
Coat!*"

pp. 173, 174.

'The Dean's Lady' exhibits another of these sad chances and changes of life. In the earlier stage, Crabbe suffers under her domineering blue-stockingship :—

'Miranda sees her morning levee fill'd
With men in every art and science skill'd,
Men who have gain'd a name, whom she
invites,
Because in men of genius she delights.
To these she puts her questions, that pro-
duce

Discussion vivid, and discourse abstruse;
She no opinion for its boldness spares,
But loves to show her audience what she
dares;

The creeds of all men she takes leave to sift,
And, quite impartial, turns her own adrift.

'Her noble mind, with independent
force,

Her rector questions on his late discourse;
Perplex'd and pain'd, he wishes to retire
From one whom critics, nay, whom crowds,
admire—

From her whose faith on no man's dictate
leans,

Who her large creed from many a teacher
gleans;

Who for herself will judge, debate, decide,
And be her own "philosopher and guide." p. 186.

She is a metaphysician, too, an economist, and, to crown all, a geologist :—

'Her hungry mind on every subject
feeds;
She Adam Smith and Dugald Stewart
reads;

Locke

Locke entertains her, and she wonders why
His famous Essay is considered dry.

For her amusement in her vacant hours,
Are earths and rocks, and animals and
flowers: She

She could the farmer at his work assist—
A systematic agriculturist.

'Miranda deems all knowledge might
be gain'd—
"But she is idle, nor has much attain'd;
Men are in her deceived: she knows at most
A few light matters, for she scorns to boast.

She appears to be a reviewer, too, and dabbles considerably in the magazines; but we must hasten to the conclusion:—

'P.—Now where the learned lady?
Doth she live,
Her dinners yet and sentiments to give—
The dean's wise consort with the many
friends,
From whom she borrows, and to whom she
lends
Her precious maxims?

F.—Yes, she lives to shed
Her light around her, but her dean is
dead!

'Once from her lips came wisdom;—
when she spoke,
Her friends in transport or amazement
broke.

We pass the 'Brother Burgesses,' 'The Dealer and Clerk,'
'Gentle Jane,' and 'The Wife and Widow,' and reach, in 'Belinda
Waters,' a most Crabbish portraiture of a fine dainty miss:—

'She sees her father oft engross'd by
cares,
And therefore hates to hear of men's
affairs:

An active mother in the household reigns,
And spares Belinda all domestic pains.
Of food she knows but this—that we are
fed:—

Though, duly taught, she prays for daily
bread,
Yet whence it comes, of hers is no con-
cern—

It comes! and more she never wants to
learn.

'She on the table sees the common fare,
But how provided is beneath her care.

And what came of this delicate beauty?—

'she took a surgeon's mate
'With his half-pay, which was his whole estate.'

And how does she relish a scanty establishment, a housefull of
bawling children, and the weekly accounts?—

'She wonders much—as, why they live
so ill,—

Why the rude butcher brings his weekly
bill,—

She wonders why that baker will not trust,
And says, most truly says—"Indeed he
must!"

She

Her mathematic studies she resign'd—
They did not suit the genius of her
mind.

She thought, indeed, the higher parts sub-
lime,

But then they took a monstrous deal of
time!"

p. 188.

Now to her dictates there attend but few,
And they expect to meet attention too;
Respect she finds is purchased at some
cost,

And deference is withheld when dinner's
lost.

Old, but not wise, forsaken, not resign'd,
She gives to honours past her feeble mind,
Back to her former state her fancy moves,
And lives on past applause, that still she
loves;

Yet holds in scorn the fame no more in
view,

And flies the glory that would not pursue
To yon small cot, a poorly jointured *Blue*.'

pp. 189, 190.

She thinks, when married—if she thinks
at all—
That what she needs will answer to her
call.

'To write is business; and, though
taught to write,
She keeps the pen and paper out of sight;
What once was painful she cannot allow
To be enjoyment or amusement now.
She wonders why the ladies are so fond
Of such long letters, when they corre-
spond.

Crowded and cross'd by ink of different
stain,

She thinks to read them would confuse her
brain.'

p. 204.

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Her husband loves her, and in accent mild
 Answers, and treats her like a fretted child;
 But when he, ruffled, makes severe replies,
 And seems unhappy—then she pouts, and cries,
 "She wonders when she'll die!"—She faints, but never dies.

"How well my father lived!" she says.—"How well,
 My dear, your father's creditors could tell!"
 And then she weeps, till comfort is applied,
 That soothes her spleen, or gratifies her pride:
 Her dress and novels, visits and success
 In a chance-game, are softeners of distress.—p. 207.

'The Will' and 'The Cousins' are among the most powerful of these tales; and 'The Boat Race,' 'Master William, or Lad's Love,' 'Danvers and Rayner,' 'Preaching and Practice'—in short, almost every piece in the volume—might furnish us with some extract, grave or gay, which would much adorn our pages. But we believe we have already quoted quite enough to convey a fair notion of what this legacy amounts to. It is on the whole decidedly inferior, in most respects, to any other volume of the author's poetry; but still it is perhaps more *amusing* than any of the rest of them: it is full of playfulness and good-humour, and the stories are, with hardly an exception, such as we can fancy the good old man to have taken delight in telling to his grandchildren, when the curtains were drawn down and the fire burnt bright on a winter's evening, in the rectory parlour of Trowbridge. 'Why, sir,' said Johnson at Dunvegan—(anno ætat. 64)—'a man grows better-humoured as he grows older. He improves by experience.' It is pleasing to trace the gradually-increasing prevalence of the softer feelings in the heart of Crabbe, when removed from the stern influences of his early distress. *Requiescat in pace!* We hope his Sermons may be found worthy of the high reputation which this volume will neither increase nor disturb.

ART. IX.—1. *Belgium and Western Germany in 1833.* By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1834.

2. *Visit to Germany and the Low Countries.* By Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1833.

MRS. TROLLOPE is, we think, extremely well adapted to the task of planning and executing a 'pleasure tour,' (as the Germans call it,) and giving a correct and spirited report of her seeings and hearings, for the benefit of us home *voyageurs autour de nos chambres*. With the tact and quick observation of a woman, and much of the unpretending good sense of an Englishwoman, she unites great activity, bodily as well as mental, sound views on most topics, political and religious, a lively style, good feeling and good spirits, and much unprejudiced fairness in her judgments

ments on men and manners. If she has but 'little learning,' her good sense prevents its being 'a dangerous thing;' and every reader of any taste must like her and her work all the better for the absence of all pretension to more than she possesses. We verily believe she started to write a tour in Germany, with scarcely any other apparatus than a common guide-book, and a passport duly *viséd*—without having got up, *more solito*, Madame de Staël's 'Allemagne,' or dipped into Frederic of Prussia's Correspondence, or marked quotations (like Sir A. B. Faulkner) in the first chapter of *Tacitus de Moribus Germanorum*. Then, although she follows Lord Bacon's advice, and 'diets in such places where there is good company,' she neither engages, nor prates about, Italian couriers, and *britschkas* and *extra post* horses; she can breathe in a *lohn kutsch*, and make her observations very shrewdly and like a lady in the *eilwagen* and the *wasser diligenz*; and she rationally prefers the lively *table d'hôte* to expensive and uninforming repasts in her bed-room. The result is, she has produced two very agreeable and companionable volumes upon Belgium and Rhenish Germany, full of animated description and natural observation, free from conventional rhapsodies and second-hand criticism, —never dogmatizing, and seldom theorizing, and strictly following (though not citing) Horace's golden rule,

'Quod

'*Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.*'

Though she spends some days at the Universities of Bonn and Heidelberg, she is not drawn into sublime disquisitions about Kant's philosophy, or *transcendental* raptures upon Goethe and Schlegel. She describes the castles on the Rhine without swelling her volumes with every legend appurtenant to them from Schreiber or Gottschalk; and she clearly states what she sees in the vaults of the supposed secret tribunal at Baden, without extracting an elaborate history from Sir Francis Palgrave, or bewildering herself in the controversy as to its constitution and fall; nor does she reproduce, from a thumbed copy of 'Childe Harold,' Byron's noble but hackneyed descriptions of the river and the castles 'where ruin greenly dwells;' nay, her chapters are headed by plain prose tables of contents, instead of useless and sentimental mottoes—in the reciprocation of which we observe a considerable traffic among the poetasters and 'standard novelists' of this age of puffing.

Let us not be supposed for a moment to undervalue the travels of persons of real science, and of historical and antiquarian knowledge. We know hardly any works more delightful than Sausure's Travels in the Alps and Humboldt's in South America, for their union of scientific observation with glowing and animated description;

description; and the details which we have of the northern countries from Clarke (enriched by Heber's notes), of Italy from Eustace and Forsyth, and of India from Heber, acquire a tenfold value from the real familiarity of those authors with the history and antiquities of the countries they visit. But what we dislike, and what Mrs. Trollope's work is far superior to, is the book of travels, so common in these days, compiled from guide-books, gazetteers, and topographical dictionaries, instead of the actual use of the tourist's ears and eyes—with centos of inapt quotations—profound displays of title-page learning—shallow lectures on general politics—crude generalizations from scanty particulars—in short, all that indicates misplaced industry at home, with little note-taking and careless observation on the spot.

But though her readers will readily forgive Mrs. Trollope for not being a profound antiquary, or even a German scholar, and will doubtless applaud with us her contempt for the too common affectation of learning and languages, we really wish she had possessed herself of some good dictionary of proper names, or had at least copied them correctly from the guide-books and road-posts which fell in her way. It is really distressing to find, in her generally accurate volumes, our old acquaintances the German towns and villages, rivers, and mountains, so metamorphosed in name as to be hardly recognizable. The town of *Bruchsal* is turned into *Bronch-sal*, the *Murg* river into the *Moury*, the *Bergstrasse* into *Bergstross* (it is not the beautiful chain of hills which is called *Bergstrasse*, but the *chaussée* at their feet—the *mountain-road*): *Braubach* is *Branbach*, *Rheinfels* is *Rhinefels* or *Rhinfels*, *Marbourg* is *Mar-berg*, and *Starkenbourg* is *Storkenberg*: the termination *burg*—fortress or town, and *berg*—mountain, being generally confounded. The *Fulda* river is written the *Foulde*, the *Sieben-gebirge* are turned into *Sieben-geberg*, the town of *Deutz* into *Deuty*; *Roland-seck* is divided into *Roland Seck* (i. e. *dry Roland*, instead of *Roland's nook*); *Nonnenwerth* is turned into *Nonnenworth*; *Bethmann* the banker is curtailed of his final *n*—the *Marquis* of *Sommarriva* of his second *m*—and *Danekker* the sculptor is transformed to *Dennecker*. We point out these *errata*, which will be more offensive to her foreign readers than to many of her English ones, in order that Mrs. Trollope may correct them in a future edition. From various circumstances, we have little doubt that this one has not had the advantage of being carried through the press under her own inspection.

Having thus summed up her typographical demerits, we have pleasure in saying that we think her style considerably strengthened and improved since her *Tour in America*. Her observations are also more sober and just than was always the case in

in that amusing volume; and if her present work does not excite so many 'broad grins' as the former, it is in part owing to the difference of subject, but also because it has less of extravaganza and caricature.

Mrs. Trollope commences her peregrinations on the 1st of June, 1833, on board the Lord Liverpool steam-boat, which she finds far inferior in accommodation to those on the Hudson and the Mississippi. Her delay of ten days at Ostend (occasioned by a wound received by her son, in a combat scene, in acting Bombastes Furioso on a private stage) enables her to explore Ostend and its vicinity more leisurely than travellers are wont. With the exception of a good market for vegetables, fruit, and flowers; flat sands, convenient for sea-bathing; and a church filled with tawdry representations of the Virgin, before which half-dressed devotees are unceasingly prostrate—this much-used, but difficultly approached port has nothing worthy of remark. The traveller finds himself in the land of bigotry and ultra-Catholicism on crossing any frontier of Belgium. With the exception of Spain, and of some parts of Italy, the processions of the church are probably nowhere so well got up, or its legends and traditions so numerous, as in Belgium. In the village church of Ghistelles, near Ostend, Mrs. Trollope finds a shrine of brass, containing the bones of a certain Countess Godelieve, with a stately monument representing her horrid fate:—

'Godelieve was a woman of France, and married a Baron of Flanders, who being a wicked man, and influenced by a still more atrocious mother, hated her for her goodness, and also for *having black hair*, unlike the fair girls of his own country; he, therefore, had her strangled: but afterwards repenting him of the cruel deed, he became a monk at Bruges, and subsequently caused the church to be erected to her memory.'—*Trollope*, vol. i. p. 8.

The count having thus made matters square, after the manner of the twelfth century, the lady was of course promoted into a saint, and in that capacity works miracles, to this day, at Ghistelles, and would have more practice than she actually enjoys, but for the 'well-authenticated finger' of a certain other saint of older standing, which treats the countess as a *parvenue*, and is enshrined in the church (though not in the calendar) as undoubtedly the saint A 1.

Catholicism in Belgium does not (as it does in Italy, in Savoy, and in many parts of Germany and France) possess the accompaniment of *filth*. The cleanliness of the farms, the cottages, the dairies, the kitchens, as well as of the dress of the peasantry, must strike every traveller. At a farm-house which Mrs. Trollope visited, where she was struck with the rich cream, the Valenciennes

ciennes lace, the snow-white quilts, and the devout Catholicism of the farmers, she 'coaxed the good woman of the house to exhibit the *stays* she wore on great occasions.' They certainly appear to have been fully adequate to the sustentation and compression of as extensive and buxom a form as ever Rubens delighted to paint or to woo :—

'They were, unquestionably, of many pounds weight, and were furnished on both sides with iron bars, which one should think must enter, if not into her soul, at least into her heart every time she stooped. I have often felt at a loss to know why a lady's corset should be termed a "pair of stays," but, with this massive fabric before me, I at once perceived its origin and meaning. Ribs of steel are enclosed within it on either side, and it could hardly be better described than by calling it a pair of stays or supports. About half-way down the sides of this ponderous structure is a huge, *solid roll of stuffing*, which nearly surrounds the *waist*, and on this the petticoats are suspended.'

This latter appendage, which, in the case of Flemish ladies, would seem very superfluous, is, we believe, now somewhat in vogue with English and French mantua-makers; but whether 'ribs of steel' and 'iron bars' encompass and protect the regions of the 'heart' and 'soul,' in any other forms than those of Belgian *dairy-wives*, we profess ourselves incompetent to decide.

Bruges, the once splendid commercial emporium (though never the capital, as Mrs. Trollope states) of Flanders, with its graceful Gothic town-house and cathedral, its spacious *place-d'armes*, its decorated churches, and silent streets, shady avenues, and long lines of houses with lofty croqueted gable fronts, has a truly interesting character of deserted grandeur and humbled magnificence. We must seek its trade in Amsterdam and its manufacture at Leeds. Well may Mr. Southey exclaim

'The season of her splendour is gone by,
Yet every where its monuments remain:
Temples which rear their stately heads on high,
Canals that intersect the fertile plain—
Wide streets and squares, with many a court and hall,
Spacious and undefaced—but ancient all. . . .

'When I may read of tilts in days of old,
And tourneys graced by chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold—
If Fancy would pourtray some stately town,
Which of such pomp fit theatre might be,
Fair Bruges! I shall then remember thee!'

Mrs. Trollope, who is unnecessarily afraid of being enthusiastic—(of writing in *issimo*, according to a witticism of Horace Walpole's)—might have been excused for a little more accurate and detailed

detailed description of the many objects of real curiosity at Bruges. Speaking of the church of Notre Dame, she says,—

‘It has the honour of containing the bones of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Mary, the wife of Maximilian. Their tombs, of *touchstone*, superbly decorated, are most costly monumental structures, and are carefully enclosed in wooden cases, removed only on payment of a fee.’—vol. i. p. 22.

These tombs, which were erected by Charles V., in 1553, are not of *touchstone*, but of copper, splendidly gilt, chased, embossed, and ornamented; and record the string of duchies, counties, and lordships which this illustrious and amiable heiress brought to the House of Austria, and which afterwards swelled the empire, on which the sun never set, of her grandson Charles V. Considering the exquisite richness of the monuments, the historical interest attaching both to the father and daughter, and the affection of the Flemish for the memory of this young countess, who died, when pregnant, at the age of twenty-five, by a fall from her horse, while hawking with her husband near Bruges—having long concealed, out of affection for him, the mortal injury she had received—we wonder that Mrs. Trollope’s Cicerone did not point them out to her as among the most remarkable objects in the Netherlands. One of the clergy buried them, at the risk of his head, during the storm of the Jacobin Revolution. As to the fee levied from visitors, we can only say we should not grudge the fees at Westminster Abbey, were the old tombs there kept with the tithe of the care exemplified at Bruges. These monuments really look as if they had left the gilder’s shop a week ago.

Mrs. Trollope does not allude to the commendation given to Bruges by the monkish hexameters, to which, if she did not herself, we think her young male fellow-travellers ought at least to have discovered the city’s undoubted right and title—

‘Nobilibus Bruxella viris, Antwerpia nummis,
Gandavum laqueis, formosis Burga puellis.’

The race of fair beauties, the admiration of whom led the Count Godelieve to such horror of a black-haired wife, have still their worthy representatives at Bruges. At Ghent, which is as much inferior to Bruges in its air of quiet and mournful elegance, as it is superior for extent, and variety of buildings, institutions, and objects, Mrs. Trollope remarks a custom universal on the continent, but not naturalized in England—that of having

‘*espions* at the windows—mirrors placed on the outside of the drawing-room windows, by means of which those who sit within are enabled to see all that passes without, and yet never be guilty of the indecorum of appearing at the window.’

We almost wonder this device for furtive window-gazing has not
taken

taken possession of Grosvenor Street or Harley Street. The circumstance may be owing in part to the gloominess of this climate, but perhaps chiefly to the mental pursuits and strenuous pleasures of London, so much more stimulating than the *commerce*, knitting, and smoking which form the resources of still life in the Belgian and German towns.

No continental object so certainly sets an English, and especially a female English traveller, on the alert as a nunnery. Mrs. Trollope at Huy scales a mountain in certain hope of one, and has penetrated the *parloir*, corridor, and chapel of a very Cistercian-looking mansion, before she finds it is only a ladies' boarding-school, at four hundred francs per annum! At Ghent, she little regrets missing from rain so genuine a Spanish archaism as a bull-fight, and finds consolation in the *béguinage*.

'We attended the *salut* in their chapel, and saw seven hundred of them at their devotions. The effect of this large assemblage of kneeling nuns was very beautiful. Many were in the bloom of youth, and the costume is far from unbecoming. When the service ended, they all rose, and many drew near the altar to perform some little additional act of penitence on the steps of it. As each prepared to depart she took off her veil, which is of delicately white linen, and, folding it up, placed it flat upon the top of her head; producing exactly the effect of the square head-dress with which we are so familiar in Italian pictures.'—p. 41.

Mrs. Trollope then moralizes thus:—

'The knowledge that these secluded women might be absolved from their vows, if they became weary of the peaceful but monotonous life they enjoin, prevented the spectacle from exciting in us any painful feeling of regret for the sacrifice they had made of the joys, the hopes, the affections of the world. It is very rarely, however, as we were assured from many quarters, that any are found who wish to take advantage of this. They live with great comfort—their moderate incomes producing, when thrown together, a revenue more than equal to their expenses. They are not lodged in one large building, as is usual in other convents, but have quite a little town within the walls, each house of which is inhabited by one or more sisters and their servants.'—p. 42.

The observation at the head of this paragraph is a nearer approach to conventional common-place than is often found in Mrs. Trollope. We have the truest respect for the virtues and kind offices of the 'Sister Berthas' and 'Sister Gertrudes,' whose names, thus inscribed on their neat, little, independent tenements within the walls of the *béguinage*, invite the sick and the suffering of all classes, as we well know, to unfailing friends, attendants, and consolers. Mrs. Trollope truly says—'I believe they are chosen as *gouvernantes* for half the population.' But Mrs. Trollope will not

persuade us, that, in observing the nun of the strict and regular orders, the predominant feeling is painful regret for her sacrifice of the world. The irrevocable vow is the real secret of the interest of the nunnery. Why does Mrs. Trollope look so anxiously in the boarding-school on the Meuse for the *grate* to the *parloir*, the iron *grille* in the gallery, and the watchful sister that ought to be at the entrance?—Only as indications

‘Of the blameless vestal’s lot,

The world forgetting, by the world forgot’—

of that mysterious and irrevocable consecration of beauty, youth, and passions and affections to heaven, which makes the regular nun so absorbing an object to her more worldly brethren and sisters. We have seen very pleasing forms and faces among the beguines, under the graceful little coronet of white bugles which they assume on making their vow; but these things did not acquire an increased interest from our recollection that their vow is not perpetual.

At Antwerp, Mrs. Trollope says—

‘The circumstance that most forcibly struck me, on my first walk through Antwerp, was the Spanish air of the women. We had remarked something of this both at Bruges and Ghent, but by no means in so great a degree. At Antwerp the mantilla is universal among the women; the higher classes, indeed, there, as everywhere else, are as nearly Parisian in appearance as they can contrive to be; but many among the wealthy *bourgeoisie* wear this graceful drapery of costly materials, and arranged with great care and elegance. In many instances the cloak is changed for an ample veil of rich black silk, that completely envelopes the head and shoulders. In both dresses the face is concealed in a considerable degree; and when in the act of devotion, no part of the countenance is permitted to be visible. The long black rows of veiled heads which we constantly saw in the churches often made me fancy myself surrounded by nuns. Nor is it in the dress alone that the Flemish citizens show traces of their Spanish ancestors; we remarked many beautiful women, who, both in feature and complexion, gave indication of southern forefathers. Yet, if I mistake not, it was under Philip II. that Flanders revolted from Spain. One should imagine that years enough had passed over them to obliterate all this; but, most assuredly, the fact is otherwise.’ —p. 47.

The southern air which the black-cloth wimple or black-silk hood gives to many of the Flemish women (especially, we think, at Antwerp and Brussels) is as remarkable as Mrs. Trollope says;—and the costume is undoubtedly Spanish. Much of the southern eyes and skin may no doubt be ascribed to alliances with the French;—but they are certainly much less observable in Holland, which threw off the yoke of Spain under Philip II., than

than in the Catholic Belgian provinces, which revolted, indeed (as Mrs. Trollope says), under that monarch, but were not separated from Spain till one hundred and seventy years later—viz., at the peace of Utrecht. During the two centuries from Charles V.'s accession to the crown of Spain, in 1517, to the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, the close connexion between Belgium and Spain must necessarily have occasioned a considerable intermixture of these opposite races; and the period which has elapsed since their separation is not, we conceive, by any means long enough to wear out the physical traces of a mixed descent. We are inclined to believe that the dark complexions and prominent profiles of the Cologne people (so strikingly contrasted with the flat and creamy German physiognomies of the neighbouring district) are an inheritance from the Roman colonists who founded the town; and we very much doubt (to come nearer home) whether, without Roman blood in our own veins, the high commanding forehead and nose, and dark or grey eyes, would be (as we think they are) so much more frequent in English physiognomies than in those of the other so called Teutonic nations.

The needless and bloody revolution which the Belgians effected in imitation of the Parisians has of course left its scars and wounds on the moral face of the country, as it has its marks of devastation on the town of Antwerp, the park, and some of the noblest houses in Brussels. The license of tongue and pen has led, and leads, to frequent and sanguinary duels.

'Affairs of this kind are so frequent among the ardent spirits of the young government, that it has become a daily exercise among the gentlemen to fire with pistols at a mark.'—vol. i. p. 64.

Monsieur Gendebien—(the deputy who lately silenced his senatorial enemy, the minister of the interior, Rogier, by a shot through the mouth!)

'is said to have reached such a pitch of dexterity as to be able to bring down a bee upon the wing with the nicest certainty. In consequence of such peculiar skill, the seconds in this affair placed the combatants at the unusual distance of thirty-six paces!'—vol. i. p. 65.

Going out of town for a short time is the ordinary, but not the necessary, result of having even killed an adversary. Mrs. Trollope met a gay and amiable Belgian officer at a dinner-table, who, she afterwards learnt, had the day before killed his antagonist.

"I thought you were going out of town," said a whiskered *militaire*, addressing him. "Yes, I shall take myself off to-morrow, for a couple of days," he replied. The *morrow* was the day fixed for the funeral.'—vol. i. p. 66.

If it is certain that sedition and revolution harden and brutalize

the manners, it is not less infallible that they scare from society all its graces and its good spirits.

'The consequence of the revolution has been the breaking up, in a great degree, of the delightful circle of society for which Brussels used to be celebrated. Many of the noblesse have altogether withdrawn themselves; and few of those who remain are as accessible as formerly. We were assured by a Russian officer, that all the gaiety now to be found at Brussels must be sought in the mansions of the English; and that, without this resource, no one, who had a choice, would continue to make that city his residence. This assurance might possibly have been occasioned by the politeness of the speaker towards the party addressed; but, as I repeatedly heard the same statement from the Belgians themselves, I am inclined to believe it is the fact.'—

The all but utter ruin of the trade of Antwerp, and of half the Belgian manufacturers, are among the results of the same grand event. The truth is, nobody in Belgium has profited by the Revolution, except the few *patriots* who made it—in other words, the knot of attorneys, newspaper editors, and subaltern officers, who have been, by its success, transformed into ministers of state, generals, and ambassadors. The *Van de Weyers*, *Le Hons*, *General Gobelets*, and so on, do not regret the Glorious Week of Brussels!

From Belgian politics the traveller is happy to escape with Mrs. Trollope to the curious and interesting geographical establishment of M. Vander Maelen, the butterflies and moths of M. Robyn's remarkable museum, the noble Gothic church of St. Gudule, the attractive restaurant of Du Bos. We quite agree with Mrs. Trollope that no where can be found so interesting a constellation of fine cities as Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Louvain, Brussels, Namur, and Liege—and it is to be regretted that this rich and remarkable district, once the manufacturing emporium and the granary, then the battle-field, has now become little more than a high road of Europe—across which travellers hasten post, 'fired with ideas of fair Italy,' or breathless till they behold the Rhine, or the splendours of Berlin and Vienna. We cannot too strongly recommend them to rein in their imaginations and to explore in detail the Belgian cities. Of the domestic manners and habits of the Belgians, Mrs. Trollope's progress was too rapid to enable her personally to form a judgment; the '*Journal of a Belgian Lady*,' which she gives from the pen of 'a lively young French woman,' presents on the face of it marks of caricature and exaggeration which would destroy its authority even if its origin were less suspicious.

Having visited Waterloo, and journeyed by water down the picturesque

icturesque Meuse, from Namur to Liege, Mrs. Trollope proceeds to Aix-la-Chapelle. Whether, like the 142,000 persons who visited this 'holy city' in one day, some centuries since, she deemed it a matter of sanctity to inspect its relics, we know not; but she duly describes those which were opened to her as one of the vulgar, and recounts those which only once in every seventh year, from the 10th to the 24th of July, confirm the faith of the righteous; viz. 'a chemise of the Virgin Mary, the swaddling-clothes of the infant Jesus, the linen cloth which received the head of John the Baptist, and a small portion of the manna of the Desert.'—(vol. i. p. 124.) These she only heard of. The ivory hunting horn of Charlemagne, which she saw, is, we believe, *veritable*.

Though Mrs. Trollope, at Aix-la-Chapelle, lives much among the tombs and the relics of the old minster, and does not notice the gay Redoute, or the Congress Saloon, in which so many heroes of diplomacy have figured, from Kaunitz, Pelham, Sandwich, and Robinson, to Wellington, Castlereagh, Metternich, and Pozzo di Borgo—and though she hardly does justice to the singular beauty of the walks and shrubberies laid out on the ruins of the ramparts and along the acclivities of Louisberg—we are happy to find her not so wholly engrossed by Charlemagne as to overlook the warm public feeling towards his successor, the reigning King of Prussia.

'It was here that I first heard the name of the King of Prussia pronounced with that emphatic love, reverence, and admiration, which met us so frequently afterwards in the course of our travels through his dominions. I do not speak of the strong personal attachment of his nobles; but, whoever will take the trouble of conversing with the lower and middling classes in Prussia, will hear their wise and good monarch spoken of as the father of his people.'—p. 127.

Passing Juliers, she arrives at Cologne in the diligence, and devotes two days to this ill-built, ill-arranged, and ill-fumigated abode of the skulls of the three Wise Men of the East, of the forty 'Jean-Marie Farinas,' who deluge Europe with Cologne water*, and of crowds of priests and mendicants, who still prey upon the impoverished funds of dilapidated convents, nunneries, and canonries—once equalling in number the days of the year. We quite agree with Mrs. Trollope, that 'instead of two days, two months might be profitably spent in becoming acquainted with its antiquities;' but not so readily, that 'every part of the city affords picturesque and interesting points of view.' We know of no part of the city, except precisely that where her hotel, the Grosse Rheinberg, stands

* N.B. The rightful heir of the inventor is, we believe, the Farina of the *Place aux Herbes* at Cologne.

—viz. the bank of the Rhine—which presents *any view whatever*, save vistas of darkness or walls of dilapidated houses. Cologne is one indescribable, scarcely mapable, *congeries* of lanes, of equal dirt and narrowness—a mass of veins, without heart or arteries.

Leaving Cologne *à regret fugitif*, as a Frenchman says the Seine leaves Paris, Mrs. Trollope embarks on board the steam-boat for Bonn. Her account of the university is very scanty, and she wisely avoids dogmatizing like Sir A. Faulkner (though far more competent to the task), as to its merits when compared with those of England. The students she finds dressed in the usual barbarian style; but she speaks favourably of their quiet behaviour at a concert where she met them. From Bonn she proceeds to the beautiful village of Godesberg, facing the far-famed Seven Mountains, and at the foot of a conical hill, crowned with the tall round tower of a knight's castle. Intending to lodge at the *Blinker's* hotel, she whimsically goes to the *Belle Vue*. She very diligently ascends two of the seven mountains on a donkey. The view from the precipitous ridge of the Drachenfels repays such an exertion; but the ascent of the others is a work of supererogation. The Stromberg, which Mrs. Trollope mounted, and which is about 1500 feet high, has little attraction for any but the pilgrims, who resort to its chapel and fifty-six crosses, and hang flowers and wreaths of beech-leaves on its figures of the Virgin.

‘A small shanty, for the sale of *schnapps* (milk and black bread) to restore the strength of any pious pilgrims who may reach it, is now the only human habitation on the Stromberg.’—vol. i. p. 166.

Mrs. Trollope would find in the German ‘Word-book,’ that the pilgrims do not trust to milk and black bread for restoring their strength. *Schnapps* is, *Anglicè*, ‘a dram.’

‘A proof of devotion was given by the lad who acted as our guide. As I preferred walking to riding down the descent, I dismissed him with the donkey soon after we reached the top. As we returned, following in the path he had taken, we observed a bright fresh wreath of beech-leaves twisted round the bust of a wooden Virgin, while evident traces of my donkey's hoofs were visible upon the side of the little hillock on which she was stationed.

‘There is something to me extremely pleasing in these outward and visible signs of religious feeling, especially when demonstrated where no human eye is expected to approve it; nor can they, I think, be classed with those superstitious observances with which the Roman Catholic religion has been so reasonably reproached.’—p. 167.

We fear there is no substantial distinction to be made between them—picturesque and pretty as the guide's attention to the Virgin

Virgin appears. If Mrs. Trollope defends these *ex voto* wreaths, she will find herself driven to advocate other Catholic customs and doctrines, which she certainly does not approve, and for which the witty Countess de Thun's excuse given to the Emperor Leopold will hardly be sufficient:—'The Holy Virgin is so amiable, so tender, so accessible!' &c.—If Mrs. Trollope had been a nun, she would clearly have been a *Servite*.

In company with a party of Dutch travellers, whom Mrs. Trollope finds (as we have often done) rational, courteous, and intelligent, and with so many qualities, pursuits, and habits in common with our countrymen, as to be often mistaken for them at continental inns—Mrs. Trollope visits the celebrated Kreutzberg, or Mount Calvary, a high and singular hill near Bonn. An isolated building, formerly a convent, now occupied by peasants, stands on the summit, which commands a noble view of the valley of the Rhine. The chapel is rich and curious, with some disgusting relics, and a flight of stairs protected from the touch of human feet by a papal bull which hangs in the interior. To ascend them kneeling 'insures plenary indulgence for a year,' by virtue of the said bull. But the Kreutzberg is principally remarkable for its subterranean inhabitants. Before admitting our travellers to these, the sacristan, of course, took care to raise the proper degree of preparatory expectation, while he detained them waiting 'near the high altar, near which was the large trap-door that opened on the vault.' At length he arrived, key in hand:—

'I hardly know what we had expected from this sepulchral examination, but it certainly must have been something very different from the reality, for we were jesting and laughing when the man arrived; and even when we saw the two lads, who accompanied him, raise the massy door, I believe not one of us felt any portion of the awe which the scene it opened to us was calculated to inspire. The sacristan, with a lighted candle in his hand, descended a dark and narrow flight of steps, desiring us to follow him. I was the first that did so, and I shall not soon forget the spectacle that met my eyes. On each side of us, as we entered the vault, was ranged a row of open coffins, each containing the dry and shrivelled body of a monk, in his robe and cowl. They are so placed as to be exposed to the closest examination, both of touch and sight; and the remembrance of my walk through them still makes me shudder. The wonderful state of preservation in which these bodies remain, though constantly exposed to the atmosphere by being thus exhibited, is attributed, by good Catholics, to the peculiar sanctity of the place; but to those who do not receive this solution of the mystery, it is one of great difficulty. The dates of their interment vary from 1400 to 1713; and the oldest is quite as fresh as the most recent. There are twenty-six fully exposed to view, and apparently many more beneath them. From the older ones,

ones, the coffins have either crumbled away, or the bodies were buried without them.

'In some of these ghastly objects the flesh is still full, and almost shapely upon the legs; in others it appears to be drying gradually away, and the bones are here and there becoming visible. The condition of the face also varies very greatly, though by no means in proportion to the antiquity of each. In many, the nose, lips, and beard remain; and in one, the features were so little disturbed, that

"All unruffled was his face,

We trusted his soul had gotten grace."

Round others, the dust lies where it had fallen, as dropped, grain by grain, from the mouldering cheeks; and the head grins from beneath the cowl nearly in the state of a skeleton. The garments are almost in the same unequal degree of preservation; for in many the white material is still firm, though discoloured, while in others it is dropping away in fragments. The shoes of all are wonderfully perfect.

'The last person buried in this vault was one who acted as gardener to the community. His head is crowned with a wreath of flowers, which still preserves its general form; nay, the larger blossoms may yet be distinguished from the smaller ones, but with withered leaves lie mixed with his fallen hair on either side.

'Altogether the scene is well calculated to produce a cold shiver in the beholder, and yet we all lingered over it. There is certainly some nerve within us, that thrills with strange pleasure at the touch of horror.'—vol. i. p. 176.

The veneration which Mrs. Trollope displays at Aix-la-Chapelle for Charlemagne, she of course extends to his nephew Roland, the hero of Ariosto, and his cruel mistress, Hildegonda, who, according to ballad tradition, took refuge in the convent of Nonnenwerth, after her obduracy had driven her lover, with the cross on his breast, to Palestine. Roland, on finding that his lady had taken the veil, dwelt as a hermit on the rock called Rolandseck, opposite Nonnenwerth—

'Whence looking through the linden shade,

The convent he might see.'

Whether Roland was found one morning sitting a pallid corpse in his chair, or whether, on seeing the nuns bearing Hildegonda to the grave, he 'galloped off to Charlemagne's court at Aix,' we will not decide; but the beetling rock, the ruin, the lovely green island of Nonnenwerth, with its white slated convent, and its blue minarets rising out of the broad green lake formed by the river, form one of the loveliest views in this enchanting country. The convent (of noble ladies) is said to have been saved from instant destruction by Josephine's influence with Napoleon.

'For several years the society continued to exist, though gradually decreasing. Nothing, as my informant told me, could be more mourn-
ful

ful than the meeting of this lessening band at the hours of re-union. While the abbess lived, the remaining sisters dreamed not of the possibility of leaving her; but when they lost her, the survivors, then reduced to six, had not the courage to watch further the work of death within their little circle; each perhaps hoping, yet fearing, to be the last. It was too much even for the disciplined spirits of nuns to bear: so they disposed of their remaining interest in the island, and each retired to such relations and friends as their long seclusion had left them.'—vol. i. p. 201.

The changes which this establishment has undergone must delight all the admirers of the 'spirit of the age' and the 'march of mind.' The convent is now turned into an hotel—the abbess's apartments are occupied by an English clergyman, with two or three pupils—the nuns' cells make 'comfortable sleeping rooms,' in which tourists (especially English ones) used some years ago to abide for a week or fortnight, exploring, in detail, the scenery and curious antiquities of the neighbourhood; but the Rhine steam-boats put an end to this lazy and irrational system of travelling, and the landlord pathetically complained that 'now they drive past as fast as they can go, and never set foot on shore, except at night, from Amsterdam to Mayence.'

She adds:

'Though not so deeply interested in the affair as the innkeeper, I really lament this alteration in the mode of travelling; for I am convinced that the expressions of disappointment, which we must all have occasionally heard of late from our touring friends, respecting the scenery of this celebrated river, arise chiefly from the earlier pictures of it having been given by such as had loitered through every "dingle and bushy dell" upon its banks. Those who have watched its majestic waters, not from the crowded stern of a steam-boat, but while luxuriating in the shelter of some deep, cool valley, winding upward from its banks; or have looked down upon them from the dark shade of a ruined watch-tower, perched so high as to make the broad stream itself but a small feature in the landscape; or indulged themselves, perhaps, for hours in gazing, when, lovelier still, its bosom gave back the bright image of a moon-lit sky, while rocks and ruins hung their black shadows over it,—may well paint it differently from the tourist of later days; who knows it only by standing on the deck of a vessel, with a panoramic view of the Rhine in his hand, turning his head this side to see one ruin, and that side to see another; his finger placed with nervous eagerness upon some famous promontory, and his thumb on a first-rate castle,—while kept in a state of feverish agitation, lest the panting engine should bear him out of reach before he can get a peep at either.'—pp. 197-199.

Mrs. Trollope naturally remarks, that the steam-boat, whose rapidity was so offensive on the Rhine, never struck her as too rapid on the Hudson.

'The

'The reason of this certainly is not that the Hudson is less beautiful—on the contrary, I think the scenery near West Point, and, generally speaking, the whole of that portion called the Highlands, decidedly superior to any part of the Rhine—but it arises from the infinite variety of interest which the combinations of history and romance throw over every inch of the European stream.

'I well remember, that I thought we passed too quickly by the tree under which poor André was made prisoner, and that I gazed upon the spot until I could see it no longer. But when this was over, the banks of the Hudson had nothing but their own loveliness to fill the mind; and though this be much, the spirit enjoys it more tranquilly than when a thousand associations rouse up as many different springs of feelings in the heart.'—p. 219.

To be sure, the rapid steamer whirling at ten miles an hour through scenes of the most exciting beauty, replete with ruined castles and abbeys, and half Gothic, half Roman, forts and towers, puts the eyes, and the spyglasses and the pencils of the *dilettanti* crew into a state of that amusing bustle in which English travellers are generally pre-eminently laughable. A new-married swain, pouring stanzas from a pocket Byron into the enraptured ear of his *inamorata*, is interrupted by the cry of an echo to be listened to, or a whirlpool or castle to be remarked: then the steward with a 'tray of smoking cutlets' for luncheon, dispels all such visions, and more effectually lights up the smiles of the *Braut* than either the bard or the scenery.—(*Trollope*, vol. i. p. 213.) But then those two young ladies sketching a castle must stop to finish the first turret before it is left a league behind them—while some bustling young Englishmen are kept, guide-book and glass in hand, in a perpetual whirl by the turns of the river, till they rush down to dinner, thrusting their apparatus into a boatman's hand, with 'Woolen sie put cela avec the baggage?' pronounced with true English applause of their own lingual attainments. (p. 215.) Why do we not laugh at reading poetry, and sketching castles, and gazing on mountains in a shallop floating leisurely down the Rhine? Because there is nothing incongruous in the picture, or absurd in the occupation of the parties. Why do we laugh at the same things done on board a steamer smoking and hissing its way at ten miles an hour? Because the worthy crew are doing what is ever ridiculous—endeavouring to unite incompatible objects—to make a tour in a day which ought to occupy a fortnight—to have the *éclat* of travelling with mercantile or fashionable speed over much country and by many towns and cities, and yet to obtain that interesting knowledge of objects which is alone to be acquired by leisurely observation and diligent inquiry. Mrs. Trollope, whose hatred of a steamer (at least for a Rhine voyage) we entirely partake, rationally pitched her tent at three well-chosen stations, viz. Godesberg, Ems,

Ems, and St. Goar, for many days at each,—following up the lovely lateral valleys and tracing the picturesque towns descending to the Rhine—exploring the villages and scenes on the heights both in Nassau and Prussia—observing the habits of, and conversing with the peasants and *vignerons*—making water excursions to the mountains and castles in the neighbourhood, and enjoying the manifold and varied beauties of the river from the water and from the rocks—in every period of the day and with every variety of sun and shade. Her stay at St. Goar and at Ems, though made after her visit to the Upper Rhine and Heidelberg, Karlsruhe, and Baden-Baden,—we shall notice here instead of returning again to the Rhine, as Mrs. Trollope did under authority of *Childe Harold's*,

‘There can be no adieu to scenes like these.’

Ems is a neat little picturesque row stuck by the side of the Lahn, in the narrow rocky gorge through which it runs brawling to the Rhine.

‘Ems cannot attempt a competition either with Baden or Wiesbaden, as to its public walks and rooms. A low-roofed sort of pavilion by the side of the river, is all the preparation yet made for assembling either for dancing or play; and little decoration has been bestowed on the walks, beyond some rather unsightly trees, planted in rows, and a few benches placed at intervals among them. But the little valley is itself so beautiful, that it certainly wants nothing to adorn it; and it is perhaps best for the numerous invalids who flock to the springs, that the temptations to indulge in late hours and crowded rooms should not be increased. A long irregular street, containing the hotels, which accommodate nearly all the company at the baths, runs along the base of a rocky ridge, called the *Bædersley*, which forms one side of the narrow valley of the Lahn. Some of these hotels contain excellent rooms, but none have any pretensions to magnificence; there is, however, one among them, which, if vastness be held a quality of sublimity, may perhaps be entitled to that still higher epithet. The *Kurhaus*, as this enormous pile is called, is as remarkable for its rambling irregular construction as for its size. Three hundred beds were occupied in it when we were at Ems, and I was assured that it had room for many more. This ungainly edifice touches the *Bædersley* rock on one side, while the other is separated from the river only by a narrow gravel path; the carriage-road passing through the hotel under an archway. This singular building belongs to the Duke of Nassau, who derives a considerable revenue from the rent of its almost innumerable apartments. Each room has the amount of its daily rent marked over the door; and an agent of the duke is constantly in attendance to receive the daily or weekly returns. The *table d'hôte* at this house is too large to promise much comfort. I saw a table there laid for three hundred persons, but felt no inclination to make one of them. Many of the smaller establishments

ments have the reputation of a better table; that at the *hotel de Russie* I can venture to pronounce excellent.'—vol. ii. p. 112.

Among the innumerable *Ritter-schlossen* (feudal castles), on the mountains of the Rhine, which are, in general, 'tenantless, save unto the cranny wind,' Mrs. Trollope describes two in complete repair, and inhabited: the Marksberg, the solitary fortress of the Nassau dominions—and another, near St. Goar, which has lately been fitted up with perhaps something of a rather theatrical taste by Prince Frederic of Prussia, the governor of the Rhenish provinces.

'Marksberg is the only fortress in Nassau, and, moreover, the last solitary remnant of the castled strong-holds of the Rhenish nobility. This alone remains to tell us what they were "in the ancient days, in the generations of old;" and, till the dark chambers of its massive towers, its rock-hewn stairs, its deep and nameless recesses, and the terrible array of its chamber of death, have been visited, the imagination of the tourist may strain itself in vain to picture forth these castles as they have been in their days of power. I doubt whether the most accomplished engineer of the present age, if his *savoir* be wholly modern, could describe this fortified castle intelligibly: I may, therefore, be easily forgiven, if, while I recommend that every one should go to see it, I add the assurance that it is impossible for them to understand anything about it till they do.

'On entering the gates, almost every object had in some degree a military air. Stands of arms rested against the massive walls; soldiers were busily engaged in cleaning their caparisons; and a few sentries appeared on duty at different posts. A non-commissioned officer was appointed to attend us, who did so with a courteous civility, which spared not either his time or trouble; and I much question if he ever before acted as guide to a party so insatiably curious. The fatigue, however, was not all his own. I feel certain, that I could have traversed every corner of Ehrenbreitstein with less labour than it required to grope through the utter darkness of some of the Marksberg passages; to thread the mazy windings of others, amidst masonry that seemed to prepare a trap for head or shoulders at every step; or to clamber up the ladder-like staircases, two feet at the very least for every step, which led to the central tower. But this last feat once accomplished, we were fully rewarded for all the fatigue it had cost. Not only the Rhine, both up and down its course, here so thickly studded with variety of beauty, spread out its shining glory before us; but the old roof and towers, immediately beneath our eyes, had an interest which almost prevented our looking at anything else. Our conductor pointed out two towers, in each of which a prisoner of state was then confined: the sentence pronounced against one of these was for forty years, and twenty-two was awarded to the other. We exchanged a shuddering glance with each other as we heard it. Our conductor saw this, and quietly remarked that in most countries the culprits would have forfeited their lives.

lives. "The sentence was a just one," he continued: "had their offence become general, the peace of the country would have been destroyed; and many innocent would have suffered, instead of two guilty: besides, it is probable that the punishment of both will be greatly remitted." Not from this point, but afterwards from the river, we perceived, in each of these prisons, a small glazed window, which doubtless gave air and light to the captives. Both of these openings overlooked the beautiful Rhine, as it flowed far, far below, as well as the lovely green-wood shades on the opposite shore; but I felt doubtful whether more pain or pleasure would be caused by this.

'Having accomplished the descent from this central tower—a task hardly less arduous than the getting up—our guide led us into a bare, black-looking, ill-lighted chamber at the bottom of it, with no furniture but a huge mass of timber, somewhat in the form of our English stocks, but greatly larger and heavier. I was rather startled at being told that this was the place of execution, and that dismal apparatus the instrument of it. The fatal machine was placed in the middle of the room; and while we all stood around him, silently gazing on it, the soldier explained to us the manner in which it was used. Suspended above it, is a beam with a pulley-wheel, and behind it a windlass. The criminal is secured in the stocks, and his arms pinioned, while a rope which passes through the pulley is put round his neck, and then—the slightest touch at the windlass is enough. The whole appearance of this frightful engine bespoke its antiquity.

'This governor is an old man, born in the fortress. His father was governor before him, and he has himself held the station forty years. In short, he is so completely part and parcel of the place, that a visit to it, without seeing him, is by no means what it ought to be. Never, surely, was any one better fitted for the station he held than this old man. Hard-featured, weather-beaten, and with a frame that seemed as hard as the rock on which it was produced and nourished, he looked as if he could have no sympathies with the world below; and, instead of pitying him for the manifold privations of his reclusive existence, I felt disposed to make him a compliment on the singular felicity of a destiny which had placed him in the only situation he was fitted for. The old gentleman did the honours of his eyrie-like apartments very politely—showed us the pictures of his father and of himself, and led us from window to window to point out the beauty of his bird's-eye view over the rocks and vineyards which divided him from the world.'—vol. ii. pp. 121-127.

The other castle, that of Rheinstein, near Bacharach, 'the plaything' of the Prussian Prince, is a very different affair from the state-prison and frontier-fortress of Nassau.

'At the foot of the steep and rocky eminence we found three or four carriages which had brought travellers to look at it; and we learned from the servants that there was no way of approaching the mimic fortress, but by following the narrow, zigzag path which led up from the road at that point. At every turning of this steep path, however, commodious

commodious benches are placed, each, as we mounted higher and higher, becoming more beautiful in position than the last. At length we arrived at the mounted gateway, duly guarded by a massive portcullis, and iron-studded door. Having made good our entry, we put ourselves under the direction of a warder, and proceeded round the castle. Two of the finest dogs I ever saw were inclosed in large cages, about which they moved unchained, with the proud step of a lion in his den. After passing a few miniature cannon, large enough, however, to fire a salute which might rouse the echos far and near, and placed upon one of the boldest platforms that ever butted over a precipice, we entered a sort of guard-room, where suits of armour and other military accoutrements were placed, as if ready to put on at a moment's warning. It would be no easy task to describe all the ins and outs, all the goings up and comings down, of this capricious edifice; but there is not a single object in or about it which is not looked upon with pleasure and interest. In truth, it was a princely fancy, and has been right nobly executed. Much knowledge, much research, much liberality, and most perfect taste, are manifested in every part of the work. A great deal of pains, too, must have been taken, and with very happy success, to find the many articles of genuine antiquity with which the apartments are furnished. Some of these are equally magnificent and venerable. The bed of the princess is perfect, and the beautiful little *rittersaal* is a complete museum of antiquities. Even where the requisition for antique articles of daily use failed, new ones have been supplied, without, in any single instance, violating the perfect keeping of the style. The chandeliers are constructed of the horns of the stag, and arranged with wonderful ingenuity and grace. The suits of armour, which hang against the walls, look just as we may fancy the ritters of yore loved to see them, when they exchanged the falchion for the wine-cup.—vol. ii. p. 190.

Mrs. Trollope ascends the Rhine as far as Mayence, at which place most of its attractions cease. Though far inferior to the splendid and architecturally curious towns of Belgium, this old ecclesiastical city, in which the Austrian and Prussian troopers have now succeeded the monks and abbés, is remarkable for its massive Gothic cathedral—its fine old buildings, the deserted hotels of the Metternichs, the Stadions, the Dalbergs, who once dwelt in it as the capital of the first ecclesiastical electorate; and, above all, the broad 'exulting and abounding' Rhine, with its bridge of boats and its green islands. Had Napoleon executed the truly magnificent bridge, with a military covered way, which he planned here—and of which Mrs. Trollope does not notice the model in the museum—the fame of the bridges of Bourdeaux, of Orleans, and even of London, would have been eclipsed.

At Frankfort, Mrs. Trollope is naturally struck with the luxuriant and beautiful gardens which surround the city, on the site of the old ramparts. The celebrated opera—one of the first in this musical country—next attracts her: she is displeased with the
gloom

gloom which pervades the whole proscenium—but that is borrowed from Italy, and intended to throw more brilliant effect on the stage and actors. We agree with her in thinking that ‘a great advantage consists in having one piece only; the entertainment continues long enough to amuse without fatiguing;’ and who will not agree with her, that ‘the last, and infinitely the greatest excellence, consists in such an entire absence of any species of indecorum as to render the theatre as safe as the drawing-room?’ Alas, for our London theatres!

We have not room to extract her description of the excellent public cemetery, or of the *Ariadne* of Danekker. In casting her eyes on a French paper, at the beautiful and well-managed Casino, she reads,—‘Il y a tout lieu de croire que le Roi d’Angleterre refusera la démission des ministres, et consentira à une FOURNÉE de pairs.’ This ‘literal translation of a modern political phrase,’ as she calls it, amuses our traveller. The fact is, the phrase has long been familiar to the French journalists; it was daily applied in the revolution to the cart-loads of victims trundled to the guillotine.

We have not time to accompany Mrs. Trollope to Hesse Homberg, or Darmstadt; or to extract her glowing praises of the exquisite scenery of the Bergstrasse and Heidelberg. From Heidelberg, Mrs. Trollope drives, by Wierlock and Bruchsel, to Carlsruhe, a neat little model of a German *residenz-stadt*, constructed in 1715, after the formal taste of Louis XIV. and Le Notre, almost entirely of wood from the neighbouring forest, in the shape of a fan; the grand-ducal palace forming the point, towards which almost all its streets very loyally and regularly converge. ‘The palace,’ Sir A. Faulkner (who was occupied in hunting up dirty details about Queen Caroline’s bed-room at the inn there) most stupidly says, ‘is not more imposing than a second-rate gentleman’s villa in England’ (p. 131). Though by no means equal in scale to Mannheim, or in modern magnificence to Stuttgart and Munich, (we forbear any homie comparisons,) Mrs. Trollope truly says,—

‘It has that air of finished splendour and uniform elegance which indicates the presence of the prince.’ ‘The Place Royale’ [she means *Grand-Ducal—Gross-Herzogliche*—there is no more a royal palace at Carlsruhe than a ducal or imperial one in London] ‘is a very splendid area. Innumerable orange-trees border the noble walks that traverse it, from the town to the palace, in various directions; reservoirs and fountains adorn it; and the palace, spreading its elegant semicircle on one side, with the church and other handsome buildings flanking it on the other, produce a most brilliant *coup d’œil*.’—vol. ii. p. 5.

Of the Grand Duke, Mrs. Trollope and Sir Arthur Brooke
Faulkner

Faulkner concur in making a very favourable report. Mrs. Trollope recognized him, walking with his three boys in the gardens, by his likeness to his portrait, 'seen in every house, and I might almost say in every part of his dominions;' and she adds, 'this is only one proof among a thousand of his popularity.' Sir Arthur, in his strange diction, admits,—'He is, without fiction, *save metaphor*, really and substantially the father of his people' (p. 9). Considering that the Grand Duke's people amount to about the population of London, 1,300,000, Sir Arthur's salvo is judicious. This prince is the son of the last Margrave of Baden, by a morganatic or left-handed marriage with a Countess of Hockberg, who was recognised by an act of the late Grand Duke (his legitimate first cousin by the half-blood), as his successor, in the event, which happened, of his highness' leaving no male issue. The Salic law prevailing in Baden, of course excluded the Grand Duke's highly-educated and distinguished sisters—the late Empress of Russia, the Queen of Sweden, wife of Gottorp, the Queen Dowager of Bavaria, the present Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt, the late Duchess of Brunswick, and the unmarried Princess Amelia of Baden—a family distinguished for beauty and accomplishments among the German princesses. The present sovereign is a brave soldier (he commanded the late Grand Duke's troops during the war) and a mild and worthy man, who rules equally—with a free press and an assembly of states fairly chosen—over an extent of fine country near two hundred miles in length, and presenting some as picturesque scenes and abundant districts as can be found in Europe.

From Carlsruhe, Mrs. Trollope proceeds to Baden, by much the gayest and most picturesque of all the German *brunnens*. She breakfasts at Rastadt—and dismisses the place as 'having another grand-ducal chateau.' We wonder she did not think of entering this curious residence of the friend and colleague of Marlborough, the Margrave Louis, whose grim figure, and trophies of his battles and huntings, hang on the walls—which have also the additional interest of containing the saloon where the peace of Utrecht was signed by Marshal Villars and Prince Eugene;—but, unstopped by historical associations, she hastens across the Murg, procures lodgings at Baden, makes her toilet, and seats herself among the gay crowds who frequent Chabert's exquisite *restaurant*,—

'Its *cuisine* is perfect: but the air, the style, the brilliant variety of the whole scene, is better still. We entered the room about half-past four, and from that time till half-past six, different parties continued to come in till every table was full. The delicacy of the linen, the superb abundance of plate, the brilliant profusion of cut glass, gave an elegant appearance to the whole apartment.'—vol. ii. p. 15.

Having

Having partaken of a *cuisine* which Apicius might envy, our travellers drink their *café noir* in a gay and motley groupe before the '*salon (par excellence) de conversation*,' enjoying the view of the pine-covered hills, the gay ruins of the antique Schloss, and the town hanging about on the picturesque declivities; while, in another direction, parties are playing *ecarté* under the acacias, Savoyards and Tyrolese *marchands*, in their national costumes, are selling their wares in booths, and Swiss girls, with 'short petticoats' and (what is rare) 'pretty ancles,' are selling crucifixes and brooches to the crowd of loungers.

Among the seducing attractions of Baden-Baden, and of all German bathing-places, the *rouge-et-noir* and roulette table hold a melancholy pre-eminence; being at once a shameful source of revenue to the prince—a rallying point for the gay, the beautiful, the professional blackleg, the incognito king or duke—and a vortex in which the student, the merchant, and the subaltern officer are, in the course of a season, often hopelessly and irrecoverably engulfed. Mrs. Trollope expresses great astonishment at all this; but that the descendants of those northern races whom Tacitus found so accessible to the temptations of strong drink and the excitements of play should poison the pure stream of pleasure which belongs to these enchanting bathing-places, by the introduction of this hateful occupation, has ceased to be matter of wonder. The Russian officer, who, on arriving to spend his month's furlough at Spa, became, by way of precaution, *abonné d'avance* for his lodging, his table, and his baths, well knew the irresistible force of a national and individual habit: but almost all foreign visitors, whether Dutch, Flemish, Swede, Italian, or English, of whatever age, or disposition, or sex, 'catch the frenzy' during the (falsely so called) *Kurzeit*—i.e. *Cure-season*—at Baden, Ems, and Aix. Princes and their subjects, fathers and sons, and even, we shudder to say it, mothers and daughters, are hanging, side by side, for half the night over the green table; and with trembling hands and anxious eyes watching their chance cards, or thrusting francs and Napoleons with their rakes to the red or black cloth. The horrible intensity of expression which characterizes these groups is described by Mrs. Trollope, in a manner equally creditable to her womanly feelings, and the powers of her pen.

'There was one of this set whom I watched, day after day, during the whole period of our stay, with more interest than I believe was reasonable; for had I studied any other as attentively, I might have found less to lament. She was young—certainly not more than twenty-five—and though not regularly nor brilliantly handsome, most singularly winning both in person and demeanour. Her dress was

elegant, but peculiarly plain and simple:—a close white silk bonnet and gauze veil; a quiet-coloured silk gown, with less of flourish and frill by the half than any other person; a delicate little hand, which when ungloved displayed some handsome rings; a jewelled watch, of peculiar splendour; and a countenance expressive of anxious thoughtfulness; must be remembered by many who were at Baden in August, 1833. They must remember, too, that, enter the rooms when they would, morning, noon, or night, still they found her nearly at the same place at the rouge-et-noir table. Her husband, who had as unquestionably the air of a gentleman as she had of a lady, though not always close to her, was never very distant. He did not play himself, and I fancied, as he hovered near her, that his countenance expressed anxiety. But he returned the sweet smile, with which she always met his eye, with an answering smile; and I saw not the slightest indication that he wished to withdraw her from the table. There was an expression in the upper part of her face that my blundering science would have construed into something very foreign to the propensity she showed: but there she sat, hour after hour, day after day, not even allowing the blessed sabbath, that gives rest to all, to bring it to her; there she sat, constantly throwing down hand-fuls of five-franc pieces, and sometimes drawing them back again, till her young face grew rigid from weariness, and all the lustre of her eye faded into a glare of vexed inanity. Alas! alas! is that fair woman a mother? God forbid!

‘Another figure at the gaming-table, which daily drew our attention, was a pale, anxious old woman, who seemed no longer to have strength to conceal her eager agitation under the air of callous indifference, which all practised players endeavour to assume. She trembled till her shaking hand could hardly grasp the instrument with which she pushed or withdrew her pieces; the dew of agony stood upon her wrinkled brow; yet, hour after hour, and day after day, she too sat in the enchanted chair. I never saw age and station in a position so utterly beyond the pale of respect. I was assured she was a person of rank; and my informant added, but I trust she was mistaken, that she was an English woman.’—vol. ii. p. 45.

Such pictures as the first of these are happily unknown at English watering-places, or even, we hope, in any English drawing-rooms; but the contamination of this overwhelming vice is, we fear, making way in England, among classes whom it certainly does not materially reach at the aristocratic German baths. Doncaster, Epsom, Ascot, Warwick, and most of our numerous race-grounds and race-towns are scenes of destructive and universal gambling among the lower orders, which our absurdly lax police never attempt to suppress: and yet, without the slightest approach to an improperly harsh interference with the pleasures of the people, the roulette and *E. O.* tables, which plunder the peasantry at these places for the benefit of travelling sharpers (certainly

(certainly equally respectable with some bipeds of prey who drive coroneted cabs near St. James's), might be put down by any watchful magistrate.

Baden-Baden, in the season, is full of the most exciting contrasts—gay restaurants and brilliant saloons, gaming-tables, promenades, and theatres, crowded with beauty and rank, in the midst of beautiful natural scenery, and under the shade of the pine-clad heights of the old Hercynian, now the Black Forest. The rage for the amusements of *les eaux* is a marked feature in German society, owing in a great degree to the want of country seats and the pleasures of rural life, and to the comparatively small interest attached to the pursuit of partridges and pheasants.

‘On the following day, we resolutely turned our backs upon the public rooms, walks, gardens, and all their fascinations; determined to devote the morning to the two castles, both so pregnant with historic interest, and one so wildly magnificent in its position. To enable me to achieve this enterprise it was deemed necessary that I should mount one of the numerous train of donkeys which constantly stand ready caparisoned at the beginning of the ascent. The road is well cut, and made as easy as the nature of the ground will permit, but it was a full hour ere we reached the point where the wide-spreading ruin stands. Were it not for the tales that memory is sure to recall at such a spot, and the stirring scenes that fancy so readily suggests amid the mouldering, desolate chambers that may still be traced there, the mere walls of the Alt Schloss itself would hardly repay the labour of reaching them; but the spot on which they stand is at once so terrible in its loneliness, and so magnificent, from the immense landscape over which it hangs, that were it necessary to climb from crag to crag like chamois-hunters to reach it, none would shrink from the toil who were able to perform it.

‘I never before looked upon a view at once so extensive and so beautiful. The rock on which the castle stands is many hundred feet above the level of the Rhine, and being almost a sugar-loaf, the panorama is perfect: Strasburg is seen in one direction, and Worms in the other, with many a winding of the Rhine between. This forms the distant view; but that immediately below the eye is lovelier far. Hills, almost innumerable, of all varieties of form, rise around Baden, and beyond it, intersecting each other with such intricacy of outline, and such capricious variety of tint, as light and shade play upon their black pine-covered sides, that the eye is almost bewildered in its enjoyment, and turns from height to height, and from valley to valley, utterly unable to decide which direction it loves best.

‘We were shown amid the ruins a low-browed archway, sloping downwards, blocked up by huge masses of stone: this, our guide told us, communicated with the subterranean chambers of the castle below. How mortifying it is, upon these occasions, when inquiring if there be any means of exploring so delightful a mystery, to be

answered, "Mais non, madame, le souterrain est comblé." The reare some prodigiously grand masses of granite starting out from among the woods near the castle, which look almost like a continuation of its walls. Here my two companions found employment, one with his pencil, and the other with his hammer, while I placed myself in a shed, where there was a bench and a table.

'By no possible chance, I think, can the beams of the sun ever find their way to that spot: tall pines, enormous rocks, and lofty towers, all throw impenetrable shade upon it.'—*Trollope*, vol. ii. p. 24.

We have hitherto only alluded *en passant* to the second book on our list. The author, Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, dedicates his volumes to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, as a return for his 'unvarying condescension' and 'an acknowledgment for the honour of *those introductions* to which he owed so large a share of his enjoyment on his tour;' and he hopes for his Royal Highness's patronage, in writing 'in opposition to the system of *obscurantism* by which the world has so long been kept in leading-strings.' He adds, 'What a glorious prospect it holds out, to hear princes, in these days, openly advocate opinions more liberal and enlightened than a few years back were those of the most zealous and patriotic of the people!' If the reader does not at once fully understand the royal duke's *protégé* from this dedication, he very frankly explains what, not who, he is, in his preface.

'It is proper my readers should know that mine are the thoughts of one who despises alike Whig, Tory, and Moderate, to whom the interests of his country are *not* of more value than his party . . . it being of my political *creed* to *believe* that, as a lobster turns red by boiling, a Whig grows Tory when long in power.'!!—

That Sir Arthur is a paragon of impartiality cannot be doubted after this—his modesty and candour are not less remarkable—he admits that his 'talk about the church must be quite a bore,' and that his 'politics fill a very disproportioned space.' He is charitable enough to think that 'many of our clergy may indulge a sneer, *sous cape*, at my making so serious an affair of religion,' and needlessly assures us, 'I have no prejudices bishopwards.'—After a few more interesting traits, he sums up, 'Such are the *principal details of a sustained character* with which I have whiled away a few heavy hours,'—that they must have been heavy indeed his readers will soon discover.

At Darmstadt, our knight is struck with the regularity and beauty of the town, but the Grand Duke is, of course, no favourite with Sir Arthur: he says 'the *want of finances* obliges him to occupy a small palace in the vicinity of the Grand Chateau, hardly superior to a *very* (qu.) third-rate gentleman's mansion in England.' Now if this statement were true, it might be supposed that

that the economy of a limited sovereign would be a merit with a republican; but not so with the genuine *citizen*. If a prince lives spendidly, a picture is drawn of the starving of his subjects through his heartless extravagance; if he economizes, he is sneered at as penurious. But the truth is, the excellent Grand Duke of Hesse and his wife continue to reside (as George IV. did at Carlton House after his accession to the throne) in the very respectable and elegant palace in which, as hereditary prince and princess, they had passed their youth. Whether this knight was admitted within its walls, we know not: if he was not, he has described, as if present, a scene which he never saw; if he was (as is probable) hospitably admitted for once, as a protégé of the Duke of Sussex, to the table and society of the Grand Duke and Duchess, our readers shall form their own judgment of the breeding, the decency, of the man who could write what follows:—

‘The Grand Duke and Duchess are very hospitable, according to their courtly acceptance of the term: compared with our English notions, it is a little peculiar. They give a tea and turn-outish sort of thing, called a *soirée*, to which the invited *is expected to come with a poker in his back*, for all purposes inflexible and jointless, excepting the operation of bowing, which, from perpetual habit, is performed, I have no doubt unconsciously, as by a sort of instinct. The court dine at three o’clock, which is an affair of a good deal of ceremony. The guests are expected to come in full dress, and to sit down to table without pulling off their swords.’—[Was there ever a court in Christendom where the cavaliers, before sitting down to table, huddled their swords into a corner, like officers in a mess-room?]—‘It may quadrate somewhat strangely with an Englishman’s idea of their dignity, but I have met here at dinner some of the mediatized princes of the most ancient royal families of Germany, whose income did not much exceed the pay of one of our reduced officers. I have heard it rated at somewhere about two thousand florins a year. Among our retired tailors or grocers, I have no sort of doubt, there are some of wealth sufficient to mortgage the whole aggregate heraldry of one of these mediatized counts.’—*Faulkner*, vol. i. pp. 280, 281.

What has become of our *knight’s* high-souled love of philosophy and liberty, when he despises any man—even a prince—for the smallness of his income? But who does not know that robbery and confiscation are the sole cause of these princes of ancient royal families being in a condition to excite his pity; and that but for the oppression of a revolution-sprung despot, effectuating by iron power the principles of destruction and disorganization so favoured by the citizen school, these respectable mediatized sovereigns would now enjoy those rights and that income which this leveller delights to see them stripped of?

‘Of

'Of the late sovereign, several oddish traits are related. In the sharpest weather of winter, he had every morning a cold bath, for the purpose of bracing his superannuated muscles against the encroachments of age.'—[Wonderful "oddity!"]—'At night, he was quite as regularly in the habit of taking a drive through the forest, in an open carriage, by torch-light: on which occasions, a hat was rejected as an encumbrance and a superfluity.'—["Oddish," certainly, if true; but we happen to know that the opera and scientific concerts occupied the late Grand Duke's evenings in a different manner.]—'He lived a great deal in the society of his opera-singers, with one of whom, in particular, he had been long on a footing of special intimacy. Yet have I heard him seriously held up by one of his subjects, a man of distinguished learning, as a prime pattern of piety and good morals: every Good Friday, it appeared, he used to shut himself up at his solitary devotions the greater part of the day, having previously taken the sacrament. His familiarity with the sex was considered, at his time of life, as innocent as that of the patriarch David.'—p. 281.

The rest of this passage we must suppress, as obscene, absurd, and profane. Of the ladies of Germany, our knight may be conceived to be a gallant and fair critic, when he admits that he went among those at Darmstadt with 'a preconceived and deeply-rooted idea of homeliness being the attribute of every rank and condition in father-land.'

'In point of fact, the ladies of Darmstadt are all remarkably homespun in their address and appearance; one reason of which may be, that they consort only with each other; or, when they have a *réunion*, it is for tea'—[The ladies of Sir Arthur's acquaintance doubtless prefer Mrs. Browning's beverage.]—'and stocking-knitting, on which occasions not even a son or a husband is allowed to be present. Yet was I so singularly fortunate, by a mistake of Lady Faulkner's, who was invited to an evening tea-party, and deemed it a fair unquestionable *sequitur* that I should be included in the invitation, as to spend a whole evening with some dozen and a half of these excellent, thrifty housewives. It is impossible that Clodius, when detected at the mysteries of the Bona Dea, could have been more stared at and "perused" than I found myself on entering the room. I instantly made a move to retire, but it was overruled. The *creatures* I found, as was very natural from their secluded habits, a little *shy of me* at first; but this soon went off, and I hardly recollect having ever spent a more agreeable evening, or enjoyed a more intelligent conversation. The majority spoke French; and some were by no means defective in my own language.'—pp. 276, 277.

Of the accuracy of our *chiaro obscuro* knight, we must give one or two specimens:—

'Baden, as a watering-place, began first to be known after the holding of the Congress of Sovereigns at Rastadt in 1799.'—vol. ii. p. 145.

Baden

Baden was well known to the Romans as the *Civitas Aurelia Aquensis*, as is proved by the remains of Roman baths, found in abundance there, and of which Caracalla is said to have been the chief author. It has, for centuries, been frequented by the German princes and nobles.

Of the Gardens of Schwetzingen, he says—

‘About three millions sterling have been expended in their completion; and it takes fifteen millions of florins annually to keep them in repair.’—p. 177.

Fifteen millions of florins (one million and a half of pounds sterling) is about four times the amount of the revenue of the Grand Duke of Baden, the owner of these and about seven other palaces and gardens! The magnificent Elector Palatine Charles Theodore, with a revenue at least treble that of the Grand Duke, and the main author of the costly beauties of Schwetzingen, used to spend 66,000 florins, about 6600*l.*, upon them. We are quite sure the present Grand Duke does not expend one-third of that sum on a place where he never resides.

‘There are but few objects in Cassel, much worth specification: it is a gilded bauble.’—vol. i. p. 57.

From the days of Reisbeck and Doctor Moore, down to those of Russell and Mrs. Trollope, every traveller has ranked Cassel, for situation and plan, ornament and general effect, as one of the most beautiful cities of Europe. Undoubtedly, Napoleon and King Jerome so esteemed it.

Of the present Grand Duchess of Baden, the daughter of Gustavus, the unfortunate dethroned King of Sweden, he speaks thus accurately, decently, and politely:—

‘The royal family’ (the *grand ducal* family) ‘are very general favourites. The reigning Grand Duchess is an amiable personage, and of no very moderate pretensions to personal attractions. Her only fault is, that she is rather niggardly of bestowing the light of her countenance on her loving subjects, whom she treats like Turks, that is, with all the hauteur of a sultana. There is an anecdote of her, which has too general a currency to be altogether a fiction: that, on some late occasion of her holding a drawing-room or levée, this great lady had the cartel so arranged as to have her nobility placed rank and file on one side, and those not of their order on the other. After the customary affability of making glad the heart of the noble portion of her company was over, her *derrière* all the while to the goats on the other, she turned short, as the narrative recites, upon her august heel, and made her retreat without so much as deigning them one look or smile of favour, to sweeten existence or smooth their despair. Poor devils! whom, no doubt, she had invited from the most laudable of motives—that of teaching them to know their place in society, by seeing how she treated their superiors.’—pp. 160, 161.

A more

A more coarse and vulgar libel was never penned. It is the perpetual error and absurdity of writers of this school, coarsely to abuse individual princes and princesses for those marked distinctions as to rank amidst which they are born, and which, instead of being aggravated, are undoubtedly, in Germany (as in England) much softened by the kind-hearted and frank demeanour of the individuals, and of none more so than the amiable and cultivated woman whom Sir Arthur attacks. That some such anecdote as the above (if it be not a mere blundering exaggeration of the tourist) may have found currency among the sort of people to whom Sir Arthur had introduction, is just possible; but that this unpretending wife of one of the most popular of German sovereigns—herself a ‘very general favourite,’ according to Sir Arthur’s admission—should treat, on any social occasion, the non-noble portion of the company (whether separated by custom from the nobles or not) with any intentional discourtesy, we should by no means believe on much higher authority than that of Sir Arthur Faulkner.

Sir Arthur, of course, bedaubes the German universities with his panegyric. Not possessing German enough ‘to understand a lecture,’ and of course not enough for the purposes of conversation, he ventures the most extravagant eulogies not only on the undoubted learning of the professors, but the ‘very orderly’ demeanour of the students; contrasting both, in a spirit of bitter prejudice and a style of blundering verbosity, with Oxford and Cambridge, of which it is evident he knows exactly nothing.

How can Sir Anybody write such unhappy trash as this?

‘In our universities, when this active principle (emulation) is roused at all, it is usually limited to the paltry prize of class honours, which when won, the ambition of the aspirant subsides, perhaps ceases altogether. The walls of the university bound the whole horizon of his aspirations. But if the German student has, comparatively, few of these prizes, he has one worth them all, though more distant to his view—he is taught to look to his education as the means of procuring fame and distinction, not in the university alone but in the world.’—vol. i. p. 174.

Can this Irish knight have mixed with educated persons either here or in Ireland, and yet suppose that English university men are content with ‘the paltry prize of class honours,’ and do not look to education as the means of distinction in the world? Is he ignorant, that ten of the fifteen judges now on the bench in Westminster Hall are high wranglers and prizemen from our two universities?—that nearly one-half of our most eminent practising lawyers gave a similar promise of their fame? Does he know that the primate of all England, and the four first in consequence of our Bishops, all obtained high academical reputation?—that the

the two Chancellors of England preceding the present, and the present Chief Justice and his two predecessors, were equally distinguished?—while the two front rows of the *old* House of Commons (of course, on a matter of acquirement and honourable distinction, we do not refer to the *new*) were crowded with the first-class men of the two universities? Has Sir Arthur never heard that Lord Liverpool's cabinet, which pacified Europe and subdued Napoleon, (by way of fame and distinction) was nicknamed the Christ-Church Club? But we are ashamed of wasting even a page on this obtuse and conceited person.

ART. X.—*Report from his Majesty's Commissioners for Inquiring into the Administration and Practical Operation of the Poor-Laws.* London. 1834.

FOR years past we have seized every opportunity for exposing the signal evils occasioned by the mal-administration of the poor-laws, and have never ceased to urge the expediency of an unsparing correction of their systematic abuses. It was, therefore, with unaffected sincerity that we hailed the appointment of the late poor-law commission, as an earnest of the intention of government to probe the evil to its source, and apply, without shrinking, the necessary remedies. At the same time, we expressed our own opinion that the mass of information which had been previously collected by seven or eight parliamentary committees, afforded ample data for legislating on the subject—that there could be no question that the main causes of the mischief lay in the allowance system, and the want of some general control over the local administrators of the law—that the allowance system might be at once stopped by an enactment declaring its illegality, as it had been stopped, with complete success, by the resolution of individual magistrates or vestrymen in many of the most mismanaged districts—and that some very simple means might be adopted by the Home Office, or other central authority, for reducing to a regular and uniform course the proceedings of the local administrators, whether magistrates or parish officers.

We own that our opinion still remains unchanged on these points. The inquiries and publications of the commission have certainly had the beneficial effect of creating a general concurrence of opinion as to the necessity of a reform; but we do not think that much new light has been thrown upon the subject by those researches, or that even the many ponderous volumes of evidence, collected and printed by the commission (which few individuals

individuals in the country, we believe, have had the courage to open), have added materially to the stock of really useful information which parliament previously possessed, with respect to the nature and extent of the mischief, or the means which had been in many instances successfully applied, and might be generally adopted, for its suppression.

On the other hand, there was this danger to be apprehended from the magnitude of the scale on which the inquiry was conducted, that the main points of the question might be smothered in the mass of details brought forward; and likewise that, in order to justify preparations so extensive, it might be thought advisable to follow them up by measures of corresponding magnitude, such as would exceed the necessity of the case, and by attempting too much, risk the success of the entire improvement. We are not sure that these anticipations will prove to have been very incorrect. The result, certainly, has been—not the simple ameliorations which we were desirous of seeing introduced into the system of poor-law administration—but a fundamental change in the whole scheme of that important institution, under which—and mainly through which, as we believe—this country has for centuries enjoyed an internal tranquillity, security of property, and general prosperity unexampled in the history of nations. Whether this great change will be on the whole beneficial or not, he is a bold man who at present ventures to prognosticate. There is, in fact, so much of novelty and untried experiment in the law as it has been now enacted, that we fear the chances of failure are quite as numerous as those of success; and in a matter so deeply involving the moral and physical condition of the mass of the people, and, by consequence, the safety of society, the results of failure must be of a most awful character.

The Report, though unquestionably a very able document, yet disappointed the expectations we had cherished from the high character and qualifications of the gentlemen who composed the commission, the vast extent and minuteness of their researches, and the length of time during which their inquiry had been carried on. Two circumstances will, perhaps, account for the imperfections we regret: namely, first, the preconceived theories (not to call them prejudices) upon the main points at issue, of some of the commissioners—and, secondly, the tremendous bulk of the evidence which had accumulated upon them through the diligence of their assistants, the replies to their hundred queries from their thousand respondents, and the unlimited communications poured in upon them from an endless number of volunteer advisers. This mass of matter was, in fact, too great for the digestion of any half-dozen persons, even though they could have given their exclusive

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and uninterrupted attention to its examination, which was far from being the case with several, and those the more influential, of the commissioners.

To these concurrent circumstances it is probably owing that the Report is deficient, as we think, in comprehensiveness of view and unity of purpose, as well as in a clear apprehension of the real bearing of the subject submitted to the commissioners. The terms of the commission specifically appointed them 'to make a diligent and full inquiry into the *practical operation* of the laws for the relief of the poor in England and Wales, &c.' Surely this involved some consideration of the benefits that the country has derived, and continues to reap, from this magnificent institution—of the advantages that are obtained in exchange for the six or seven millions which we annually pay in poor-rate—of the *good* effects, as well as the bad, that result from 'the practical operation' of these laws. The commissioners, however, are totally silent on this first head. They have confined their attention exclusively to the defects of the system—they have carefully sought for, and minutely recorded, all the specks and flaws and faults that are discoverable in it. Every abuse is ferreted out, and held up to view in the strongest light, and, in many cases, with no little exaggeration of colouring. There is an elaborate studying of effect, and an artist-like gusto in their highly-wrought descriptions of every instance of error, and of its evil consequences; but from the beginning to the end of the Report there is not a single word which could lead any one to imagine that 'the practical operation of the poor-laws in England and Wales' had, from the year 1601 to the present day, been productive of one grain of good, to be placed in the scale against the accumulated mass of mischief which the researches of the commissioners have raked into their Report, and which they dwelt upon with such apparent relish.

This has not arisen, we must believe, from the commissioners' sharing the opinion of Miss Martineau, and her disciple, Lord Brougham, that the principle of the poor-law is faulty, and that such an institution has been, and can only be, productive of un-mixed evil. On the contrary, they have prefaced that part of the Report which relates to the remedial measures recommended by them, with an express declaration of their opinion, that a legal provision for the destitute, including the able-bodied poor, may be beneficially afforded, and that, without it, it is impossible to prevent mendicancy, vagrancy, and depredation. We quote their words, lest we should be suspected of misrepresentation:—

'In

‘In all extensive communities, circumstances will occur in which an individual, by the failure of his means of subsistence, will be exposed to the danger of perishing. To refuse relief, and at the same time to punish mendicity when it cannot be proved that the offender could have obtained subsistence by labour, is repugnant to the common sentiments of mankind; it is repugnant to them to punish even depredation, apparently committed as the only resource against want.

‘In all extensive civilized communities, therefore, the occurrence of extreme necessity is prevented by alms-giving, by public institutions supported by endowments or voluntary contributions, or by a provision partly voluntary and partly compulsory, or by a provision entirely compulsory, which may exclude the pretext of mendicancy.

‘From the evidence collected under this commission, we are induced to believe that a compulsory provision for the relief of the indigent can be generally administered on a sound and well-defined principle; and that under the operation of this principle, the assurance that no one need perish from want may be rendered more complete than at present, and the mendicant and vagrant repressed by disarming them of their weapon,—the plea of impending starvation.’—p. 227.

But, notwithstanding this strong expression of opinion as to the advantages derivable from a well-administered poor-law, the Report is characterised throughout by an exaggeration of the abuses in the administration of the poor-law, and a straining of every fact likely to create a prejudice against the principle of the law, wholly unwarranted by any fair statement of the case. An instance may be taken from the section which relates to the powers given by different statutes to magistrates to order relief. After admitting that ‘the 43rd Elizabeth held out no alluring offers—offered nothing but work and necessary relief “to the impotent or those who had no means of supporting life,”’—the Report goes on to insinuate a condemnation even of this moderate extent of provision.

‘The engagements of the 43rd Elizabeth were, *perhaps*, dangerous engagements, but they were engagements which, for one hundred years, were performed apparently without substantial injury to the morals and industry of the labourers, or to the general prosperity of the country. And whatever may be the objections in principle to the power given to the magistrates, or assumed by them under the 3rd and 4th Will. and Mary, and 9th Geo I., it does not seem to have produced much practical evil, while the 9th Geo. I. was in force.’—p. 129.

‘*Dangerous engagements!*’ All experience is here, evidently and *confessedly*, in favour of the law as it stood between 1600 and 1796; and yet it is insinuated that such a law is wrong ‘in principle,’ and ought

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ought to have been productive of mischief! Surely the writer of these paragraphs, if he had possessed any modesty, might have had some misgivings as to the correctness of his 'principle,' standing opposed, as it does by his own account, to the practical experience of two entire centuries! Throughout this section, in fact, there is an unworthy attempt to fasten upon the poor-law of Elizabeth, or upon the powers conferred in the succeeding century upon justices, the discredit of having occasioned evils, which notoriously did not exhibit themselves till after the enactment of the 36th Geo. III. and the introduction of the allowance system by the magistracy of the south of England, in direct opposition to the letter and the previous practice of the law. The intention was obvious, and the effect has unhappily, as we think, corresponded to the intention. The object was, to create an impression that a good administration of the poor-law by the magistracy of England is in the nature of things impossible—and to obtain support to the recommendation, that all power of administering or interpreting that law should be placed in the hands of a central commission alone. The fact however is, that the mischiefs of the last forty years originated in one faulty enactment, the 36th Geo. III., and a still more faulty interpretation of prior statutes. The inference, of course, should have been, that the evil would be cured by replacing the law as it stood before 1796, and providing by a declaratory act against the recent misinterpretation of the 43rd Elizabeth, which was supposed to countenance the allowance system. But, instead of this, the inference of the commissioners (and we are grieved to say that the legislature has adopted the recommendation which was grounded on that false inference) is, that the powers lodged in justices of the peace for the administration or enforcement of relief to the poor,—powers which in fact constituted the fundamental and essential machinery—the very main-spring of the poor-law from its first introduction—should be virtually abrogated at once, and machinery of a novel and perfectly untried character introduced instead.

A similar illogical deduction from their own quoted facts may be instanced in the mode by which another apparently predetermined object of the commissioners—namely, the adoption of the workhouse system, as the exclusive mode of relief to the able-bodied—is supported and advanced by them. The commissioners very properly lay down, as the rule which they profess to follow in their recommendations, that those methods of administering relief which have been tried and have succeeded in some districts should be generally applied. And in support of their recommendation, that relief should be given to the able-bodied solely in well regulated

lated workhouses, they instance seventeen parishes which have been successfully dispauperized—How? By the refusal of all out-door relief? Not at all. We have carefully gone through all these cases, as given in detail in the report and the appendices, and out of the whole seventeen—nay, out of nearly one hundred instances of dispauperized parishes, which the evidence in the appendix exhibits—there are but *four*,—in all England and Wales, but *four* parishes, and those under very peculiar circumstances, in which the principle so unhesitatingly recommended by the commissioners for universal enforcement has been tried. These four cases are those of Uley, Bingham, Southwell, and Llangaddock in Brecknockshire. But what conclusion can safely be drawn from the success of such a system in four insulated cases, as to the probability of similar success if generally enforced throughout the country? It is quite obvious, that when one single parish adopts a peculiarly rigorous treatment of its poor, it may get rid of them, and diminish its rates by driving them out into the neighbouring parishes managed under a milder system; though this result would by no means ensue if all parishes were to adopt the same severity of management.

With the exception of these four solitary instances—which, as being solitary, prove nothing for or against a general system of workhouse relief,—in all the other cases of dispauperization quoted by the commissioners, the result was brought about by other means—chiefly (and this was the only principle common to all) by the discontinuance of the allowance system, and the enforcement of hard work at low wages, under strict superintendence, on the parish account. This was the principle at Swallowfield, at Hatfield, at Welwyn, at Leckhampstead, at Turton, at Putney, at Carlisle, at Burghfield, and other places. At Ilfracombe, the mere difference of 2*d.* a day between the pay of the parish and the pay of the independent workmen got rid of all able-bodied applicants; and when to these thirteen cases are added upwards of sixty, which are mentioned in the commissioners' appendices, of parishes successfully dispauperized, by merely stopping the allowances, and exacting hard work for low pay, without resorting to the workhouse, except in cases of evident imposture—when nearly one hundred instances of successful reform, by this simple process, can be pointed out, and only four of the costly and cruel workhouse scheme—we may be allowed to declare our unfeigned astonishment at the recommendation of the commissioners to enforce in every parish in England—in fifteen thousand parishes—the severe practice which has hitherto been tried in only *four*. Their recommendation is the

the more strange, because they themselves, in their Report, declare it to be unnecessary. They say, in page 262—

‘It is true that *nothing is necessary* to arrest the progress of pauperism, except that all who receive relief from the parish should work for the parish exclusively, as hard, and for less wages than independent labourers receive. Cases, however, will occur, where such work cannot be obtained, &c. A workhouse meets all cases.’

And so, to meet these extreme cases, the same severe and costly remedy is to be applied to all! And yet these same commissioners, in the very same page of the same Report, actually say, that ‘*the bane of all pauper legislation has been the legislating for extreme cases.*’ They say this in the same page in which they recommend the universal adoption, throughout England and Wales, of a mode of relief of the most severe, harsh, and perilous kind, which only four parishes have hitherto ventured upon, and which their own examples and their own admissions declare to be quite unnecessary in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. This is *legislating for extreme cases* with a vengeance.

We cannot conceal our regret at finding this preposterous proposition first upon the list of recommendations in the Report. That it should have proceeded from a body of men of high character, station, and attainments, such as the poor-law commissioners, is quite unaccountable; and that not as a hasty suggestion, but as the matured result of two years’ study of the subject, and of a review of the enormous mass of evidence which, during that time, they have collected from all parts of the country. For, in the first place, where are the workhouses into which to put all the able-bodied labourers of the kingdom, who may at any time be in want of employment? As yet nine-tenths of the parishes of England have nothing that can be called a workhouse, and those that exist are nearly filled with infirm and impotent poor. They must therefore be built; that is to say, the whole country must be studded with district workhouses, or rather work-gaols, for their management and discipline is to be precisely similar to that of a penitentiary or bridewell. But not to mention the time and expense which such a scheme must require, let us only ask, would it be just, right, or even safe, to refuse relief and employment, except in a prison, to all able-bodied men—some of the very best and most industrious workmen in the kingdom—whose only fault is, that their families are so large they cannot be maintained at the wages their employers offer? For it is this class of able-bodied labourers who will be forced to fall back upon their parishes for employment when the allowance system is abolished. After [encouraging them, for a generation
past,

past, by an abuse of the law, to marry and rear large families, as the sure claim to work and high wages—nay, after offering them a regular premium of 1s. 6d. or 2s. a head per week for every child they could rear—can it be just to turn round on them suddenly, and say—We find we have been hitherto acting unwisely—we find your eighteen-penny children are eating up the rentals of our estates—and we now tell you, because you have, under our encouragement, married and reared these large families, you shall in future have no work or maintenance for them except you and your families be lodged within the walls, and submit to the irksome restraint, confinement, and degradation of a prison under the name of a workhouse? As the sole mode of relieving the able-bodied, we conceive that this proposition is as unjust, and, from the certainty of its creating riots and violent opposition among the poor, if attempted to be carried into execution, as dangerous as it is costly and inexpedient. We have shown that its recommendation is in no degree borne out by the facts which the commissioners adduce in support of it, but just the contrary. It is right to add, that the government seem to have taken the same view that we have done of the proposal, and refused to introduce it into their bill, though they have left it in the power of the central board of commissioners to command its universal adoption, should they be so minded, by one of those despotic decrees which in the act are styled by the modest title of ‘rules, orders, or regulations.’

Another error of equal magnitude and importance, into which we conceive the commissioners to have fallen, is in the principle which they lay down as ‘the first and most essential of all the conditions of improvement,’—‘the main principle of a good poor-law administration,’—namely, ‘that the condition of the pauper shall be made worse, and consequently less eligible, than the condition of the independent labourer: that the latter should be taken as the standard to which reference must be made in fixing the condition of those who are to be maintained by the public.’* This principle assumes, that the condition of the independent labourer, which must of course be determined by the current wages of labour, is regulated by circumstances wholly independent of the poor-law, or of the amount of relief afforded to paupers. The direct contrary, however, is the fact; as none ought to know better than the commissioners, who repeatedly declare that the allowance system has lowered the general rate of wages, and express their conviction that the abolition of this abuse, and a better administration of the poor-law, will generally raise wages. But how is this

* P. 228-9, 8vo. edit.

result to be brought about if the actual rate of wages, depressed as it has admittedly been by the allowance system, is to be taken as the standard of parochial relief? It is by no magical influence that the reform of the poor-law can be expected to induce employers of labour to offer a higher rate of wages than they now give to their workmen. The process is a very intelligible one, as it has taken place in all districts where the allowance system has been discontinued. The necessary result of that discontinuance has been to make employers feel that if they want labourers they must offer them wages sufficient to maintain their families—that is to say, at least as much as the parish is bound to provide them with—or they will leave their work and come for relief and employment to the parish. It is the parish rate of pay, therefore, which determines the rate of wages; and were the latter to be taken as the determinator of the former, there would be no rise of wages whatever in consequence of the abolition of the allowance system. The only consequence would be that the large families, not obtaining a sufficient maintenance from either independent or parochial employment, must starve.

The principle of the commissioners is clearly vicious. It takes as a standard of relief, not the necessities of the poor—not, in the words of the 43rd Elizabeth, their ‘necessary relief’—but the current wages of labour, which wages, it is admitted, have been reduced below their natural level by the practice of taking the families of labourers upon the public funds. The commissioners would abolish this practice, and rightly; but in order that wages should in consequence rise again to their natural level, the administrators of the poor-law must say to the employers, ‘Unless you will offer wages sufficient to maintain the families of your labourers, you will not get them. We will, as we are bound to do by law, maintain and employ them on the account of the public. And we will maintain them in such a manner as the necessity of their case and the humanity of the law require; not at any lower scale calculated from the insufficient pittance you offer them.’

The true and only principle by which parish relief, whether to the infirm or the able-bodied, must be determined, is, the natural wants of the pauper, taking into consideration the habitual standard of necessities among the population of this country. The pauper’s relief has hitherto been calculated on this principle, and upon a wheaten scale of diet. If any attempt be made to lower this scale to one of barley, oats, or potatoes, the standard of wages will unquestionably follow the reduction of the standard of parish pay; and the result must be a general deterioration of the habits and diet of the whole labouring population of England, and an approximation more or less complete to those of the half-naked, and

potato-fed, and wretched savages of Ireland. One great benefit which the poor-law has conferred upon this country is, that it has established a fixed standard of adequate maintenance, and declared that no one should be forced below that level by any circumstances. The result of affording an elevated base like this to start from, is, that all have struggled by industry, exertion, and economy, to rise above it; and in the struggle nineteen out of twenty have succeeded. In Ireland, on the contrary, the extortion and oppression to which, without such a safeguard, the lower classes are necessarily subject from those who alone possess the soil of the country,—that is, the natural means of maintenance,—have ground them down to the very lowest depths of poverty—to a state of hopeless, irredeemable misery, which destroys their energies, forbids their exertions, and renders them reckless of consequences, from the impossibility of being under any circumstances worse off than they are.

‘ Qui procumbit humi, non habet unde cadat.’

We trust, on these grounds, that the central commissioners who will have to determine the standard of relief to be afforded to all the paupers of the kingdom, will pay no regard to the actual rate of wages of the district—which will probably be low or high, according as the poor-law has been well or ill administered there—but will take as their guide that standard of maintenance which, according to the ideas and habits of the people of this wealthy and civilized land, is considered essential to the decent support of an Englishman. That the dietaries of workhouses and gaols are often most extravagant, so much so as to be prejudicial to the health of the inmates, as well as to the morals of society, from the contrast they afford with the harder fare of the independent and honest out of doors, is most true, and it will be an exceedingly useful part of the duty of the commissioners to correct these abuses. But the question will still remain, where and how is the line to be drawn? What is to be the standard of parish maintenance? There can be little doubt as to the rule we have suggested above being the only just and proper one.

We regret to have been obliged to make these observations on some of the principles laid down in the Report, because there is much in that production with which we entirely agree, and much of what appears to us to be both able reasoning and wise recommendation. We agree wholly in the recommendation of a central board, empowered to issue regulations for the management of workhouses, and the keeping and auditing of accounts, to superintend and control all paid parochial officers, to prescribe the union of parishes into districts, to act as public prosecutors of all offences by parochial authorities, to determine the mode of apprenticing parish children, and generally to preside over and submit

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mit to parliament an annual report upon the operation of the poor-laws throughout the kingdom. And we only regret that these recommendations are not all embodied in the act. It is a pity, for instance, that no notice is taken in the Bill of the imperfect system of valuation to the poor-rate—a part of the practical operation of the poor-law which stands as much in need of amendment as that which concerns the expenditure of the sums so irregularly and unfairly levied.

The bill, as it was introduced to the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was founded very closely on the recommendations of the commission. It did not, however, as already observed, go the length of prohibiting all out-door relief, but left it in the power of the central board of three commissioners to prohibit it if they pleased, and to determine in what mode and to what extent it should be afforded. It established this triumvirate in an unlimited extent of power, expressly placing the administration of relief to the poor in every parish of England and Wales under their absolute and unqualified control, giving to their orders and regulations, legal or illegal, the force of law, and freeing them from all responsibility in any of the superior courts. These powers have happily been somewhat modified as the bill passed through the two houses; but they are still very extensive, and their exercise will require to be watched with constant vigilance. The legality of their decrees may, as the act stands, be tested by removing them by writ of certiorari into the Court of King's Bench. But this permission is so embarrassed with provisions for the protection of the commissioners, that we much doubt whether any parties, even in the most flagrant cases of abuse, would venture to avail themselves of it. And, *until* the King's Bench have quashed the order of the commission, it is valid and binding, and all proceedings under it are irrevocable, however grossly unwarranted by law it may have been. Nor is there any remedy for those who *have suffered* through the operation of this illegal decree of the commission!

The central commission is empowered to join together any number of parishes into unions for the purposes of poor relief, having common workhouses, officers, &c. Each union will have its affairs managed by a board of *guardians* elected by the rate-payers and owners of property together. By the unanimous consent of their guardians, and with the assent of the Commissioners, parishes may be united not merely for the management of the poor, but for rating and settlement, in which case the entire union will become in all respects one parish for poor-law purposes. This would, undoubtedly, be very desirable,

if it could be effected with equity to the property of the respective parishes; but we fear that such a power, wherever lodged, must open the door to great abuse. We can imagine cases in which it would be possible for a negligent or fraudulent guardian to destroy or dispose of one-half of the value of the property of a parish in which the rates are at present very low, by assenting to unite it permanently with some neighbouring parish in which the rates are exceedingly high. Property, to a great extent, is liable to be thus confiscated; and it will be necessary for landowners to be exceedingly cautious as to what persons are elected to this most important office of guardian. The mode of their election is so novel an experiment, that it is difficult to predict what class of persons will be chosen to the office. In the greater number of parishes we conceive the lower class of rate-payers will have the preponderance of votes; and it may be a question of some difficulty whether they will always elect a person who will not abuse his extraordinary powers.

The most important of all the changes which this measure effects in the poor-law, relates to the power exercised by justices of the peace in its administration. The bill, as originally framed, took from the magistracy every particle of the authority they have exercised in ordering relief from the very first institution of a compulsory provision for the poor in the reign of Richard II. up to the present day. The board of guardians were made sole judges of the propriety of relieving or not in all individual cases, though bound to follow the general rules of the central commissioners. This was a fearful change in the fundamental machinery of the ancient poor-law. The compulsory character of the law is in fact abolished, if the parochial authorities are permitted to refuse relief in all cases when they think proper, and the pauper is denied an appeal to any disinterested tribunal competent to enforce his relief. It is true the parish, or its overseer, would remain liable to *indictment*. But what is this worth? The pauper, of course, could not indict; and who will undertake to do it for him at their own proper cost? Why no one, certainly. And the result might be, that parishes would lessen their poor-rates by a very compendious process indeed—namely, by refusing to relieve their poor at all—or stinting their relief in an unjustifiable degree.

Some little improvement has been made in this part of the bill, but it still remains in an unsatisfactory state. In parishes which have neither a select vestry, nor any local act, justices may still order relief in the workhouse, under the limitations of the 9th Geo. I. In unions, established under the act, two justices may order relief *out of the workhouse* to persons whom they can

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certify, 'of their own knowledge,' to be wholly incapable of work, from old age or infirmity. While, by a strange inconsistency, no power is left to them to make such an order in parishes not forming part of an union—in which their interference is far more likely to be needed. In all parishes, power has been reserved to magistrates to order temporary relief to *casual* poor, in cases of sudden and urgent necessity; but there is no appeal given to the settled pauper, not visibly incapacitated from doing a stroke of work, who may be refused relief in any extremity, however pressing, by a select vestry or board of guardians. This is, in fact, establishing the rate-payers, or their chosen instruments the guardians, as sole judges in their own cause. The pauper claims relief out of their pockets; but he is not to have it unless they choose to allow it him. The ancient *right* of the poor of England to be relieved in destitution at the cost of their parishes, is, then, so far abrogated; they can no longer demand support, even when in absolute necessity; they can only ask it as beggars, and if it be refused, they have no *available* means of redress. The ancient laws—laws as ancient as the titles to nine-tenths of the estates in the kingdom—compelled certain officers to support the poor, and gave to magistrates the power and ministerial function of seeing that these officers performed their duty. This act compels no one to support the poor: it says that certain individuals *may* give relief, but does not say that they *shall* give relief; nor does it empower any one to see that they *do* give relief. Is not this a total repeal of the poor man's rights and securities—rights and securities as sacred, as ancient, as fully recognised by statute, and by judicial authorities, as any right to property, to title, or to prerogative possessed by the highest in the land? It may be possible that the poor will still be relieved in all deserving cases, as when they had the power of appeal to the neighbouring magistrate; but this is at best doubtful. We can imagine the appointment of some individuals to the office of guardian, especially in agricultural districts, by whom relief may be refused to poor persons really in extreme necessity, and liable to perish for want of it. We can imagine parishes and unions in some situations vying with each other in severity towards their poor, with the view of driving them to quit the place, and migrate elsewhere. We may be answered that this is not probable—that a sense of propriety and feelings of humanity in the guardians will prevent their acting with harshness towards their poor. But the obvious reply to this is, that it was *because* the feelings of humanity and propriety in the wealthy were not found to protect the poor against extreme misery and starvation—that the law enacted a compulsory provision for them. And if the law be
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now made permissive only, instead of compulsory, is not this a removal of that which has hitherto been the real and effective safeguard of the poor? Is it right even to leave any doubt upon the matter—to remove any portion of that legal and effectual guarantee which the poor of Britain have possessed for nearly three centuries against destitution? There is no little danger in the present times in thus trenching upon the acknowledged rights of the poor. If *these* are not respected by the rich, *their* rights will not long escape invasion by the poor. The security which the humbler classes of this country have so long enjoyed for relief in necessity has been the best and strongest security for the ease, peace, and property of the wealthy classes. The first safeguard cannot be abrogated without greatly endangering the last.

It is very questionable how this most important part of the new poor-law will be found in practice to work. The law as to pauper removals is maintained with some judicious modifications; but it seems open to doubt whether in future there will be any removals at all. If the *guardians* suppose that an applicant for relief is not settled in their union, is it likely that they will relieve him, and undertake the trouble and charge of removing him to a distant parish, when, by refusing him any relief at all, except a shilling or two to help him to find his way towards home through the next parish, *where he must be treated as casual poor*, they can get quit of him at once and for good? Will not parishes be tempted to relieve themselves of all their unsettled poor in this manner, perhaps even of many of their settled poor? And must not the result be to fill the country with mendicants and vagrants, asking relief from parish to parish as casual paupers?—in short, to bring back much of the evil which the poor-law was instituted to prevent, and which exhibits itself so frightfully in Ireland, where there is no such provision? We are unwilling to prophecy in this case; but if analogies and the obvious dictates of interest are to be relied on, it would seem improbable that the poor will be as adequately relieved under a voluntary, as they have been under a compulsory, system.

There is a remedy, certainly, in the supreme power of the commissioners, should it be found that relief is too sparingly afforded by the parish authorities under the new law. A general order may issue from the board, enjoining the guardians or overseers to afford adequate relief to their settled poor; and this order will have the force of law; and the parish officers may be fined by magistrates for disobedience to it. We fear that even if this method be resorted to, it will form but a sorry substitute for the statutory claim to relief which the poor have hitherto possessed. At all events, however, we trust that the commissioners will not be slow

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to issue such an order, if any symptoms should appear of its being required. The lives of the poor ought not to be continued in jeopardy, for the sake of trying the experiment of how little relief will keep them from starving—or rather from insurrection!

The workhouse door, at least, should be open to all applicants. When the management and discipline and classification of paupers in workhouses are regulated, as we trust they will be by the commissioners, on sound principles, so as to make them places of irksome restraint and labour to the idle, the disorderly, and the vicious, but of solace and decent support to the well-disposed poor, there will be no danger of any but the really indigent of the latter class claiming an asylum within their walls. And whoever recollects how essential it is, both for the purpose of effectually repressing mendicancy and discouraging almsgiving, and for that of preventing crime, to preserve the existing guarantee that no individual need perish from want in this wealthy land, must see that a general rule to admit all applicants into the workhouse would be one of equal wisdom and humanity.

The original bill, in its 47th clause, proscribed the allowance system altogether—enacting that, after the 1st of June, 1835, no relief should be given from the poor-rate to any able-bodied persons or their families, who were wholly or partially in the employment of private individuals. This has been subsequently modified; and now it is left to the discretion of the central commissioners to sanction or suspend, or forbid the practice, whensoever and wheresoever they please. The alteration can hardly be considered an improvement on the original proposition. Partial relief to labourers working for private employers is so notoriously the main root of the manifold evils often loosely referred to the poor-law itself, and which it is the express object of this great measure to cure, that no compromise whatever should have been permitted with this leading abuse. It has hitherto been notoriously *illegal*; the poor-law commissioners declare it to be so. The new law, therefore, should have put it down at once; and the experience of nearly one hundred parishes in which this has been successfully accomplished—parishes of all kinds, large and small, agricultural and manufacturing, rural and metropolitan—prove that such a change would have been easily accomplished, and accompanied by none of the dangers which some writers had anticipated. But the act as it stands, on the contrary, actually *legalizes* this baneful practice, and authorises the commissioners to continue it indefinitely to any extent. And when we consider how strong is the pecuniary interest of employers of all classes, especially of the large farmers, and consequently of their landlords, to continue this odious abuse, we think there is reason to apprehend, that

that any attempt on the part of the Central Board to put an effective stop to it will be met with such a storm of remonstrance and terrific predictions, from magistrates and other influential persons, as their nerves will be unable to withstand, not having the imperative enactment of a statute to lean upon, and feeling the full responsibility of every act which is left to their discretion.

We hope it will be otherwise. Certain it is that the very first efforts of the commission should be directed to the extinction of this injurious practice; and with firmness and discretion, there can be little real difficulty in their doing so. They might begin by issuing a general order that no allowances be given from this time forward to any labourers having less than an average family, that is, of five persons;—that after a further date, say the 1st of March next, allowances should cease to all families under six in number;—after the 1st of September, 1835, to all under seven; and thus go on by degrees to extinguish the practice altogether—forbidding it, of course, from the first in districts where it has not been hitherto practised. By a firm continuance in this course, allowing of no exceptions but in cases of sudden and great emergency—such as a stagnation of trade in a large manufacturing district—they must succeed in putting an end to one of the most pregnant sources of moral and physical evil that ever afflicted any community. If, on the contrary, this abuse is trifled with, and permitted, under any plea, to continue its noxious influence, we shall anticipate very little benefit from the other supposed improvements in the poor-law. They are all infinitely unimportant in comparison with this.

We regret to find no provision whatever in the new law to facilitate the employment of those labourers who are forced to apply to their parishes for work. Even now this is the main difficulty of poor-law administration; and when the allowance system is abolished, the difficulty will be greatly increased. It is absurd to suppose that in-doors work can be found in workhouses for any considerable proportion of the surplus labourers of any parish. Whatever the case was in the reign of Elizabeth, in these days no manufacture carried on by the compulsory labour of a gaol or workhouse can compete for an instant with the product of free employment in our great factories. A little stone-breaking in the yard may be provided where there is a vent for such materials, as in town parishes; but in all rural districts employment can only be found out of doors, and we see no machinery in the act for facilitating this essential object. The assistant overseer, or other officer whose duty it will be to employ the able-bodied poor, has not even the power to set them to work on the highways. He cannot touch a stone or fill in a rut without the concurrence of the highway

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highway surveyor, who is by no means likely to afford it with readiness.

In the disputes between these two officers—the overseer and the road surveyor—their indisposition to pull together, and the want of any power in the overseer—who has perhaps fifty men on his hands—to set them to work and superintend their work, in improvements of the highways—many of the assistant-commissioners discovered one great cause of the idleness and demoralization of able-bodied paupers, and of the waste of the money expended in their maintenance. If the officer who is entrusted with the employment of the able-bodied poor of a parish-union had been authorised, *ex officio*, to act as general surveyor of the parish highways within his district, and to execute improvements in them, the labour placed at his disposal might, we think, be employed with great advantage to the public in almost every part of the country. We trust that some means will still be contrived for effecting this object. There is no mode in which landlords can more beneficially contribute both to the relief of their rates, and to facilitate the working of the new measure, than by devising and recommending for execution by the surplus labour of their district, improvements in the highways, or other works of public utility. There are few parts of England in which works of this character are not wanting within the limits of such a district as will probably be erected into a union. There are not a few in which the highways still remain in a most disgraceful state, many scarcely metalled at all—some not at all—while the surrounding parishes maintain dozens of able-bodied labourers in almost perfect idleness during six months of the year.

One of the clauses in the act, on which we set the highest value, is that which enables parishes to borrow money from the Exchequer Bill Loan Office on the security of their rates, to be expended in defraying the emigration of such of their able-bodied poor as are desirous of exchanging a life of pauperism in this country for one of industrious and comfortable independence in her colonies. The means of employment we have adverted to are but of a temporary character. Parish farms or parish roads may provide work for those who are occasionally thrown out of employment for a month or two in the year, or at some period of general distress. But wherever there is a permanent redundancy of labour, we can see no adequate resource but emigration. Nor are we among those who look upon this as a *pis-aller*, to be resorted to only in the last extremity, and with lamentation and regret. On the contrary, we esteem it to be the most natural and obvious mode of curing the evils of a local redundancy; which in truth, when treated in this manner, becomes

no evil at all. Experience has afforded such strong proofs of the benefits that result from its adoption, as well to the emigrants themselves as to the parishes from whence they removed, that we can see in such a process no reason for condolence or regret whatsoever. The expense to a parish of defraying the passage to Upper Canada of a pauper family is less than that of maintaining it one twelvemonth at home. And the paupers themselves remove from a situation where little but suffering and demoralization attends them and their offspring, to one where there is every inducement to industry and the development of the better parts of their character.

One of the clauses of the Appendix to the Poor-Law Commissioners' Report contains several valuable communications illustrative of the advantages which our North American provinces offer to British emigrants of the poorer classes. Mr. Revans gives the subjoined table, showing the number of emigrants which arrived by sea at the two principal ports of Canada, Quebec and Montreal, for the following years:—

1829.	1830.	1831.	1832.	1833.
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15,945	28,000	50,254	51,746	21,586

The sudden and remarkable falling-off in the number of arrivals in 1833, was owing to the lamentable accounts which reached England in the preceding year, of the sufferings endured by the emigrants of that season from cholera. The effect, however, of the alarm excited by these accounts seems to have soon subsided. The accounts of the total immigration of this year have not, of course, yet arrived; but there is reason to believe that it will considerably exceed even that of 1832. That there is ample room for far larger numbers is proved by the constant complaints of the Canadian newspapers of the deficiency of labourers of nearly every class. Mr. Revans declares his opinion that from thirty to forty thousand able-bodied males might find employment in one season in Upper Canada alone.

It is no doubt true that, in the ports of debarkation, the emigrants have sometimes experienced considerable distress, owing to their being landed without any means of finding their way into the interior. This distress was of course increased during the prevalence of cholera in 1832. Since that time useful associations have been formed both at Quebec and Montreal, under the name of Emigrant Societies, for the purpose of assisting to forward destitute emigrants into the upper provinces, where labour is abundant and wages high. The proceeds of a tax of five shillings per head, lately levied by the colonial legislature on all emigrants landed in the province, were

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in part placed at the disposal of these societies; and the result has been altogether to put an end to the evils which were previously experienced. The Montreal Emigrant Society last year forwarded nearly nine thousand persons to their places of destination in the upper provinces, at a cost of less than five shillings per head, including all charges of management; and their Report—a very interesting document—declares that they are able to 'close their labours with the satisfactory reflection that all the destitute emigrants who had sought relief had met with it at their hands.' The labours of this society, it is well remarked by Mr. Chapman, form a striking contrast with those of the Beneficent Society of Quebec, which made the mistake of sending the poor back to England instead of up the country. 'Pounds were expended by the one to consign the emigrant to misery, where shillings were laid out by the other to convey him to comfort and independence.'*

It is chiefly the Irish emigrants that are landed in this state of destitution: those from England have been usually provided by the parishes or individuals who sent them out, with the means of making their way into the interior. The provincial gazettes make mention, in particular, of the care taken, in this respect, of the Sussex emigrants, of which several ship-loads have been sent out successively in the three last years, chiefly at the expense of the venerable and munificent Earl of Egremont.

It is, however, very desirable, that, instead of trusting to the good feeling of individuals, or the exertions of voluntary societies in the ports of debarkation, for the important object of securing the safe conveyance of emigrants to the parts of the country where their labour is so much in request, the local government should undertake this care, through some of its 'well-paid, and by no means over-worked, agents, already holding appointments in Canada.'* The expenses would most properly be defrayed out of the large sums which are now annually received by government from the sale of lands in the colony. Indeed, we think the entire fund thus arising, and which must be expected every year to increase very largely, should be exclusively appropriated to the promotion of emigration, and the due distribution of the emigrants through the colony, according to the principles which have been partially adopted for two years past with respect to the Australian colonies, and still further in the recent act for the foundation of a colony in Southern Australia.

The inducement which Canada, more especially the upper province, holds out to the emigration of the industrious labourer, con-

* Chapman, p. 45, Appendix C.

sists in the much higher rate of wages offered there to him, than can be procured in the mother country, coupled with the prospect of his being enabled, by economy and prudence, to purchase land at a cheap rate, and establish himself, before long, as an independent proprietor on his own farm—paying neither rent, tithes, rates, nor more than nominal taxes. There is, moreover, an absolute certainty, that so long as there exist millions of acres of unoccupied land of the very first quality, no reduction can possibly take place in these advantages.

With such a resource as this at hand, so easily available, so cheap, or rather so profitable, and so certain of success, it would be unpardonable, if the powers conferred by the new poor-law on any parties, commissioners or guardians, should be worked in such a manner as to deteriorate the condition of the able-bodied labourers of this country by threatening to force all applicants for relief into the workhouse. We think it would have been advisable to interdict the guardians of parishes from compelling able-bodied poor, of good character, to be lodged, with their families, in workhouses, as the only condition of their employment or relief, *without first offering them a free conveyance to one of our colonies*—an offer which would have been as good a test as the workhouse of the reality of their distress, and of their willingness to maintain themselves by their labour, and certainly far less severe, as well as ultimately less costly. The able-bodied labourer who is once fairly driven to give up his cottage and domestic habits, and sell his little furniture, and go into a workhouse with his family, we fear will remain, in all probability, its inmate for life—he and his posterity becoming callous to the disgrace that may be supposed to attach to such an existence, and habituated to its disagreeable restraints. Thus a permanent and increasing burden will be fastened on the parish, and an entire family morally ruined. Whereas, were the same family to be removed to Upper Canada, the cost to the parish would be comparatively a mere trifle—the benefit to the paupers, both moral and physical, incalculable. We own that, if we find the commissioners proceed to apply the workhouse system extensively as the means of relief to the able-bodied, without accompanying it with the offer of emigration as an alternative at the option of the pauper, we shall expect no little danger from the natural resistance of the able-bodied pauper population to so rigorous a system, and an increase rather than a diminution of the burthen of poor-rate as its ultimate result.

Let it be recollected, that if there be a surplus labouring population, it is not the fault of the poor themselves, and should not be visited on their heads. It is their superiors who, by a vicious and illegal abuse of the law, have encouraged their multiplication, with
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the direct view of exacting the services of the labouring class at the lowest cost. It will not do to turn round on a sudden, so soon as this process is found in its re-action to operate injuriously on the interests of its authors, and fashion the law again to suit their purposes, by punishing as a crime that increase which they have hitherto stimulated by direct premiums. With the cheap resource which emigration offers, it will not do to act upon the Malthusian doctrine, that the poor alone have the power of reducing their redundancy, and must be taught by starvation to do so. This barbarous doctrine, thank God, the progress of sound opinions on the facility and advantages of emigration has wholly exploded. Above all, it must be recollected, that when the classification, and discipline, and treatment of the inmates of a work-house are (as it is clearly the intention of the late poor-law commissioners that they should be) assimilated to those of a gaol or house of correction, and the same punishment is thus awarded to poverty as to crime, the poor may prefer encountering the chances of crime to the certain consequences of an application to the overseer. We shall then be in the same condition as before the enactment of the 43d Elizabeth, when repeated statutes of the severest nature were found inefficient to the suppression of mendicancy, vagrancy, and crimes against life and property—a condition of which Ireland, at present, offers a valuable contemporary illustration.

One word upon this point. We cannot believe that any further delay will be permitted to intervene before a law, founded upon the principles of the amended English poor-law, and modified to suit local circumstances, is extended to Ireland. Every-day renders the necessity of this measure more apparent, and adds to the number of its advocates, not merely on this, but on the Irish side of the channel. It will be utterly impossible to prevent the continuance of what the jargon of the day calls 'prædial outrage,'—in plain English, to give any efficient security for life and property in that country, until the peasantry have secured to them, by a legal provision, the means of maintaining their existence by honest and peaceful industry. Until this is effected, they will continue to wage the war of the savage—the fight for self-preservation—against the law, the government, and society;—they will prey upon one another like a herd of famishing wolves. The black agrarian crimes which so fearfully disgrace and desolate that unhappy country are all directly traceable to the competition for land or work, as the only chance of existence. It is to keep one another on their little holdings, or in the little employment which their district affords, that the peasantry combine in those secret associations, whose orders are obeyed, and their bloody sentences executed

executed with the most implicit obedience by an entire population—associations which, as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has declared, wield a power, both moral and physical, surpassing that of the law in vigour, promptitude, and efficacy, virtually supplanting the constituted authorities of the realm, and rendering the law of Captain Rock the substantial law of the land. For seventy years and upwards coercion has been employed in vain to put down these associations. It is time to try the influence of that act of simple justice which, two centuries and a half ago, put down the similar disturbances by which England was then convulsed; namely, a legal guarantee to the natives of the country that they shall have the means of maintaining themselves by honest industry, if they choose to exercise it, either in their native land or, at least, in the colonies. This alone will tranquillize Ireland. Even though the whole property of the church were sacrificed with the false view of obtaining this object, not an inch shall we have advanced towards it until a legal provision be secured to the destitute poor of Ireland.

Meantime, the government falters and hesitates, and professes to wait for the Report of a Commission, which the intrigues of interested parties, and the prejudices of theorists committed against the principle of a poor-law, will render, we fear, inefficient for any useful purpose. We shall be much surprised if the Report of this Commission (when it does report, and a year already has elapsed since its appointment without any symptom of a report) is not choked with voluminous details relative to the miserable substitutes for a public relief which now exist in Ireland—the dispensaries and the mendicity institutions,—perhaps even to the hospitals and the schools, omitting altogether, or taking little notice of the broad and great questions as to the amount and extent of misery existing in Ireland, the lowness of wages, the want of employment, the relations between landlord and tenant, and the moral and physical influence of these circumstances upon the population and on society. We shall be surprised, we say, if this commission do not turn out a mere stop-gap, a subterfuge to delay the consideration of any practical measure. Should this prove to be the case, what shall be thought of the men who have recourse to so dishonourable and dishonest an artifice to prolong the reign of misery and misrule in that unhappy land? A little more delay, and the great agitator will step in, and, with a transition which to him is easy and natural, will declare himself the advocate of a poor-law, and by forcing it on an unwilling government secure to himself all the credit and the gratitude that must spring from its concession; and thus seat himself more firmly than ever in the hearts and affections of the Irish people. If the government

vernment wish to give permanence to the dangerous power which that individual now wields, they cannot take a more direct course than by allowing him this last and greatest advantage over them. While he is yet professedly hostile to it, they might, if not as deficient in decision as in policy, by coming forward with this great measure of practical and real relief to the mass of the Irish people, alienate them from the agitator and his plots, and win their regard and affections for British connexion and the imperial legislature. Will they let the moment go by which must determine the destinies of Ireland, perhaps of Britain likewise?

Before quitting this branch of the subject, we must express our surprise at finding, even among high, and learned, and powerful persons, the existence of doubts, not to speak in still stronger terms, as to the abstract policy of that branch of the poor-law which provides for the relief *by employment* of the able-bodied poor. Surely nothing can well be more obvious than this, that where *any* legislative provision exists for the poor, to refuse to set to work able-bodied men who are in a state of destitution must necessarily either reduce them and their families within a few hours to a state of sickness and infirmity—in which they must be relieved as impotent poor, at a dead loss—whereas, had they been employed a day or two sooner, they would have repaid the greater part, if not the whole, of the cost of their relief—or, as the only and the more probable alternative, the refusal of all means of honest maintenance must drive them to dishonest, criminal, and violent courses in self-preservation. It has been repeated *ad nauseam*, that to give the able-bodied poor a claim for support is to give the idle a claim to the produce of the labour of the industrious. There cannot be a more false mode of stating the question. The able-bodied applicant for parish employment is not idle; on the contrary, all he asks is *work*. He begs a maintenance in return for his utmost exertions to earn it. He asks only for his share of the curse inflicted on our first parents, namely, ‘to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow.’ And is he then to be told, ‘Go to, you are idle, you want to rob the industrious?’ What is his answer? He says, ‘I am not willingly idle. I find myself brought into being in a highly artificial state of society, in which I am prevented by your laws from the free exercise of the faculties with which my Maker furnished me for obtaining a living from the natural productions of the soil on which He has planted me. Those laws may be just and necessary in themselves, but, since they take from me my natural rights, they should afford me an equivalent, at least, in return. If you will allow me to dig and plant and sow the nearest field or common, or to chase and kill the various animals I see around me, I may, perhaps, be able to maintain

maintain myself. But you prevent me from exerting my natural faculties upon the common gifts of nature, you tie up my hands, and hedge me in with your artificial restraints, and then tell me I am idle, and ought to starve quietly and in silence, if no rich man wants my services. Both instinct and reason revolt from this. Give me work, and I will wear myself to the bone to earn my living. But if you refuse this, do not wonder that I think myself released from those social bonds which injure without benefiting me; that I bid defiance to your laws which take all from me, and give me nothing; that, pressed by the pangs of hunger, I resort to the natural powers of force or cunning I have still left, and take by fraud or violence what is necessary for the preservation of my life.' 'This, if not the language, is the feeling, and this is the conduct, of all those strong men in Ireland, or elsewhere, for whom the law affords no resource in destitution, while it expects them, even in that condition, to conform to the conventional rules of society.

This feeling it is which combines the Irish peasantry in secret associations to resist the law, which they feel only in its oppressions, and by threats of assassination and appalling outrage to keep themselves in employment or the occupation of land, their only resources against starvation. This feeling it was which occasioned the riots of 1830 among the unemployed paupers of England, whom the allowance system had reduced almost to the wretchedness of the Irish. And it is this feeling which, if any attempt be made by the commissioners under the full powers conferred on them by the new law, to act up to the principles avowed in high quarters, as to the absence of any just claim on the part of the able-bodied poor to be secured in the means of existence, will inevitably cause the recurrence of similar agrarian disturbances—more or less violent, general, and lasting, according to the obstinacy with which the erroneous policy may be persisted in—and tending ultimately to reduce this country to the semi-barbarous state of society which existed in England in the sixteenth, and which, to the disgrace of the legislature, still is found in Ireland in the nineteenth century.

The changes effected by the act in the laws of *settlement* and *bastardy*, though not so extensive as was at first intended, are very considerable and important. All settlement by hiring and service is henceforward abolished: which will, it is to be hoped, cause the general renewal of the valuable practice of hiring farm-servants from year to year, instead of taking them by the week only, and discharging them whenever they are not urgently required.

The history of the clauses which relate to *bastardy* is curious. In

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In the original bill they went the full length of repealing the whole law of affiliation, giving complete impunity to the father—in Crabbe's language—

'The cause of all, the faithless lover cold' —

and rendering the mother and her relations solely responsible for the maintenance of the child. These clauses passed the committee of the House of Commons, but were virtually nullified afterwards by the introduction of a clause at the third reading, on the proposal of Mr. Miles, by which the old system of affiliation was preserved—the parish enabled to come upon the father for the maintenance of the bastard—and no other change in the former law made than that the father would be no longer liable to imprisonment *before birth*, nor the mother capable of receiving pay for her child, except as a *parish pauper in the workhouse*. This, in fact, was merely enforcing generally that practical interpretation of the former law, which had been in several instances, as at Bingham, Southwell, &c., acted upon with the most complete success—we may say to the local annihilation of bastardy. And, on the salutary principle that the law should be altered no further than experience has proved to be necessary for the removal of the evil, it would have been very desirable that the change should have stopped there, for the present at least.

The House of Peers, after restoring the Bill, in Committee, nearly to its original form, gave way again on the third reading, and have admitted clauses, moved by the Duke of Wellington, which will enable a parish to obtain an order of maintenance against the putative father of a bastard, by proceeding at quarter-sessions, and bringing forward *other* evidence of his paternity than the oath of the mother. The cost of this proceeding, and the difficulty of obtaining such *other* evidence, will, we fear, prevent parishes from resorting to it in nine cases out of ten, and so far relieve fathers from all legal responsibility for the maintenance of their illegitimate offspring. This is a serious experiment. The speech and protest of the Bishop of Exeter appear to us to leave no doubt that it is one which no Christian legislature ought to have adopted. We heartily wish we could partake in the anticipations of its supporters, as to its moral effect on the conduct of young women. It strikes us as very strange that no Member of either House should have suggested the drawing of a broad line of distinction between the case of a girl having a natural child for the *first time*, and one guilty of a second transgression. It appears to us that reason and justice and human sympathy would all alike have recognized the distinction of these cases.

On the whole, our anticipations of benefit from the working

of parts of this important act are mingled with serious apprehensions of the evils which it seems equally calculated to produce, without a combination of caution and decision, prudence and firmness, wisdom and experience, scarcely to be hoped for in any mortals who may be entrusted with the bringing it into operation. The magnitude of the change alone is of itself a cause of considerable danger, by exciting alarm in the minds of the entire body of the poorer classes, who justly look upon the poor-law as the great charter by which their right to existence is, or was, guaranteed to them; and by suddenly dislocating the existing relations of society, and breaking up the links which have so long habitually connected the rich and poor of the same neighbourhood. That the legislature in this reform have overstepped the necessity of the case, and deserted the ancient paths of the constitution, and the landmarks which experience had recognized, is but too evident. Even if determined to carry the experiment to this extreme extent, it would have been wise at least to have accompanied or preceded both the Report and the Bill, by a solemn recognition of the principle of the right of the poor to relief in destitution, and a pledge for its continuance. This is no more than the judges of the land have repeatedly declared to be the established principle of the ancient poor-law; and in making so vast a change in that law, it would have been well to have proclaimed that its principle was to be maintained inviolate. This would have calmed many fears, satisfied many anxious and distrustful minds, and settled much of wavering and dangerous opinion on the subject. It would have smoothed much of the difficulty in the way of the application of the same principle to Ireland. It was unworthy of the legislature by which this most important subject has been so maturely considered, to blink the direct recognition of the principle itself on which their entire measure is based. It should not have been left to be inferred from the enactments, but should have been clearly enunciated in the preamble.

Now, however, that the act, with all its merits and defects, has become law, it remains for every one who wishes well to his country to give his aid to secure its being brought safely and beneficially into operation. We have heard it surmised that it will in fact remain a dead letter, like the Factory Bill of last year, of which no one, we believe, except the inspectors, and those who pay them their salaries, has heard a syllable since it received the royal sanction. But this perfect inactivity, for good or for ill, is, with respect to the new poor-law, impossible. It at once, and from the passing of the act, annihilates the most effective part of the machinery by which relief has been hitherto administered to the
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poor—the jurisdiction of the magistracy, in all parishes where select vestries exist, or which are governed by local acts; and if some equally efficient controlling and regulating power is not speedily substituted, the greatest disorder must ensue. Indeed, the act, as it is framed, is by no means clearly intelligible to ordinary capacities; and unless directions are, at a very early period, circulated from the central commission to the authorities in every parish, explaining to them the extent to which the law has been altered, the change which it has produced in their powers and duties, and recommending the course they should pursue under the circumstances, it is to be feared that in the general uncertainty on these points, and under a vague consciousness of the rigour of the penal clauses in the act, there will be something like a general *strike* among these local authorities; and, if not a positive cessation of the ordinary relief to the poor, yet such an interruption and hesitation in its continuance as must generate much alarm, and perhaps much dangerous excitement among the poor themselves. This is clearly the first point calling for the attention of the commissioners: indeed, it will hardly brook a week's delay.

It is to be hoped there will be no remissness shown by the magistracy of the country to afford their cordial co-operation to the commissioners in carrying the act into operation. We fear that the sort of passive assent which the measure has, during its discussion, met from this quarter, has arisen rather from a sense of the magnitude of the evils of the existing system, and a desire to get quit of the trouble and anxiety and responsibility of conducting it, by shifting the whole upon a branch of the government, than from any matured conviction of the excellence of the new arrangements. It must, however, be perfectly clear that no central metropolitan authority can do much, if anything, towards the reform of local abuses, and the introduction of a better system, unless it can enlist the cordial, active, and intelligent assistance of the local authorities and influential persons in every neighbourhood. Should the latter hold back—should the magistrates, country gentlemen, and clergy fail to do their part, and take an active share, as guardians and vestrymen, in the business of the parishes or unions in which they reside—the commissioners must be driven to depend entirely upon stipendiary agents;—and from this we cannot but anticipate the worst possible consequences—an alienation of the poorer class from their natural protectors, the educated and wealthy among their neighbours, and a direct and slavish dependence of the body of the people on the central authority, fatal to the principles of the constitution, and

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pregnant with danger to the state, as leading the poor to charge all their grievances immediately on the government.

But it is not only by assisting to carry the act into practical operation that the gentry of England can aid in securing the benefits it has in view, with the accompaniment of the least possible contingent evil. By tranquillizing the minds of the poor in their respective neighbourhoods, with regard to the character of the change; by setting the *intention* of the government and legislature in what we hope may be considered as its right light; by closely watching the conduct of the commissioners, and remonstrating wherever they conceive mischief likely to arise from their proceedings: but, above all, by encouraging and aiding the poor to depend more upon their own exertions, and less than they have hitherto done upon parochial support; by providing them with *garden allotments*, which, as experience has now fully shown, are so valuable and so perfectly harmless a help to the partially-employed labourer; by hunting out modes of giving employment of a private and productive nature to those who would otherwise be forced upon the parish; by devising works of a public and not unprofitable character, for those who are thus forced, whereon they can usefully and industriously labour until some more permanent means of disposing of them be adopted; by assisting the emigration of those who are decidedly in excess beyond the permanent average demand for labour through the year; and by promoting the formation and continuance, on true and salutary principles, of benefit societies for the mutual insurance of members against every casualty, misfortune, or infirmity;—it is by these and other active exertions of a similar character, which the circumstances of every district or individual will suggest, that the gentry and clergy, and the respectable middle classes of England can, and, we firmly believe, will exert themselves to effect more, far more, than is within the power of any government commission, towards ameliorating the moral and physical condition of the poor, and restoring those virtuous and industrious habits, that energy and independent spirit, which were formerly characteristic of the English labourer, but which an abusive administration of the poor-law has gone far of late years to extinguish. Let us see a thorough determination among the higher and middle ranks to co-operate, by these various modes, each in his sphere, and to the extent of his means, in furthering the great object of the amended poor-law, and preventing it from being perverted into an instrument of evil—and we shall have slender fears of the result. The intelligence and the benevolence of these ranks present, in fact, the only guarantee

guarantee for the safe working of this important experiment. And, with respect to the poor themselves, much as they have been libelled recently, and by none more, we regret to say, than by the late commissioners and their assistants,—we entertain the same confidence in their good dispositions which has been eloquently and forcibly expressed by Mr. Osler in one of the communications printed by the poor-law commission.

‘The poor deserve all the attention we can give them; they are grateful and respectful to their superiors, and most kind to one another. If treated with harshness, contempt, or neglect, they will resent it, and they have a right to do so; but let any one manifest an interest in their concerns, address them kindly, assist them with discrimination, refuse, when necessary, with mildness, and reprove with temper, and he will never find reason to complain. As the almoner of public charities, I have been brought into contact with thousands of them of all grades, from the respectable artizan down to the imprisoned felon. I have never been treated with disrespect; and have far more frequently had reason to blush at the excess of their gratitude, than to reproach them for unthankfulness*. Their kindness to one another in their distresses is most exemplary and affecting. When pleading for a neighbour, they will indeed urge the absence of every claim upon themselves, and their inability to afford any assistance; but after the aid they have been soliciting has either been obtained or denied, they will cheerfully divide their morsel, and perform voluntarily and gratuitously every service. Their faults are on the surface, and are often nothing more than that coarseness of manner which belongs to their station; but whoever will study them thoroughly, will be compelled to admire their general character, and will feel it an enviable privilege to be enabled to relieve distresses in which it is impossible not to sympathize, and to place them generally in circumstances which shall afford scope and encouragement to their virtues.’—p. 180.

We must not conclude without expressing our belief that the government have made a judicious selection in appointing Mr. Frankland Lewis to be the chairman of the Central Board; and that the community owes much gratitude to that gentleman for undertaking this very laborious function. His name and character ought to assuage many jealousies, and do much to excite hearty co-operation among those of his own class and station throughout the country.

* This beautiful sentence recalls Wordsworth's more beautiful stanza:—

‘I’ve heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning.’—*Simon Lee.*

ART. XI.—*Souvenirs Historiques sur la Révolution de 1830.*
Par S. Bérard, Député de Seine et Oise. Paris, 1834.

OUR readers will recollect* that amongst certain 'nameless names' which the *Three Days* brought into notice, there was one Bérard. This man had been two or three years a deputy, but had never ventured into the tribune, and seemed, by his talents, character, and position, very little likely to play a prominent part in a great political movement. He, however, was the confidential friend of M. Lafitte, and, in the meetings of the deputies which took place during the contest, he distinguished himself by his seditious activity; and while the great majority were, either through timidity or constitutional scruples, willing to enter into terms with Charles X., Bérard—probably instigated by Lafitte—took the lead in urging the dismissal of the elder branch and the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne. It was to Bérard's house that the Duke de Mortemart, the king's new minister and plenipotentiary, was—by the curious coincidence we before† observed upon—conducted; it was he who told the Duke '*il est trop tard*;'—and it was mainly through his management that this negotiation failed. It was he, too, who undertook the preparation of the new charter, to which he had the honour of giving his name—for it was and is familiarly termed *La Charte Bérard*. On the establishment of the new government Bérard had his share of the spoils, though not quite so large a one as he expected; for he thought that, as 'he had made Louis Philippe king,' Louis Philippe ought, in return, to have named him, at least, a member of his cabinet. Instead, however, of this, he was only made a privy councillor and *Directeur Général des Ponts et Chaussées*, a place equivalent to our First Commissioner of Woods and Forests. Although M. Bérard afterwards considered this as '*une des premières fonctions de l'Administration*,' yet he no doubt must have been somewhat mortified to see placed in the superior rank of cabinet ministers persons who, like Guizot, Broglie, and Sebastiani, had, during the crisis, exhibited—not merely timidity and vacillation, but—a desire to accommodate matters with Charles X. Whatever was the reason, he certainly soon became somewhat of a *frondeur*, and began to hint that the king he had made did not do full justice to his other great work—the Charter.

We think our readers will be amused, and, if they reflect a little, instructed, by the following account of the first day of the new royalty—which, as well, indeed, as every page of the book, offers a most curious exhibition of the disgrace of what successful audacity has called '*glory*,' of the meanness of its affected '*grandeur*,'

* See Quarterly Review, Vol. XLIX. p. 478.

† Ibid.

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deur, the low selfishness of its ostentatious '*liberality,*' the shabby intrigues of its popular '*independence,*' the despotism of its professed '*freedom,*' the narrowness of its boasted '*nationality,*' and, above all, the strange mixture of falsehood and force, of courage and cringing, of the blood of the Bourbons with the *boue de Paris* which has marked the whole personal conduct of Louis Philippe.

At the inaugural assembly of the two Chambers, when the crown was, on the proposition of Bérard, publicly conferred on Louis Philippe,

'Casimir Perrier, the President of the Deputies, read with a loud and declamatory voice the declaration of the Chamber. When he came to these words, "*The general and pressing interest of the French people calls to the throne His Royal Highness PHILIPPE OF ORLEANS,*" the king elect interrupted him with "*LOUIS PHILIPPE.*"—Perrier, correcting himself, repeated "*Louis Philippe of Orleans,*"' &c.—p. 408.

After explaining and ridiculing the doubts of his fellow king-makers whether they should call their creature Louis XIX. or Philippe VII., and the intermediate device of thus calling him Louis Philippe, because that combined name had no historical antecedents, he proceeds,—

'When the ceremony was over, the king went out *shaking hands* at a prodigious rate with the peers, the deputies, and even the crowd through which he walked to his carriage. I blamed this shaking of hands in the *Lieutenant-General* on the 31st July, 1830; I approve it still less in the *King* on the 9th August. It is not from any regard to royal dignity that I censure this familiarity, but because it is the expression of a *falsehood*—because it fraudulently affects a kind of equality which is neither in the thoughts of him who gives nor him who receives this indecorous greeting.

'I had received in the morning a note from one of the king's aides-de-camp to invite me to dine at the Palais Royal. I arrived rather late,—[how lucky that the sentinel at the door did not tell M. Bérard, as he had told M. de Mortemart, *il est trop tard!*]—they were just going to dinner. I slid—without being, *so to speak (pour ainsi dire)*, observed—into the crowd of guests. The chief actors of the revolution were present at this banquet, which was royal only in its magnificence. Every one seemed *as much at ease as if he were dining in a friend's house*; but it is right to add, no one trespassed beyond the bounds of a *respectful familiarity*. But alas! this *real citizen-royalty* did not last long. Those who were about the king did not like a crowd of familiar competitors, and they soon created a kind of *court*. The king began to find himself isolated in a certain degree from the *simple citizens*—[*simple indeed!*]—and by degrees he came to know nothing of their wants, to forget their interests, and, in a word, to become *a king just like any other.*'—p. 410.

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Here we see the germ of M. Bérard's discontent. HE, the founder of the monarchy, happened to come late to this inaugural feast—they had the ingratitude not to wait dinner for him—nay, he was, *pour ainsi dire*, unnoticed, and he soon discovered symptoms that the 'citizen-king' was to become 'a king just like any other.' The king, on this occasion, however, saw his mistake in time, and after dinner seized an opportunity of *paying his court* to M. Bérard.

'I had not spoken to the king or queen, and did not seek an opportunity of doing so, when, after dinner, strolling out on the terrace which divides the court and the garden of the Palais Royal, I was met by the king. He came up to me with the most affable air, and, after a few words of the kindest civility, he added, "M. Bérard, I shall *never* forget the tact and judgment with which you know how to seize an opportunity. In two most important circumstances you were the first to see what ought to be done, and the first to do it." "Sire," I replied, "when one is inspired—[this reminds us of Joseph Surface's '*the man who*—']—by the love of one's country, one is seldom wrong, and always in a hurry to attain his object—that which we have accomplished to-day will receive the approbation of all France." His majesty then asked me *if I was acquainted* with the queen; and on my answering in the negative, he *ran* to a short distance, took her by the hand, and *brought her to me*. "I present you, *my dear*,"* THE man who has done us such services, and to whom we *owe such deep obligation*." The queen having *addressed me*—[the queen *addressed him*!—in obliging terms. "I am happy," I replied to her—[*lui répliquai je*—every word is precious,] "that *that* which deserved my respect and affection happened to be in accordance with the interests of France—had they required another course, that other course I should have taken." This freedom, perhaps a little downright (*brusque*), was very well taken, and produced fresh compliments to me. I was complimented also by the Duke de Chartres and Madame Adelaide.

'*I was then a considerable man* to whom *they*—[on—the king and queen, the heir-apparent and the princess royal, dwindled into ox—the Iliad in a nut-shell!—]—to whom *they* openly avowed that *they* owed some gratitude, in whose praise *they* never could say enough! My *favour*, to use the language of the courtiers, was so great, that it seemed to excite their envy, and I was able, *during that evening*, to form some idea of the intoxication of courts.'—*Ib.*

Like other intoxications, this evaporated by next morning, and, as poor M. Bérard informs us, with a very natural expression of wonder and disappointment, he never again entered the Palais Royal as a *favourite*—no, not even as a *guest*; which was the more remarkable, because the king was in the habit of inviting everybody.

* We are obliged to insert the words 'my dear' to render the familiar effect of the *tutoiement* which Bérard puts into the King's mouth.

This

This disappointment was, however, considerably alleviated by his nomination to the office before mentioned; but it is clear that his language or his conduct must have given serious offence, for we find that on the very remarkable date of the 5th June, 1832, our *king-maker* was most unceremoniously and ungraciously *destitué*—dismissed from his office, and ‘restored to the tranquil enjoyments of private life.’—(p. 35.)

If we are to believe his own assurances—and who can be a better judge?—nothing could be more agreeable to a man of his disposition than to be thus relieved from ‘one of the first offices of the administration,’ with a large salary and extensive patronage—his dismissal was really a *jouissance*. On his own account, therefore, he felt nothing like regret—Oh no; but he felt for his country—the *total failure* of the Revolution to accomplish its promises, and the illiberal and *despotic* measures of the ministry, have obliged him reluctantly to publish the present work, in which he gives an account of the various circumstances which placed the *Citizen-king* on the throne, and of various subsequent events which prove that the *king* was very soon tired of being a *citizen*. It was in vain, M. Bérard says, that the ministry offered him compensation for his loss of office—to place him on the list of salaried privy councillors—to appoint him receiver-general of a lucrative district—nay, to elevate him to the peerage. It was in vain that some common friends represented the *tort affreux*—the frightful mischief he would do the government of his own creation, if he published this work—all in vain: his honour, his conscience, and his patriotism, required that he should raise his voice in defence of the charter, which the king and his ministers equally violate—and the work is published! There were, however, we observe, some other circumstances, which seem to have concurred with his patriotism in inducing him to take this step. We put *his own dismissal* out of the question, because he assures us it had no effect on him: but he had, it seems, in his days of favour, procured for an old friend and follower—one Berthier—the very honourable and comfortable office of sub-prefect at Corbeil. The ministry, not content with sending M. Bérard ‘to enjoy the leisure of private life,’ conferred a similar favour on M. Berthier; and another of his friends, one M. Foye, seems to have been similarly treated: this gross injustice—this ‘*departure from the principle of the glorious revolution*—resounded from one end of France to the other,’ and excited general indignation. This was quite enough to rouse M. Bérard—but worse remained behind. M. Bérard, even in his happy retirement, had still the welfare of his country at heart, and saw the necessity of recalling himself and his principles to the recollection of the king—to whom, therefore, he

he addressed, on the 31st July, 1832, a letter of political advice. Will our readers believe it?—the king, the citizen-king, the creature of M. Bérard, who shakes hands with everybody, and even asks the private sentinels at the gates of his palace to step in to dinner—the king took *no notice of M. Bérard's letter!* Most men would have understood so broad a hint, and have abandoned the ungrateful and unfortunate monarch to his own evil ways; but M. Bérard felt, as he, with singular modesty, tells the king,—

'Sire, when *I took upon myself to propose the dismissal of Charles X. and the elevation of Louis Philippe, I*, in some sort, identified my existence with that of your Majesty. Nothing disagreeable can happen to you, that must not be a thousand times more disagreeable to me. The event which should shake your throne would endanger my safety, perhaps my life. I ought, then, for my own sake, to have my eyes open to the smallest dangers to which you can be exposed.'—p. 35.

With these sentiments, he ventured on a *second* letter—dated 11th June, 1833—but *that* too—incredible as it may seem—remained equally unnoticed. What, then, could the poor man do but appeal, from the deaf ear of the king, to the candour of the public, which, he hopes, has not yet forgotten his immense services? Alas! there again we fear M. Bérard has met nothing but disappointment—his work has produced less sensation than he, and even than we, could have expected. The royalists, or at least one section of them—a small one, we hope—have absolutely allied themselves with Bérard, and therefore deal tenderly with him; but the republicans and the Orleanists are equally ashamed of the man and annoyed by his revelations, and have combined to say as little as possible about the book. Much, moreover, of what he had to tell had been anticipated by Sarrans and others; and, finally, he is such a fulsome coxcomb, so dull, so verbose, that he deprives what is new in his work of all the point and piquancy which it could derive from the *pen*: pointed and piquant it certainly is, but it is by the mere force of the *facts*; and, indeed, we might even say that the facts are sometimes made more striking by the egotistical pedantry of the unconscious narrator. 'What must be the people where a monkey is the god?' What must be a king and constitution made by such a fellow as Bérard?

But mean as M. Bérard's motives may be, and small as is his literary merit, his book preserves some facts, explains some circumstances, and illustrates some characters, which are important to the true history of the July Revolution, and which verify, by new evidence, all that we have said of the detestable origin—the selfish and sordid management—the shameless inconsistency and signal failure in every point, except the aggrandisement of a few individuals, of that deplorable intrigue, the success of which is as disgraceful

graceful to the good sense and honour of the French people, as the tyranny of Robespierre was to their good feelings and humanity.

The first and the most important question as to this, or perhaps any other revolution, is, what were its motives and its causes? Did Charles X. make a wanton attack on the liberties of his people; or was he the victim of an unconstitutional conspiracy? Is it his *crime* to have attempted the destruction of the Charter, or his *misfortune* not to have had sufficient means and manliness to defend it?—The revelations of Lafayette and Sarrans, and the avowal of the *comédiens de quinze ans*—the actors in the fifteen years' farce—have answered those questions in favour of the exiled sovereign; whose only error was that he *mistimed* his otherwise just resistance to the conspiracy, and neglected, in his candour and good-nature, to employ in his defence the means which he had within his reach. But as this fact—though incontestably proved to the reason of all impartial men—is still disputed by the passions and self-interest of the triumphant faction, we are not sorry to be able to record the additional testimony of M. Bérard. He says, that Lafitte—the *primum mobile* of the revolution—was at once the friend of his heart and the associate of his politics; and the fact is undenied and undeniable. Now hear what he says of Lafitte's motives and conduct:—

'Lafitte had been, for a *long time*, desirous of placing the Orleans branch on the throne of France. One could not converse confidentially with him for two minutes without hearing him express this sentiment—his conviction was that the happiness of France required this *change of dynasty*. At the moment of the revolution, Lafitte seconded—by his wishes (*vœux*), by his advice, by his efforts—an event for which he had *long been prepared*. He possessed the confidence of a great number of the deputies, as well as of private persons, and *he employed it to bring about this great work!*'—p. 16.

M. Sarrans has lately published a second book, with the at once witty and just title of '*Contre Révolution de 1830*,' in which he shows that Louis Philippe was apprized of and encouraged Lafitte's treasonable designs. He dates the Duke of Orleans' direct countenance of the plot from the birth of the Duke of Bourdeaux, though his Royal Highness continued *to the very last* to solicit and obtain personal and pecuniary favours, and to profess the most devoted loyalty. 'One evening,' says Sarrans, 'after some general conversation with Lafitte, about the possibility of bringing about a *change of sovereigns* after the fashion of the English Revolution of 1688, the Duke suddenly asked his friend, "What shall I do for you *when I am king?*"' We shall, perhaps, hereafter have occasion to consider more particularly this curious work of M. Sarrans; we will at present only notice the

the facts just stated, and one or two others which are still more important; namely, that old Lafayette and his son were personal participators—or, as he expresses it, risked *their heads*—in the treasonable conspiracy of Bédouin; that they had actually set out to join the insurgents, but finding, on their arrival at Bédouin, that the insurrection had failed, they returned home—though their friends, who knew all their proceedings, advised them to escape out of France (vol. i. p. 169). M. Sarrans further adds, as a notorious and admitted fact, that the insurrection of July was not against the *Ordonnances*, but against the *Restoration* itself—the whole Restoration! (vol. i. p. 10.)

There are many other similar indications, both in Bérard and Sarrans, but for our present purpose these will suffice. We do not pretend to say to what degree the Duke of Orleans may have been initiated into these nefarious mysteries, but Lafitte, we believe, and the friend of Lafayette, we see, not only avow, but glory in them.

Now Lafayette and Lafitte may have been good patriots; and they and those who, for fifteen years, had been playing the farce of loyalty to Louis and Charles while they were preparing the elevation of Louis Philippe, may have thought that they were consulting the true interests of France; but, assuredly, *all* this entirely disproves the charge of a *wanton aggression* on the part of Charles; who—by his private feelings and his public duty, his conscience and his honour—his birth and the oath he had taken—by every tie, individual and general, moral and political, human and divine—was bound to resist such a change, and to maintain the existing constitution and the succession of his children. Would that his measures had been as prudent as his motives were pure! Would that instead of taking the initiative by his rash *Ordonnances*, he had concentrated his forces, and stood upon the defensive! The crisis would equally have arrived—he would indeed have still had the same men and the same manœuvres against him; but he would have had all the rest of the European world *for him*! *Dis aliter visum*—we may almost add

— cadit justissimus unus

Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui.

The next point of importance is the result of the revolution, and here again M. Bérard makes some valuable confessions; and first let us consider what seems most to affect M. Bérard—the fate of the persons who made the revolution:—

‘There were four persons,’ he says, ‘who above all others may be called the creators of the royalty of Louis Philippe—Lafitte, Lafayette, Odillon Barrot, and Bérard.’—p. 15.

And accordingly they were immediately rewarded. Lafitte became

came a cabinet and subsequently prime minister; Lafayette was Commandant General of the National Guard; Odillon Barrot Prefect of the Seine; and Bérard, as we have seen, Directeur Général des Ponts et Chaussées. But what followed? It was found that the heads and hands which had been able to overturn a government were totally incapable of conducting one; and Lafitte and Lafayette, and Odillon Barrot and Bérard, were successively dismissed, and became leaders of the opposition against the royalty they had created. Nay, Lafitte, the *primum mobile*, we repeat it, of the revolution, has been not only dismissed, but persecuted. We talk not of his being reduced from prodigious affluence to beggary—we suspect that it was the ruin of his affairs which threw him into the Revolution: foreseeing that he was undone, he wished to overturn the government, either to retrieve his fortunes or at least to have companions in his ruin. This has been the usual course of demagogues, from Gracchus and Catiline to Lafitte and Maberley—(oh, heavy declension!)—but the government which he created has been gratuitously malignant against the poor wretch. They have not only ousted him from the representation of that district of Paris in which he had been so long honoured and elected—but, when he took refuge in one of the provincial colleges, they actually dismissed from a small office a man who, having had obligations to him in better times, had presumed to vote for a candidate ‘so hostile to the principles of the glorious Revolution of July.’ We care nothing, personally, for Lafitte and Bérard; but such ingratitude as they have experienced shocks us, as an offence against society, and even against human nature. We admit, with the Roman moralist, *nec est lex justior ulla*, &c.; but we cannot but abhor the executioners of that extreme justice. We return, however, to a practical question. If the opposition of such enlightened patriots was the sufficing cause of the overthrow of the legitimate sovereign, is their quarrel with the king of their own handywork of no importance? Is their evidence to be fatal to Charles X., and yet to go for nothing as against Louis Philippe? But upon this subject we have a couple of singular avowals from M. Bérard.

‘The ministry of M. de Villèle has been designated as *deplorable*—yet M. de Villèle and his colleagues could boast of having bestowed on our country a *very different* degree of prosperity from that which we are told we now enjoy. They, in a *very different* degree, had raised public credit, and excited and developed national industry. This prosperity, indeed, not having the basis of public approbation, soon vanished before the horrible catastrophes we have suffered; but when public opinion shall become equally alive to the merits of the *present ministry*, and shall consign them in their turn to the nothingness from which they should never have emerged, we shall be puzzled to find
for

for them an epithet of *opprobrium sufficiently strong*;—their *shame*, however, will be more eloquent than our *indignation*.—p. 26.

So that the *deplorable* ministry of Charles X. was infinitely better than the *reform* ministry of Louis Philippe! But M. Bérard makes his comparison in terms still more direct—and at once more just and more offensive—in one of his letters to the king himself, which, considering the persons by whom, to whom, and against whom it is made, is, we think, one of the most extraordinary palinodes that ever was sung by a political penitent.

‘The ministry of M. de Villèle, or *even that of M. de Polignac*, never pushed so far as the present government does the contempt for every sentiment of justice. When *they* violated the law, at least they paid it the involuntary homage of contending that they did not violate it. It was left for your Majesty’s present ministers to establish the principle, that power might, at its convenience, set itself above all law.’—*Letter to Louis Philippe*, 11th June, 1833, p. 5.

‘This,’ he adds, ‘is the *truth*,’ and he had already appealed to Louis Philippe himself as an evidence to his veracity—

‘This day two years, Sire, a *Prince*—who a few days later was, on my proposition, proclaimed *King*—said to me these very words—“M. Bérard, you well understood the state of affairs this morning, and you only have dared to tell me the truth.”—I still, Sire, understand the state of affairs, and still dare to tell you the *truth*.’—p. 33.

And the whole subsequent epistle was filled with *truths* so extremely disagreeable, that we are not at all surprised that Louis Philippe thought it best to take no notice of it.

Shakspeare says, ‘Tis sport to see the engineer hoist with his own petard,’ and certainly one cannot, in the midst of all these grave considerations, but smile to see poor Bérard so contemptuously treated by the government he had erected; but there is one trivial circumstance particularly pleasant. Charles sent, on the 30th July, as we have already stated, certain plenipotentiaries into Paris to negotiate an accommodation; one of these was the Duke de Mortemart; another was the Comte d’Argout, who particularly addressed himself to Bérard—*insisted* warmly on the rights of Charles X.—and even went so far as to threaten the refractory with the vengeance of the European powers. Bérard was firm and energetic; he replied that *it was too late*—that Charles had ceased to reign—and that no human power could ever bring either him or any of his branch back again to Paris; and with this answer, and some expression of Bérard’s personal contempt, M. d’Argout was obliged to retreat *re infectâ*. Two years had not elapsed when the same M. d’Argout, now a minister of Louis Philippe, became the organ by which Bérard received his very unceremonious dismissal from office! Did Molière ever fancy anything droller?

If

If M. Thiers had not revived the dramatic censorship,* we are convinced that M. Scribe would not have failed to have extracted from Bérard's work a comedy much more comic than '*Bertrand et Raton*.' We do not presume to suggest how so great a master would manage all the capabilities of such a subject, but we can imagine five very amusing acts which should be a faithful summary of M. Bérard's Memoirs.

Act I.—The drama would open with the various meetings of the

* We are certainly not disposed to complain of this exercise of authority; and the less, because we suspect that *we ourselves* have had some little share in the transaction. Our readers, we hope, recollect that, in our last Number but one, we lamented the profligacy of the modern French drama, and offered our opinion that, unless it was repressed, neither private morals nor public order could be preserved. We noticed particularly a drama called *Antony*, from which we extracted a *scene*, that cannot, we think, be forgotten. Anthony had been first played and published in 1831. In the interval between that and April, 1834, it had been played *seventy-seven* times in three of the principal theatres of Paris, and times innumerable on all the stages of France, not only without objection, but with transports of applause. Our article arrived in Paris in April. Antony was announced at the Français (for the first time at that theatre) for Monday the 28th April. On that day an article in the *Constitutionnel*, a leading ministerial journal, protested against the indecency of the piece, and the scandal of its being represented at a theatre over which the Government had some control. That same day, M. Thiers, Minister for the Home Department, sent an order to forbid the representation. Great complaints on the part of Dumas the author, La Sale the manager, and a Madame Dorval, who was to play Adèle! They threatened the minister with legal actions before the courts and impeachment in the chambers. The minister was firm—the more respectable journals of all parties joined the *Constitutionnel*, and M. Thiers's explanation was successful in the chambers. Indeed, the only serious objection made against the minister by the two opposition deputies who criticised his proceeding was, that he had suffered it to be played *seventy-seven* times, and had only stopped it at the *seventy-eighth* representation. This remarkable fact lead us to suspect that it was *our* article which awakened both the editor of the *Constitutionnel* and the minister to the necessity of an interference. This is certain, Antony had been played *seventy-seven* times before our article appeared, and the first time it was announced after the article had reached Paris, it was *stopped*. Two other circumstances, trifling in themselves, but important as evidence, corroborate this belief. The very profligate *scene* quoted by us was specifically denounced by the *Constitutionnel*—that might have been accident—but another of the Parisian papers which took part with the minister, not only adduced in his justification the *same scene*, but did so in a very remarkable way. It had happened that in extracting the passage, we found it necessary, in order to make it intelligible to our readers (who might not have seen the original,) to vary the *stage-directions*. Now, in the extract given in the Paris journal, our *stage-directions* were copied *literatim*, and *not those of the original play!* We hope, therefore, that we are not presumptuous in flattering ourselves that our voice reached the French authorities, and we trust it will not unpopularise M. Thiers with our neighbours, that he had the good sense to adopt a suggestion of decency even from an English publication. *Fus est et ab hoste doceri*—though we are, assuredly, not only not *enemies* but sincere *friends* and *well-wishers* to the private morals, the political order, and the literary character of the French people. But a new incident has since arisen, which will complicate this affair, and which exhibits the anomalous position in which the French government is placed. M. Dumas, the author, has obtained a verdict against the manager for suppressing his play, with 10,000 francs damages, and fifty francs per day till the play shall be acted. So that we have a *court of justice* ordering the representation of a piece which the *Government*, with the approbation of the *Legislature*, had suppressed.

conspirators

conspirators during the two first days and nights. The *bascule* of their discretion and their courage, according as the insurrection looked *up* or *down*, even as sketched by M. Bérard, is supremely ridiculous; and this act would end with that famous meeting in which these doughty patriots concurred in the necessity of publishing a bold protest, but when the said protest had been drawn out and was ready for signature—the penman found that he was left alone; the others having escaped by the *back door* (literally) to avoid the responsibility of signing what they had advised.

Act II.—The *conciliabules ambulantes* continue to skulk from place to place, prudently dispersing themselves whenever the insurgents come to them to ask for ostensible leaders. Meanwhile, the revolt appears to prosper; the 5th regiment of the line, which is starving on its parade, offers to join the people if it can get something to eat. Colonel Heymès and Bérard calculate that it will require 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* sterling (200 francs) to buy bread enough to bribe these modern Esaus. It is a large sum—but nothing daunts the intrepid Bérard; he, not without great difficulty, borrows 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* from Lafitte, who cashes a bill to that amount—the bread is procured—the regiment joins the people—and the royalists are expelled from Paris.

Act III. would exhibit the conspirators, lately so timid and moderate, become—when the danger is over—‘as bold as lions.’ The *back-door* men, who had before shown the greatest disinclination to be seen in the business, now appear in the grand costume of provisional *ministers* in possession of all the great offices of the state. But what are ministers without a king? Accordingly a hue and cry is raised for the Duke of Orleans—he is not in Paris—a deputation hurries down to fetch him from Neuilly—‘*Not at home*—don’t know when he will be’—great confusion—the deputation threatens to take his wife and children by force if he does not appear—at last His Royal Highness is found stowed away in a *summer-house in the garden*. He now learns for the first time how the affair has ended—assumes the air and spirit of his station—boldly *readjusts his dress*—and consents to be carried in triumph to Paris. In the meanwhile, Bérard offers a draft of a charter to the Provisional Ministers, who desire him to hold himself in readiness to attend in a *cabinet council* to discuss it—Bérard sits up all night in the expectation of being sent for, but is not summoned, and finds he is mystified—he then soliloquizes—not so much on the indignity thus offered to him, as the hardship upon a pair of job-horses he had hired, and which had stood harnessed at his door from evening till dawn—he at length goes to bed much perplexed in mind—and on rising next day he finds that Broglie and Guizot have pilfered

pilfered his scheme and passed it off as their own—that the new king has accepted it and the crown together, and that everybody has got something, and is satisfied—except Bérard.

Act IV. may rival the masquerade scene in Gustavus—the splendid inauguration of the king—the magnificent banquet at the Palais Royal—Bérard's good humour a little restored—he patronises the king—he permits the queen to be *brought to him*—he is hand and glove with the Duke of Chartres and Princess Adelaide—gets intoxicated—fancies himself a *favourite*—goes to bed happy, and dreams he is Madame de Parabère. On awaking he finds, like *Christopher Sly*, that it was all a vision—that he is *not* a *favourite*—not even a *minister*—is mortified at seeing his subordinates become his superiors—descants on the baseness of mankind—and laments the failure of the Revolution. By and by he is a little consoled at finding that he is to be a *director-general*,—‘the *Slies* came in with the *Conqueror*’—with a good house, salary, and patronage—that his friends Berthier and Foye are sub-prefects, and that, upon the whole, the Revolution has not altogether failed! Bérard orders a grilled chicken and a bottle of champagne.

Act V. exhibits our hero decorated with the Legion of Honour, and giving audience in all the pride of ‘*une des premières fonctions de l'administration*,’ but in the midst of his pomp—*surgit cœmari aliquid*—he sighs after the higher dignity of a *portefeuille*—and the superior good luck of the *quondam* *Carlist*, d'Argout, comes across his mind. At this moment the office messenger announces *M. d'Argout*—‘What,’ exclaims the dignitary, ‘can he want?—with me, too, who know him—who sent him off the other day with a flea in his royalist ear?—’tis too bad!—No, tell the man I'm not visible.’ ‘Sir,’ rejoins the messenger, ‘*M. d'Argout* will not be denied; he says he comes from the king.’ ‘Oh! the king!—the king has opened his eyes at last—he means to call me to the Cabinet, and, as a preliminary, thinks it necessary to reconcile me with d'Argout. Well—well—I am not implacable—show him in.’ We cannot attempt even to sketch the ensuing scene, in which *Mr. Secretary of State d'Argout* acquaints *Mr. Director-General Bérard* that the king—his own king—‘the king after his own *charte*’—has no longer any occasion for his services! Our man is thunderstruck; but, before he recovers his senses, enters *M. Berthier*—‘Ah, my dear friend,’ the ex-director exclaims, ‘I am delighted to see you—I am no longer in office—my mind and body both need repose—let us set out for your comfortable sub-prefecture at *Corbeil*, where I may pass a few quiet days till I have recovered this unexpected blow.’ ‘Alas! my friend,’ rejoins *Berthier*, ‘it is with

double grief I have to tell you, that the sub-prefecture is no longer mine—I have travelled all night in the *Coucou d'Essonne*, to tell you that *I too am dismissed!*—‘You dismissed!—then we must both retire to *Etampes*, where friend *Foye* will afford us an asylum.’ ‘My dear patron,’ cries *Foye*, entering on the opposite side—‘*I am dismissed also!*’ ‘Gracious heaven!’ exclaims the bewildered charter-maker, ‘what is to be done now? all three turned out of house and home! where shall we betake ourselves? I have it—let us go to *Lafitte’s*; he has an exalted place—a splendid fortune—a palace in the street which the gratitude of the Revolution has called by his name—he can at any rate shelter us for a few days—Call a coach.’ The trio of friends get in, and desire the *fiacre* to drive to the *Rue Lafitte*. ‘*Rue Lafitte!*’ mutters the coachman, ‘you mean *Rue d’Artois*;’—no matter—they arrive, and ask for the President of the Council—‘Alas! sir, M. Lafitte is dismissed—his house is advertised for sale—the government are moving heaven and earth to ruin him—he is subsisting on the charity of his friends, and he left word that if you called—as he had no doubt you would—he desired that you would pay him the 7l. 17s. 6d. that he lent you in July, 1830, to bribe the 5th regiment of the line.’ And so would end the comedy; for the title-page of which, as it is the fashion to extract political dramas from the fables of La Fontaine, we venture to suggest as an epigraph:—

Il lui fallut à jeun retourner au logis,
Honteux comme un renard qu’une poule aurait pris,
Serrant la queue, et portant bas l’oreille!—
Trompeurs, c’est pour vous que j’écris—
Attendez-vous à la pareille!—*Le Renard et la Cigogne.*

This is really a very faithful summary of M. Bérard’s work; but in this farcical embroglio there is a more serious consideration at bottom. We formerly noticed with some surprise, that M. de Mortemart, Charles’s *Ministre manqué*, had, immediately on the accession of Louis Philippe, been favoured with the embassy to Russia, one of the best appointments in the new king’s gift. We at that time omitted to state the additional fact, that the other Carlist negociator, d’Argout, was, in a few months after, advanced into Louis Philippe’s cabinet as Minister of Marine—and amidst all the changes that have taken place, he only, we believe, has continued to maintain his ground. Does not all this justify the suspicion which we formerly suggested, and which M. Sarrans now unequivocally avows—that the unhappy Charles was, at least, unfortunate in the choice of his plenipotentiaries? This, perhaps, was as it should be; in winding up a *comédie de quinze ans*, it was fit, according to all dramatic rules,

rules, that the last scene should carry the intrigue, the deception, and the perfidy to the highest point.

To those who look only at the exterior of events, it may appear that any mystification of the king's negotiators was, on the 30th, quite gratuitous. Charles and his family, it would seem, were then gone for ever, and all this mummary might have been spared; but no—M. Bérard lets us into the true state of the case, by the most important and valuable disclosure in his whole work. In answer to some objections that the conditions on which *he* proposed to confer the crown on Louis Philippe were not sufficiently *liberal*, he justifies himself by stating that neither the new ministry nor the chamber itself were prepared to go farther—that *they were reluctant to go so far*—and that he acted with a sound discretion, in not pushing his principles to the extent he himself would have wished, but which assuredly would have been unpalatable to the *majority of the House*; and this view of his difficulty he supports by the following avowal:

‘In the disposition in which the Chamber then was (5th Aug.), and according to the *real opinion of the majority*, it would certainly have been *much more easy* to induce it to confer the crown on HENRY V. than on the *Duke of Orleans*. A proposition of that nature would, I am convinced, have united a *greater number of votes than my own!*’
—p. 208.

The populace of Paris would, perhaps, at that moment have been of another opinion; they had fought and bled, and would not have been satisfied without having *something to show* for their trouble. The exchange of Charles for his grandson would have scarcely been enough—they would have preferred the republic, as a more striking trophy of their victory—but they accepted, from the hands of Lafayette and Lafitte, the *Citizen-king*; with what real cordiality, we may gather from the periodical insurrections which have, ever since his accession, drenched Paris in blood. But the truth is, that the populace—perhaps we may say the people—was then, has been since, and ever will be, very indifferent to principles or dynasties; *novelty—change* is always their first object—the greater the novelty, the more violent the change, the better; but they would have been, *bongré malgré*, satisfied with as much as they could get.

During the first of the Three Days, a change of ministry would have quieted the tumult; on the second, and perhaps on the third, the abdication of the King and the elevation of the Dauphin would have sufficed; on the 30th of July, the proclamation of Henry V. would have satisfied every one, except—an important exception, we admit—Lafitte and his Orleanist clique and *hired* insurgents; but even they would probably not have dared to offer any opposition. That clique at length prevailed in carrying the

departure from the constitution a step farther, and by their success so imbued the public mind with the *principle of change*, that scarcely a month has passed in which there has not been, on some point of France, a formidable insurrection against the established government; and the Citizen-king, who was placed on the throne by the victory of the people over the troops, has only maintained himself on it by the victory of the troops over the people. A series of lamentable conflicts, a series of unconstitutional laws, a series of oppressive prosecutions, a series of augmentations of the army, and a series of annual deficits in the public revenue, are the evidence—the incontrovertible evidence of the insecurity of the foundation upon which the government of Louis Philippe stands.

The proceedings which that government is forced, by the original sin of its principle, to adopt, involve inconsistencies, absurdities, and contradictions to all its professions and promises, which would be ludicrous, if the causes were not so deplorable, and the consequences so alarming. Only think of the King of the *Barricades* proposing, through the Ministry of the *Barricades*, to the Chamber of the *Barricades*, a penal law against *barricades*—against

‘Ceux qui, dans un mouvement insurrectionnel, auront fait ou aidé à faire des BARRICADES, des retranchemens, ou tous autres travaux ayant pour objet d’entraver ou arrêter la force publique.’

One member, M. Charamule, had the decency to move, as an amendment, the omission of the word *barricades*. ‘I need not,’ he said, ‘detail the motives of my proposition.’ The ministers were abashed, and made no answer; but the amendment was rejected!—(*Debates*, 15th May, 1834.) And what renders all this the more piquant is, that only a week before the introduction of this law, the king had on his birth-day graciously accepted the felicitations of a deputation of the *Décorés de Juillet*—of the men who had received public thanks, ribands, and pensions for their share in the *barricades*—(*Moniteur*, 3d May.)

But it was not to one or two acts of *salutary inconsistency*—of *laudable apostacy*—that the government was obliged to have recourse: all the operations of social life have been controlled and trammelled by a series of laws—some of them permanent, and all applicable to every part of France—much more invasive of individual liberty than our Irish Coercion Bill, which is temporary and local in its operation. It will seem to our readers hard to credit that such should be the result of the *Three Great Days of LIBERTY*; but it is so true, that the ministers boast of it. Hear what the principal organ of the government says:—

‘To the distribution of handbills, we oppose a law against news-venders and hawkers—to the clubs and unions, a law against associations

associations—to the fomenters of civil war, the two laws which are now under discussion [forbidding individuals to keep fire-arms, and that to which we have just alluded, against *barricades*, &c.]: so that nothing escapes. Wherever revolt can appear, we have a law ready to meet it,—*in the press—in clubs—or behind barricades!!!*—*Journal des Débats*, 12th May.

And all this from a government which was exclusively created by the *press*, by the *clubs*, and by the *barricades*! We really do not think that the effrontery of all mankind, from Cain to Lord Brougham, if it had been registered, could have offered so wonderful a condensation of impudence as this little paragraph. But not content with their share in this general inconsistency, the individual ministers have each their own peculiar apostacy. M. d'Argout, who, as we have seen, was Charles X.'s agent to repel Louis Philippe from the throne, is now become Louis Philippe's agent in persecuting those who raised him to it. M. Persil, a patriotic lawyer, who in 1830 instigated and defended revolt, is now keeper of the seals, and introduces the laws we have alluded to against *clubs*, to which he belonged, and *barricades*, behind which he stood.

M. Persil, in 1830.

'The people never rise but to *avenge public calamities*. In July, the people were without arms, but they soon found them in the shops of the gunsmiths, and the victory was decided.

'The people have a right to demand justice against those who forced them to take arms, &c.'

M. Thiers was in the Three Great Days—great days to him at least—the editor of a newspaper: he is now a deputy, privy councillor, and minister for the home department.

M. Thiers, a journalist.

'There is *no danger in an unrestricted press*. Nothing but truth can have any effect. What is false can do no harm; its violence defeats itself. No government was ever overthrown by libels.'

While M. Thiers was a journalist, nothing so innocent as the *unrestricted liberty of the press*; when M. Thiers becomes a minister, the press is the *cause of all mischief*. Let us not be misunderstood—we do not blame Louis Philippe or his Government for

M. Persil, in 1834.

'Whoever, in an insurrectionary movement, shall seize arms or ammunition, either in shops, warehouses, or arsenals, shall be condemned to work as convicts. [*travaux forcés*.]

'It is the duty of government to defend itself against the recurrence of similar violence, &c.'

M. Thiers, a minister.

'The insurrections both of Paris and Lyons have been *caused by the press*. It is the press—the *press in general*—which has occasioned those deplorable misfortunes.'

for the enactment of these rigorous laws; we believe that the peace of France requires them—life and property could not be safe without them—perhaps they will not be safe even with them; but we do arraign them for having, by their intrigues, their falsehood, and their violence, overturned a mild and well-intentioned government, for the purpose of erecting on its ruins one which can only be maintained by such impudence, such apostacy, such despotism! Individually, *we* ought to thank these ministers; for they have accomplished, sooner and more exactly than we had expected, the predictions which we ventured, from its very outset, to make concerning the course of this revolution.

But there is another circumstance which, though apparently of subordinate importance, lowers our opinion of the good sense of the French nation and the statesman-like qualities of its governors, even more than the grave inconsistencies and lamentable events to which we have alluded. We mean the absurd *fêtes* with which they persist in celebrating the anniversary of the Three Great Days. Last year, the pavement of Paris was hardly dry from the blood shed in the cruel slaughter of the *Cloître St. Méry*, when the government endeavoured to amuse the cockneys of Paris with a childish *fête*, which Bartholomew-Fair would be ashamed of; it cost, we believe, at least 500,000 francs—at a time when there was an enormous deficit of the public revenue, and thousands of families were starving in consequence of those events which were to be celebrated by such puerile extravagances. And again this year—after the revolt of the 12th of April had, while it lasted, filled the streets of Paris with terror and carnage, and, when it was over, all its jails with prisoners—after Lyons had been for a whole week the scene of the most dreadful massacre, famine and anarchy*—after the Chamber of Deputies had, in spite of a vain *étalage* of humanity and sympathy, found itself

* This sudden destruction of Lyons, which struck such terror into the *Liberal* Ministry of France, who could not but acknowledge the result of their own principles, has recalled to the recollection of the classical scholar a curious coincidence. Lyons had suffered an extensive calamity by fire in the time of Seneca, who condoles, in a letter to Lucilius, with the regret which this lamentable event must cause to one *Liberal*, their common friend. '*Liberalis noster nunc tristis est, nuntiato incendio quo Lugdunensis colonia exusta est, &c.*' 'Our friend *Liberal*,' he writes, 'is very much out of spirits just now on account of the destruction of Lyons. It is indeed a calamity which any man must feel, much more a lover of his country.' After some general observations, he proceeds to say that this is the more afflicting, 'because in time of *profound peace* more mischief has been done than could have been expected from open war. This is what, *contrary to his wont*, so much afflicts our friend *Liberal*.'—Senec. var., vol. ii. p. 417. Seneca's friend *Liberal* was more tender-hearted than the *Liberals* of the French Chambers, who negatived the motion for a small relief to the innocent sufferers. In these perplexing days of ours, names go for nothing; a *Devastator* is called a *Reformer*, and nothing on earth so *illiberal* as your professed *Liberal*. It really requires more than the philosophy of Seneca to bear such an impudent assumption of the names of virtues by the very contrary vices.

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obliged, by the state of the finances, to reject the petitions of the innocent and starving sufferers of Lyons for some aid from the public—after all this, amidst this general mourning and financial distress, we find the same Chamber merrily voting 200,000 francs for the *fêtes of July*—as if France were not already sufficiently disgraced by these disorders—as if the inhabitants of her two great capitals were not sufficiently punished by fire and famine, without the additional mockery and expense of these idle and insulting *fêtes*! Talk not to us of a great and civilized nation—talk not to us of its taste, its honour, its domestic virtues, its public spirit, when we see a population still reeking with the blood of their fellow-citizens, and deaf to the cries of famished widows and orphans, giddily precipitating itself along the Champs Elysées to climb *les mats de Cocagne*, or to the quays and bridges to wonder at the *simulacre d'un vaisseau de ligne*, and the mimic glories of a tremendous sea-fight in which there was but a single ship! Such was the exhibition of last year—and although the diminution of the vote has prevented the absurdity taking so high a flight, on this anniversary, the spirit is the same. But the former ridiculous and disgusting exhibition has produced an incident which has superadded to this heartless folly—all that was wanting to render it completely odious—the evidence of the most corrupt and profligate knavery. It was, it seems, that ingenious journalist and minister, M. Thiers, who imagined the idea of this *suicide* of a single ship—a *sea fight*, as he called it—in which the *simulacre de vaisseau* was to perform, like Mr. Mathews, the sole character in the mono-polylogue. With an attention to public economy quite equal to the taste of the design, he contracted to pay 150,000 francs for the construction of this vessel. When the *fête* was over, the contractors quarrelled, and went to law about the division of the 150,000 francs. On the trial it came out that the ship had cost but 50,000 francs, so that this provident and economical minister had contrived to pay 100,000 francs, or *two-thirds*, more than the thing was worth. That was bad enough—but worse remained behind. It turned out that the nominal maker of the contract had obtained it by giving a *bribe* of 20,000 francs to *some one* who had interest to procure him so lucrative a job; and when he came to divide the 100,000 francs with his partners, they insisted on having one-half of the *whole* profit, while he insisted that the *bribe* of 20,000 francs should be first subtracted as part of the original cost. This dispute led to the exposure which amused Paris for twenty-four hours; but we have not heard that any of the parties to this infamous speculation have been brought to justice—the public have paid the whole sum—the tribunals, we believe, have decided that the bribe should be considered as part of the prime cost

cost of the *simulacre de vaisseau*—and so the affair seems to have ended. But did the Reformed Chamber of regenerated France take no notice of this scandalous transaction? We have not seen that it was ever so much as mentioned. But let us not be too indignant. We suspect that, for a job, there is nothing like a reformed legislature; and we shall be thankful if our own Appropriation Act does not contain more than one clause which shall efface, both in boldness of conception and magnitude of amount, the petty corruption of the French administration.

M. Bérard is very indignant against the *doctrinaires* or *juste milieu*, both in the cabinet and the chambers, and alleges against them, as well as against Louis Philippe—what cannot be denied, and what, if any one were bold enough to attempt a denial, the foregoing instances would corroborate—the most impudent inconsistency in their principles, and the grossest jobbing in their practice; but he does not see the real cause, and, we will add, *justification* of the change. These leaders of the revolt, when they came to be charged with the government of the country, found that no country could be governed on the principles which they had professed; and the countenance which they had in their days of opposition given to the *Movement*, rendered indispensable, for the safety of persons and property, a series of measures proportionably more severe than Charles X. or any of his ministers had ever dreamed of. The original error of Louis Philippe's administrations—their crime (if M. Bérard pleases so to call it)—is undeniable; but if party and passion did not blind him, he would see that the real guilt was when these ministers were co-operating *with him* to overthrow the government—and not when, as a government, they are forced to have recourse to measures (otherwise quite unjustifiable) to repair the mischief they had done, and to re-organize civil and political order. This they have done—at least for a season—by the sword in the streets, and by influence in the Chamber; and as long as they can persuade or corrupt the Chamber to maintain a great military force and to authorise its employment, they are safe. A few words, therefore, on the composition of the Chamber of Deputies, and the spirit which is likely to animate it, will not be misplaced here.

The first observation that every one makes is to wonder that a representative body, sprung from both reform and revolution, should be not merely so conservative, but so subservient to ministers as the late Chamber was, and, as there is every reason to suppose, the new Chamber will be. But even during the intoxication of the Three Great Days, the French reformers were more sober than Lord Grey and his colleagues. They satisfied public clamour

clamour by a plausible but very trifling extension of the constituency of the Lower House ; while they contrived to keep the spirit of the old constitution of that house (in which they well know the real power is vested) substantially unchanged. Nay, indeed, by the addition to the constituency of half-pay officers, professors, &c. *as such*, they brought into action a body over which the influence of the government was direct and powerful ; and they did not in any sensible degree increase the purely democratic element. This will appear by the following facts :—The Chamber consists of 459 members. The number of electors has been variously estimated ; we *had* believed it to be about 200,000—a number exceedingly limited when compared with a population of 32,000,000 ; but the result of the late elections led us to conclude that the real number was considerably smaller, and an official report from the Keeper of the Seals which has just reached us, *fixes* it a little under 170,000. It is, therefore, clear that the elections are decidedly in the hands of the upper classes of society—of men who have something to lose and nothing to gain by the continuation of the democratic movement, and who have naturally and wisely sent men not inclined to pursue a career of change. But besides this general consideration, there is another important ingredient in the calculation. It has been estimated that the French Government has no less than 120,000 places at its disposal. This number may seem enormous and incredible to those who do not recollect that every kind of employment, even down to a petty constable, is in the direct gift of the Crown ; but we readily admit that there must be in this number a vast number of inferior places which could hold out no temptation to persons of the rank in life of the electors. Another and more sober estimate makes the places which an elector or his family might fairly hold, 55,000 ; and this we believe is no exaggeration. What an immense influence this must give a government, particularly when, as was the fact at the late elections, it exerted its whole authority in the most open and despotic manner ! A chamber has thus been obtained, in which the ministerial majority promises to be greater than even in the last : the ministerialists are reckoned at about 350, while the opposition will probably little exceed 100, composed of seventy patriots of the *movement* and thirty royalists.

This prospect is exceedingly satisfactory as regards the present stability of the French Government and the tranquillity of that country ; but it is by no means to be regarded as exhibiting the relative force of the royalist and revolutionary parties. In the first place, a great number, we believe a majority, of what are called ministerial members are mere *enemies to change* : they support this government,

vernment, and they would support *any* government that gave a hope of quiet. Many of them avow that they disapprove the revolution of 1830; and would prefer the legitimate sovereign—though they see in the present age and position of Henry V., and in the personal character of Louis Philippe, sufficient reasons for supporting the existing order of things. There has been in all the French assemblies a party—the least prominent in debate, but the most effective in divisions—called by itself the ‘*centre*,’ and by the public the ‘*ventre*,’ who habitually support the powers that be, and who have voted successively with Necker, with Robespierre, with Buonaparte, with Louis, with Charles, and with Louis Philippe, and would to-morrow have no objection—but quite the contrary—to vote with Henry V. if he were once quietly seated on his throne. But there is in reference to this subject, another, and even more important, observation to be made, which exhibits in a striking view the anomalies of the revolutionary system. All Europe has long amused itself with the elasticity of French consciences, and the number of contradictory oaths which every public man in that country has swallowed without the slightest derangement of his political stomach. Louis Philippe has taken, they say, *eleven*,—M. de Talleyrand *thirteen*. There was not one remarkable man who concurred in the expulsion of Charles X. who had not repeatedly *sworn* fidelity to him. We know how all these oaths were kept. But amidst this general laxity, or, to call it by its true name, perjury, there was one exception—there was one party which always preserved its honour—we mean the pure royalists—the men who ‘served God and honoured the king.’ When the new charter was established, there was a great inclination in France to abolish this unhallowed mockery of political oaths; but the long-sighted *Doctrinaires* were of a different opinion—they felt that the oaths had never trammelled *their* consciences, and they knew that to the friends of the legitimate line—to the party of loyalty and religion—*oaths* would become a serious obstacle and embarrassment. They, therefore, wise in their generation, adroitly turned that which had been a mere *farce* into a *serious and most effective barrier*. They exacted, not only from all office-holders, but even from all electors and candidates, an oath of allegiance to the new system and to Louis Philippe *by name*. This ridiculous juggle, by which men, who scoffed at the obligations of an oath, contrived to assure the triumph of their own perjury, by appealing to the consciences of those who felt the sanctity of such a tie, has had a very important effect. It drove from the Houses of Peers and Deputies, from the Bench, from the magistrature, from the offices, from the navy, the army, and even from the national

national guard, those whose superior delicacy of mind, or whose higher sense of duty, scrupled to incur this degradation. About one hundred peers retired, but the number of those who resigned other public functions on this account was not numerous. When the Duke of Orleans and the majority of the influential statesmen gave the example, it was not to be expected that humbler men should forfeit the means of existence of themselves and their families. Nay; some very respectable royalists, in the dilemma of alternative duties, thought that they would best serve what they thought the good cause, by keeping their places in the Chambers and on the Bench; these, therefore, brought themselves to accept the oath under various kinds of protests and reservations, which, though not very satisfactory to the public mind or, perhaps, to their own consciences, had yet the effect of *lubricating* the oath to the more numerous classes, who, in less prominent situations, were glad to avail themselves of so respectable and so *convenient* an example. On the approach of the late elections, this difficulty began to be more sensibly felt, and both the royalist and republican papers endeavoured to persuade the electors of their respective parties that their first duty was to their country, and that they ought not to be deterred by the captious formula required by their unconscientious adversaries, from concurring in the elections. A few royalist candidates and a considerable number of electors adopted this view, and swallowed the unpalatable oath, but a still greater number, with the noble names of Chateaubriand and Fitz-James at their head, rejected this doctrine of expediency, and adhered to the strict dictates of honour and conscience. This has produced a marked though not yet hostile schism in the royalist party. It has impaired and divided its strength—but it has not excited any personal animosity; the non-jurors do not blame those who took the oath, and, on the contrary, affect to applaud the sacrifice they have made; while the others profess the greatest respect for the conscientious scruples which have prevented their dissentient brethren from participating in their practical efforts to create a legal opposition to the ‘Usurper.’

It is not worth while to enter into the arguments with which these parties justify their respective courses; but the result has been to swell the ministerial majority to an amount which, had the royalists’ opinion been *fully* expressed, it could not have reached; nay, it is by many well-informed persons considered as doubtful whether but for this incident the Government would have had a majority at all. This opinion is supported by some striking facts. The few eminent royalists who, by taking the oath, had become capable of being candidates, have been, in almost every instance, returned for *two or more* places; and their eloquent leader, M. Berryer, has been elected
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in no less than *four* departments ! It appears also that not more than between 70,000 and 80,000 electors out of 170,000 have voted for the successful candidates throughout the whole of France—so that the Chamber has been chosen by the *minority* of the electors. This strange result, as well as the general state of the representation, will be more clearly shown by the following statement as to the elections for the district of Paris, (the *département de la Seine*.)

The population of the district is	950,000
The number of deputies is	14
The number of registered electors is	14,560
Of these there only voted	11,470
Total votes for the <i>successful candidates</i>	6,900

So that the fourteen members for the department of Paris have been elected by a minority of 6900, while a majority of 7660 have either voted for the opposition candidates, or abstained from voting at all. To this must be added the important consideration, that of the ministerial majority of 6900—2500—about a third—were absolutely *placemen*. How far the refusal of the royalists to qualify for voting by taking the oath—how far indifference to party politics, or any other reason, may have contributed to this remarkable result, we have as yet no means of knowing—but it is a matter of grave aspect for the existing system, that *its deputies represent the minority*.

As regards ourselves and our Reform Bill, this 'Picture of Paris' affords an important contrast. In their system of representation—which grew out of a popular revolt, and which was in some degree fashioned to the principle of that revolt—our wiser neighbours—(that we should ever have to confess the revolutionary statesmen of France to be wiser than the English legislature!)—our wiser neighbours have contrived that their great metropolitan district should have but 14,000 electors for *sixteen* members, being not, we are satisfied, *one-sixth* of the number which return eighteen in our metropolitan district.

All these considerations tend to give us hopes that the present French Chamber is likely to be adverse to further change—but we regret to say that there are many and very serious counterbalancing influences at work which, we fear, will be found, on the long run, too powerful for the existing system. The first is undoubtedly that it partakes the infirmity of the foundation on which the throne has been erected. Their king said in his golden days of promises, that his charter should be a *truth*—*La Charte sera désormais une vérité*. This is become so *notorious a falsehood*, that the king and his ministers pride themselves, *and justly*, on their vigorous deviations from it. By what pretence can the audacious, but necessary, military despotism of 1834 rest on the base of the *citizen-kingship* of 1830? By what right does a chamber nominally chosen by

170,000

170,000 persons, and really elected by the *minority* of that select number, affect to be the organ of the *Sovereign People*? Thus the two main foundations of the government are '*false and hollow*'—its real force is only in the personal firmness of the autocrat—and the balls and bayonets of his *four hundred thousand soldiers*. But though his personal firmness is effective for the moment, there are other points of his personal character which, like a canker, are by slow degrees eating up the vitals of his authority. In a *quasi*-elective government he will not be permanently obeyed as a king who is odious or despicable as a man: and every day exhibits such new proofs of the mingled hatred and contempt in which Louis Philippe is—justly or unjustly—held, that we are not at all surprised at finding that there have been *ten times* more prosecutions for *libels against the royal person* during the last two years, than there had been during the fifteen years of the Restoration. The fatal catastrophe of the Duke of Bourbon—however innocent Louis Philippe was of any share in it—has cast a shade of horror over the meanness of his previous intrigues with Sophy Dawes. The erasing his own arms from his plate and carriages would be contemptible, if it were mere pusillanimity; and still worse, if he acted in this matter on the same *principle*, which made him pronounce the monster *Egalité* '*the best citizen of France*.' But, whatever may have been the motive, the fact subjects the Sovereign to *frequent and public affronts*:—for instance; a *Philippist* journal, in reviewing one of M. d'Arlicourt's novels, reproaches that clever writer with having made a comparison between his own coat of arms and that of the Bourbons;—the Viscount replies, in a letter published in the newspapers, '*that he never thought of such a folly*,' but he adds—

'humble as my coat of arms may be, I, at least, have never denied it—I have neither *blood* nor *paving-stones* in my blazon—it dates from *before 1830*—and I can wear it without *shame*, for I have never *disgraced* nor *defaced* it.'—*Lettre du Vicomte d'Arlicourt*—6th January, 1834.

Mr. Sarrans's new work is a formal indictment against the king for every species of personal meanness and political hypocrisy.—Well may we exclaim—

———— 'Pudet hæc opprobria vobis

Et dici potuisse—et non potuisse referri!'

Then, what will be thought of the moral force of a government which is reduced to such a shift as the following:—

'This morning before the opening of the gates of the Tuilleries, the gardeners *cut down* in the flower-beds *all the* LILIES *which were about to blow*!!!—*Paris Papers*, 16th May, 1834.

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The poor lilies!—they are cut down as the supposed type of the elder Bourbons; but how blind are malice and meanness!—the cutting them down only makes the type more ominous;—for this pruning—now for three years repeated—has so much increased the vigour of the roots, that the stalks come up with amazing fecundity, and *promise, one day or other, an unexampled bloom!* The lilies can be no more eradicated from the soil of France, than the legitimate rights of the descendants of St. Louis! The vine-shoot may be gnawed down to-day—but its produce will sanctify a future sacrifice—

‘Rode, Caper, vitem: tamen hinc, cùm stabis ad aram,
In tua quod fundi cornua possit, erit!’

As long as Louis Philippe is only the king of the Revolution, he may cut down the *lilies* in the Tuilleries, or the *people* in the Cloître St. Meri and the Rue Transnonaine—but neither he nor the country can enjoy solid tranquillity and rational liberty—*sub libertate quietem*. If, indeed, the death of the young Henry were to legitimate his throne, he would—if he can maintain his influence over the army—probably succeed in rallying *all* the well disposed in France to what will then be the *royal standard*; but, *even then*, the principles which he now professes and promulgates will, we fear, be the cause or the pretext, or at all events the precedent, for repeated revolts and renewed calamities; and some future demagogue will naturally show less respect to the blood of Louis Philippe than he did to that of Louis XVI. In short, the futurity of France seems to us darker and more menacing than even the present hour.

But there are other elements of trouble afloat, distinct from those connected with the person of the king or the principles of his power. Our readers cannot fail to remember that Charles X. was obliged to dissolve the National Guard in 1827, for gross insubordination. The first cry of the Revolution of July was for its re-establishment: it was re-established even before the government—and indeed it—with Lafayette as its nominal head, and Lafitte as its prompter and paymaster—was the real power which conferred the crown on Louis Philippe. By it was created the Royalty of 1830, and with that Royalty it was, by the fundamental constitutional compact, *indissolubly united*.

One of the fundamental clauses of the *Charte-Verité*, or *Charte-Mensonge*, or *Charte-Bérard*, or *Charte-Manquée*, or whatever designation it may deserve, was, that ‘the new constitution is put under the safeguard of the National Guard.’ We early foretold that this was a false and untenable position. If the National Guard were to be, as originally proposed, freely elected by the people,

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it must necessarily become the *real representative* of the nation and paramount to all the constituted executive and legislative authorities: if, as has been attempted in practice, it was to be chosen and officered by the government, it was only a cloak for a despotism. The government has found that, in spite of all its enormous influence, the *principle* of the sovereignty of the National Guard is too strong for it—and it has been reduced to the strange necessity of breaking down that very power on whose pretended safeguard the charter stands. The artillery of the National Guard of Paris—the most respectable for wealth and intelligence of the whole body—has been dissolved; the whole of the National Guard of Lyons, the commercial capital of France—the whole National Guard of Strasbourg, the eastern capital of France—the whole National Guard of St. Etienne, the most rising manufacturing town in France—the whole National Guards of the great towns of Metz, Grenoble, Perpignan, and Châlons, have all been *dissolved*! The same measure has been adopted in at least *one hundred* places of less note throughout no less than *thirty-five departments*; and this has been done at the very time, and for the very reason that the National Guard should have been called into peculiar activity—namely, the existence or apprehension of tumults. But, in many other places, where these ‘Guardians of the Constitution, have not been avowedly abolished, the government has devised a mode of nullifying them: nominal rolls of men and officers are made out according to the letter of the law; but, contrary to its spirit, they are neither trained nor armed; so that there *is* and there is *not* a National Guard—there is on paper, there is not in fact. And to such tricks as these the Government is forced by the *impracticability* of the *principles* on which it was founded. What is the consequence?—That the National Guard, so far from protecting, really menaces the Government—that order in France is maintained by the naked sword of a standing army,—and that the Minister at War seems destined, *ex officio*, to be the eternal President of the Council. Now we hesitate not to say that governing by a standing army can be—at best—only a *temporary expedient*. Any representative assembly, however elected or selected, however acquiescent or even subservient, will, in the course of time, vindicate its civil authority; and unless an absolute military despotism shall, as under Buonaparte, extinguish every glimmer of a representative system, no government can permanently rest on an army; nay, the army itself is certain, sooner or later, to become the despot of the despot, and he that trusts to it alone is sure ‘*Marte perire suo.*’

There has also, within the last year, appeared throughout France a new circumstance of danger, the precise force of which we have

have not yet the means of appreciating, but which has a very formidable aspect—we mean *parliamentary reform*. It is admitted, we believe, on all hands, that, under the existing laws, the total number of electors cannot, by any possibility, exceed 200,000, being not *one-hundred-and-sixtieth* of the population. Such a proportion—though adequate, perhaps, to a sufficient practical representation—is obviously at utter variance with the *principles* of the Revolution of July; and accordingly we find, that, from all quarters of the country, there have arisen complaints against what they call the *monopoly* of elections; and the Royalists—or at least a most busy and stirring portion of those *who call themselves Royalists*—have thrown themselves headlong into this opinion:—a grievous mistake, we think, and pregnant with the most lamentable consequences—but seeing no other mode of overturning the existing government, they, in the blind ardour of party, have adopted a principle which, though it would in the first instance certainly overthrow Louis Philippe, would at length as certainly overthrow Henry V., or any monarchical power whatsoever. It is with deep regret that we see this inauspicious union between the French Royalists and Radicals, which, if successful, would open, as we think, an interminable career of change and anarchy. Louis Philippe, with such a chamber as now exists—which is more than sufficiently democratic—affords a better prospect of *order* and *peace* to France and to Europe than the legitimate branch with anything approaching to universal suffrage. Our first wish for France—we hope and believe the first wish of every right-minded man in Europe—is a *stable government*. We think *that* most attainable under the old system of *hereditary succession*, and should therefore—*pro tanto*—rather see Henry V. than Louis Philippe on the throne; but if these pseudo-Royalists are so blind—so mad—as to connect Henry V. with what is emphatically called the *Movement*, we do not hesitate to say that it is the duty of every man who wishes for private safety or public order to rally round Louis Philippe and the existing system, which, bad as it is—and it is bad chiefly because unstable—is infinitely better than the stormy ocean of experiment upon which this new doctrine proposes to launch the destinies of the world. We trust that these madmen are less numerous than the noise they make would lead us to fear; but our readers would not believe the extreme folly and violence of some of their organs. They repudiate all alliance not only with the English Whigs, but with the English Tories—not merely with moderate reformers, but with everything like an *aristocracy*. They affect to build their hopes on *our Radicals*—they hail the prospect of the dissolution of the Irish Union—they prophecy the *establishment of Popery* in these countries—and profess, *in terms*,
that

that the triumph of Mr. O'Connell over the Church and aristocracy of England must ensure the restoration of Henry V. in France! These short-sighted idiots confound the English people with the English ministry; and because the latter favours Louis Philippe and the July Revolution, they—in their ignorance and fury—hate and calumniate the British nation.

In this spirit they carry back their animosity even to our Revolution of 1688, which—so learned are they in our annals—they attribute to the *TORIES*. (*Gazette de France*, 16th July, 1830.) And, following out this historical discovery, they affirm that the religion and government of this country can never be fixed on any secure basis till all the principles of the infamous *Tory* Revolution of 1688 shall have been retracted and effaced; and that Universal Suffrage, and the Catholic and Apostolic Church of Rome, shall be established in the *THREE kingdoms* of Great Britain, France, and Ireland! Such extravagant folly may seem hardly worthy of notice; we hope that it is not extensive—but we know that it has made sufficient progress to cause in our minds additional apprehensions for the tranquillity of France. If we could believe that the great body of the Royalists were inclined to unite with the Republicans, on any such grounds—and the combination would, we know, constitute the great body of the nation—if, we say, we could anticipate such a general frenzy, we should expect an anarchy more fierce, more destructive, and more protracted than that of Marat and Robespierre, and should put up our prayers—sincere, though, we confess, *interested* prayers—for the permanence of Louis Philippe or any other man of common sense, in preference to the insane extravagances of such *Jacobin-Royalists*.

We are not amongst those who believe that the Parisian Revolution of July had originally any very considerable effect in producing the *Reform* frenzy in this country. We are well aware that Mr. Brougham, and a few other candidates at the general election of 1830, did endeavour to *improve that occasion* to the disorganization and dissolution of our ancient system of government; but their efforts at that moment produced, we think, little or no practical result. We do not believe that one single election was decided by the influence of the recent occurrences in Paris. Nor was it until the change of ministry—when Mr. Brougham had become Lord High Chancellor, and Lord Althorp, the leading organ of the Crown in the House of Commons, had pronounced his memorable *welcome to the tricoloured flag*—that the principles of the Parisian revolt began to make any sensible effect amongst us. How far, if they had not been thus adopted, preached, and promoted by the King's Government, they might have advanced, it would *now* be idle to speculate; for his Majesty's

ministers have contrived a mode of revolutionising more formidable and more effective than anything that the French example could have suggested. From the hour that the *King of England* so far departed from the ancient policy of the Crown, and so entirely mistook the duties for which the kingly function was originally created and had always been exercised, as to authorize his ministers to increase, by the Reform Bill, the already too great power of the popular branch of the constitution—from that hour we left the events of July far behind, and have taken the advanced guard in the march of European revolution. The violence of the proceedings in France tended rather to deter than to encourage other countries; but we, in our own more quiet way, have given an example which, by its apparent moderation and legality, is likely to have a more extensive influence. A *popular* revolution is unmanageable enough; but we are much mistaken if we, and all Europe with us, do not find that a *royal revolution* is infinitely more difficult to guide or to restrain.

But though we have outrun France in the *principle*, we are, fortunately, still behind her in the *practice*; and it is possible that we may yet derive some wisdom from her experience. For this reason we continue to bring under the consideration of our readers the several works which throw light on the conspiracy by which the July Revolution was produced, and which exhibit its baneful effects on the political condition of the people of France.

To conclude—we confess, with equal sincerity and sorrow, that we do not see our way through the difficulties that press—almost in our opinion equally—upon the governments of France and England. All is doubt, disorder, and dismay. We are in a moral earthquake, and what portions of the social edifice may survive the shock, or what shelter the unhappy survivors may find among the ruins, no mortal eye can foresee. But *our* danger, though somewhat more remote, is probably greater than that of France. *She* has passed through the stage of massacre and spoliation which must occur *once* in every radical revolution. With her one natural event, by legalizing the title of Louis Philippe, might extinguish the revolutionary principle—and enable a man of vigour and good sense to amalgamate and consolidate the *new interests* and the *old rights* into one stable system of constitutional monarchy. Nay, moral circumstances might produce the same result; for if the cause of Henry V. be—by that insane party to which we have alluded—connected with the *Movement*, the true Royalists may be driven by the common danger to a sincere and *cordial* coalition with Louis Philippe. In either of these cases there is at least a *chance* for France; but for ourselves we have hardly any hope until we shall have passed through an ordeal similar to that which France has undergone. The
democratical,

democratical, or, to speak more truly, the anarchical principles of our Reform, must, we suspect, work themselves out. A frequent change and succession of administrations, each weaker and worse than that it has displaced, will inevitably lead to the contempt, and from the contempt to the dissolution of government. Heavy was the declension of Lord Grey from his accession to his resignation—heavier still the fall from Lord Grey to Lord Melbourne—lower yet will be the degradation that *must* succeed the *early* retirement of Lord Melbourne—and—following our downward flight—we shall proceed, we fear, to find in each successive depth a lower still.

The last ministerial paper we have chanced to look into (the *Globe* of the 12th of August) announces, we see, to the House of Peers, that, by their rejection of the Irish Tithe Bill, they have prepared for themselves 'the fate of the Church Convocation.' Ominous, but instructive words! And Sir Samuel Whalley, member for the Marylebone district, has given notice of a motion—which, three years ago, would have been high treason—for the abolition of hereditary legislation: this person does not appear to have explained whether his notice meant to include that *chief hereditary legislator*—the KING. 'There is, we sincerely believe, only *one* remaining chance for us. The blind haste and violence of our enemies may—we do not speak sanguinely, but—may—defeat their own designs. The combined attack on The Church and the House of Lords, now at length audaciously avowed, *may* rouse a general feeling in England, for which the assailants are not prepared. There, at all events, is a great and popular *principle*, to which even yet perhaps the Conservative party may appeal with real confidence. If their ultimate defeat, and the annihilation of the Peerage, shall be suffered in the defence of the Church, they will at least have the universal sympathy of Protestant Christendom to console them amidst the ruins of their country.

NOTE TO THE FIRST ARTICLE.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mr. COLERIDGE. When the foregoing article on his poetry was printed, he was weak in body, but exhibited no obvious symptoms of so near a dissolution. The fatal change was sudden and decisive; and six days before his death, he knew, assuredly, that his hour was come. His few worldly affairs had been long settled, and after many tender adieus, he expressed a wish that he might be as little interrupted as possible. His sufferings were severe and constant till within thirty-six hours of his end; but they had no power to affect the
 deep

deep tranquillity of his mind, or the wonted sweetness of his address. His prayer from the beginning was, that God would not withdraw his Spirit; and that by the way in which he should bear the last struggle, he might be able to evince the sincerity of his faith in Christ. If ever man did so, COLERIDGE did.

Mr. COLERIDGE wrote, a month or two ago, his own humble and affectionate epitaph.

' Stop, Christian passer-by ! Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he ;—
O, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C. !—
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death !
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same.'

Mr. COLERIDGE breathed his last at half-past six o'clock in the morning of Friday, the 25th day of July last, under the roof of his dear and kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Gillman of Highgate; and was interred on the 2d of August in the vault of Highgate Church.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Japan, voorgesteld in Schetsen over de Zeden en Gebruiken van dat Rijk; byzonder over de Ingezetenen der Stad Nagasaky.* Door G. F. Meijlan, Opperhoofd aldaar. Amsterdam. 1830.
2. *Bijdrage tot de Kennis van het Japansche Rijk.* Door J. F. van Overmeer Fischer, Ambteenaar van Neêrlandsch Indie. Amsterdam. 1833.

IT is hardly necessary to remind our readers that, from the year 1657, when the Portuguese were expelled from Japan, of all the nations of Europe the Dutch alone have been allowed access to the groupe of islands which constitute that empire. That this exclusive privilege has been ever confined within narrow limits, we knew from Kämpfer and all the older authorities. From the works now under consideration, we learn that these limits have been progressively and recently narrowed, and that the trade which they still permit has so far declined under the discouragement and increasing jealousy of the natives, as to have become rather matter of curiosity and habit, than of commercial profit to the Hollander. Unconnected as our own country is, and must expect long to remain, by any bond of intercourse or communion with this extensive empire and singular people, we yet think that the majority of our readers will share with us the satisfaction and interest with which we receive any information, however scanty and imperfect, on this subject, from those who are alone enabled to afford it. We say advisedly, that we are likely to remain excluded from all means of investigation of our own.* In one instance, indeed, in the present century, our flag has waved in the harbour of Nagasaki, as we shall hereafter state, and with what result. We are aware also, that Sir Stamford Raffles, that great promoter of Oriental enterprise, had his yearnings in that direction, and that the instructions for the late expedition to the Chinese seas embraced the contingency of an attempt at in-

* It is worthy of remark that to English skill and courage the Dutch owe *their* first access to Japan. The *Erasmus*, the first Dutch ship which ever reached that coast in 1599, was piloted by William Adams. For his most curious and interesting adventures in that country where his skill in mathematics and ship-building procured him a long but honourable detention, see *Harris's Collection of Voyages*, vol. i. p. 856. He deserves a high place in the list of the heroes of naval discovery and enterprise, and equally so among the diplomatists of commerce and civilization.

tercourse with Japan. We think it, however, much more likely that the sole remaining link between Europe and Japan, the Dutch connexion, should be severed by violence or obliterated by disuse, than that either force or persuasion should devise a new one between this country or any of its dependencies and that empire; that New Holland, Borneo, or Central Africa, have a fairer chance of being diplomatized or dragooned into hospitality or submission towards us, within any period to which the speculation of mortal man can reasonably extend. The Dutch themselves, indeed, are confined to a solitary factory, and Decima, as a residence, presents means for the study of the three islands, little superior to those which the Isle of Sheppey would afford to a foreigner in this country, even though he were favoured with a biennial visit from the governor of Sheerness, and allowed about as often to make an excursion to Canterbury in a sedan chair, closely watched and attended by a body of the new police. The once annual visit of the deputies from the Dutch factory has been reduced to a quadrennial one—and it is at best a mere retreading of the route pursued by Kämpfer, under circumstances and ceremonies precisely similar. Still the Dutch are the only Europeans permitted to inhabit that commercial prison and to perform that unvaried journey, and whether a residence in Decima, and a pilgrimage to Jeddo, elicit new facts, or produce little more than a confirmation of those on record, we feel, in either case, thankful to any of them who, like Messrs. Meylan and Fischer, will communicate their observations to the world. The two works in question are, indeed, locked up in a language which finds few students and fewer translators in this country or even on the continent: but these are not times when we can expect Dutchmen to show complaisance to foreign nations, by abandoning their own language, and we are, therefore, additionally pleased to see them cultivating their national literature.

Mr. Meylan, the first author on our list, has resided for many years in the Dutch factory, where, we believe, he at this moment holds the situation of *Opperhoofd* or President. The unpretending title of '*Sketches of Japan*' would become a work more desultory and less instructive than the one before us. Into a thin octavo a great deal of information has been compressed; and the writer's observations are so concise and judicious, as to prove that the art of *book-making* is one which has been brought to little perfection at Decima. The volume of Mr. Fischer is a quarto, which, by its excellence of type and paper, and the singular beauty of its illustrations—being fac-similes of drawings by native Japanese artists—is of rank to figure on the shelves of an English collector, albeit as ignorant of Dutch as many collectors are of the

the languages in which the volumes they arrange on their shelves are composed. Mr. Fischer has resided nine years at Decima, and, in the year 1822, attended the president of the factory as secretary, on his journey to the metropolis. That he was zealous in his endeavours to profit by his opportunities for amassing information is proved by the volume before us, as well as by a splendid collection of Japanese curiosities which he succeeded in conveying to Amsterdam, and which, having lately been purchased by the king of Holland, is, we believe, like other similar possessions of that most munificent and judicious royal collector, open to the public at the Hague.

If the difficulty of learning anything about Japan excite our curiosity, what we do learn of it is no less calculated to raise our wonder, and in some respects even our envy. Situated apart from either continent, between the old world and the new, it enjoys an immunity from almost the possibility of foreign aggression. It is true that tradition, and what to the European eye seems a strong resemblance, point to the main land of China as the primitive source of its language, religion, and customs, and that the introduction of these must imply conquest, if not discovery and original occupation. But these are events lost in the night of antiquity; and it appears that from the commencement of its annals, whenever an attempt at invasion has been made, the natural difficulties of access have been a sufficient protection; the current, the shoal, and the typhoon, have spared the Japanese Drakes and Effinghams all occasion for exhibiting their valour against the Tartar armadas of times within the record of history.* A country, for whose natural features Mr. Fischer finds his nearest European comparison in the *Maggiore*, *Comos*, and *Luganos* of northern Italy—cultivated like a garden to the summit of its hills; a climate under which the principal productions of the tropics grow side by side with those of southern Europe; a territory indented by seas, and intersected by lakes and rivers, swarming with every animal production of the water; a soil on which the radish attains the *Brobdignag* weight of sixty pounds, and the blossom of the plum expands to the size of an English cabbage rose;—and all this tenanted by thirty-four millions of people, living under a despotism, and that despotism not the will of an individual, but the fiat of rigid but steadfast, severe but immutable law, which, for at least two centuries past, has kept the community as free from civil dissension as from foreign invasion:—

* This was the case in 1281, when the Japanese rejected the yoke of the Tartar conqueror of China, Che Tsou. He fitted out an expedition of 100,000 men from Corea, but his fleet was dashed on the island of Firando, and not a tenth part of his ships escaped destruction.

such is the picture presented to us by the most recent visitors to the shores of these *fortunate islands*. Do they not deserve the name, and ought even we, in the pride of our hearts, to spurn the fanciful parallel which some writers have drawn between Japan and Great Britain? The comparison can, indeed, be pursued little further than respects the magnitude of insular sovereignty, the difficulties in the way of invasion from without, and a threefold geographical demarcation, extant, indeed, more distinctly in the case of the three islands of Nipon, Sicoco, and Kisnu, than in that of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Where, however, in the well ordered empire of Japan Proper can we find the counterpart of Ireland? Where is the Japanese Connaught? Which of her sixty-eight peaceful provinces represents Tipperary? When has a Buddhist been insulted by a follower of Sinto? What voice has been raised to repeal the union between Nankaydoo and Saykadoo, or to pronounce that Tookaydoo shall no longer contain the centre of government for both?

It would be idle, however, to suppose that, upon closer observation, darker features in the condition of these islands should not present themselves; nor is it to be imagined that the state of prosperous stagnation which all accounts concur in describing as the result of their social institutions, can be purchased except by a large sacrifice of mental freedom, and almost every prospect of further advancement. The summary which is to be gathered from these volumes of the *history* of Japan contains little that is not to be found in Kämpfer. There are points connected with that history, on which the archives of the Dutch factory might be supposed to have preserved information of some interest; but they are subjects on which, even in that case, Dutch writers may be excused (if any *suppressio veri* be excusable) for avoiding to dwell—we mean the expulsion of the Portuguese, and the bloody extermination of Christianity. Few portions of the religious history of the world would be more interesting than a faithful record of these events. In the annals of Christianity, few examples have occurred of a triumph so rapid, followed by destruction so complete. Whether the force of circumstances *compelled* the Jesuits, who were agents of that great conversion, to associate themselves with a party in the civil feuds which then distracted Japan, or whether they did so voluntarily and in pursuance of the alleged practice of that order—of which their first apostle Xavier was a joint founder with Loyola—may be doubtful; certain it is that in an evil hour they took their part in the dispute, and perished. Japanese tradition attributes to them as a cause and justification of their fall, their rapacity and sensuality. This we doubt—those vices are usually the attendants of long and undisputed possession, rather

rather than of the circumstances in which these missionaries of a religion struggling into life were placed. It is likely that the hostility of their Dutch rivals may have magnified individual instances of such errors, and that the zeal of triumphant persecution may have perpetuated the imputation. It is also clear that the conduct of the Dutch, in conveying the fatal intelligence of the alleged designs of the Jesuits, was influenced rather by commercial jealousy, than by any indignation at the errors of their doctrine or the vices of those who preached it. Mr. Fischer admits that the Dutch were compelled to join in the persecution against the stubborn remnant of the Christian host, who, after the expulsion of the Portuguese in 1637, took refuge in the province of Sinabara. The siege, however, being converted into a blockade, the vessel furnished by the Dutch was, as they allege, allowed to return. The Christians preferred death to surrender, and 40,000 men are said to have perished on both sides before the extermination was effected. The magnitude of the holocaust affords some measure of the depth and tenacity with which Christianity had struck its roots into a soil, where it would now appear that little less than miracle can ever replant it.

From some of the Dutch accounts, we gather that the Hollanders, in the ardour of their rivalry with the Portuguese, nearly overreached themselves; for the latter, when they found that Christianity was placed under ban, informed the government, to its great surprise, that the Dutch themselves were *Christians*.* How the Protestant Hollanders escaped being thus forcibly absorbed into the bosom of the Romish church and sharing the honours of martyrdom, does not exactly appear, but we suspect that some of the tales, however often contradicted, of compulsory insults to the cross, had their origin in real events of this period. It is certain that the Dutch have ever since been confined to the area of the fanlike Decima, and that an imperial order is still read to them, on the great occasions of meeting between the governor of Nagasaki and the president of the factory, enjoining them to refrain from all communication with the Portuguese—a trifling circumstance, which proves satisfactorily to our minds the happy ignorance of the Japanese as to the modern politics of Europe; or, perhaps, a still wiser resolution, to affect an utter ignorance about them. In 1673, when an English ship was sent to attempt a revival of intercourse with Japan, the first question asked was whether it was long since the English king had married a daughter of the king of Portugal. This alliance was made the pretext of

* See Valentyn—Description of the Old and New East Indies, vol. iv. article Japan.

the total refusal of the Japanese to permit any revival of English intercourse.

It appears that the religious opinions of Japan may be classed under two great divisions, the Sinto and Boedso, the former being the sect which has been *established* from time immemorial in the country, the latter being understood to include the numerous modes of religious belief which have been imported from other countries. Mr. Meylan divides it into the Brahminical doctrine of Xaca, and the Chinese as established by Confucius. We cannot follow Mr. Meylan through his curious sketch of the various sects into which the followers of the Boedso are again subdivided, but we quote some of his remarks on the fact of the total and entire absence of religious dissension in a country containing some dozen Established Churches, of which the one of the highest acknowledged antiquity bears but a small numerical proportion to the others, if we can judge, by the ecclesiastical statistics of Nagasaki, of those of the empire at large. Out of sixty-one temples in that city and its environs, only seven belong to the Sinto persuasion.

‘Never,’ says Mr. Meylan, ‘do we hear of any religious dispute among the Japanese, much less discover that they bear each other any mutual hate on religious grounds. They esteem it, on the contrary, an act of courtesy to visit from time to time each other’s gods and do them reverence. While the Koeboe sends an embassy to the Sinto temple at Tsie, to offer prayers in his name to the invisible God, he assigns, at the same time, a sum for the erection of temples to Confucius; and the spiritual emperor allows strange gods imported from Siam or China, to be placed for the convenience of those who may feel a call to worship them, in the same temples with the Japanese. If it be asked whence this tolerance originates, and by what it is maintained: I reply from this, that worshippers of all persuasions in Japan acknowledge and obey one superior, namely, the Dayrie or Spiritual Emperor. As the representative and lineal descendant of God on earth, he is himself an object of worship, and as such, he protects equally all whose object it is to venerate the Deity; the mode of their so doing being indifferent to him. Let it not be thought that I prize this tolerance too high, nor let the cruel persecutions of the Christians in Japan be objected to me: I ask whether this toleration was not one of the causes which so far facilitated the introduction of Christianity there; but that which with me is conclusive is, that could the preachers of the gospel in Japan have been tolerant as the Japanese; had they not abided in the fast conviction that the belief in Christ was the only true road to salvation; and had they not in that conviction mocked and despised the gods of the country; could it have been possible that the bishops chosen from the first missionaries should have receded from insisting on their right of total independence, and could they have consented to place themselves under the protection of God’s representative on earth, which the Japanese acknowledge

knowledge in their Dayrie; lastly, could they have forborne to meddle in affairs of politics and government, then would no persecution of Christianity, in all human probability, have taken place, and perhaps, at this moment, the more perfect doctrine of Jesus would have triumphed over that of Confucius.'—p. 79.

Whatever may be the merits of the plan thus, somewhat late indeed, suggested by our philosophical Opperhoofd, we own our surprise that the Jesuits did not hit upon it, except, perhaps, as far as abstinence from politics is concerned.

Before we quit this subject we must advert to a statement which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere than in the *Sketches* of Mr. Meylan. He relates that a faith usually classed among those of Brahminical origin, and which had once been nearly universal in Japan, has, from its near resemblance in its doctrines to the form of Christianity introduced by the Portuguese, been involved in one and the same ruin. Its doctrines appear to have comprised the *existence, death, and resurrection of a Saviour born of a virgin*, with almost every other essential of Christianity, including the belief in the Trinity. If this be a true statement and correct description, and if we then add to it the tradition that this form of religion was introduced under the reign of the Chinese emperor Mimti, who ascended the throne in about the fiftieth year of the Christian era, can we avoid admitting the conclusion that some early apostle reached the eastern extremity of Asia, if not the islands themselves of Japan?

The allusion in the foregoing passage to the person of the Dayrie, otherwise called the Mikaddo, the *spiritual emperor* of Japan, brings us to the consideration of its government; and it must be admitted that institutions which, for more than two centuries, have afforded some thirty-six millions of men the blessings of profound peace, accompanied by security of property, and a considerable share of the other elements of worldly prosperity, are not an unworthy subject of contemplation. For imitation we cannot, indeed, propose them to European readers. Whatever may be our opinion of the existing state of things, under the reform bill and the present administration, we cannot look forward to the establishment of Lord Durham as Koeboe at St. James's, or the installation of Dr. Maltby as Dayrie of Canterbury, enjoying the spiritual supremacy of the Protestant, Roman Catholic, Unitarian, and Jewish Churches, to be held by him and his heirs for ever. It is well known, however, that a form of government bearing a near resemblance to the result of such a proceeding as the above, is established in Japan on a footing which seems to set at defiance all speculation as to its probable continuance. The system, indeed, is not, we are told, based on long

long prescription, and its apparent stability is to be ascribed solely to the success of its working and the wisdom with which its foundations were laid. From the close of the sixteenth century, when the Japanese *maire du palais* Tayko Sama separated the empire into its two lay and spiritual divisions, civil war has ceased, the pageant of government has been played on without interruption by the two principal actors and their subordinates, and the operations of the real executive have been continued with all the regularity and precision of machinery. The founder of these institutions must surely have been no ordinary legislator. The sceptre which he wielded has indeed become a bauble in the hands of his descendants, for the koeboe or lay emperor, equally with his spiritual counterpart, wears out his life in one long dream of ideal sovereignty; and so profound and subtle is the spell of habit, custom, and etiquette which wraps them in that charmed sleep, that it is impossible to anticipate the period of its dissolution, or the process by which it can be broken.

Mr. Fischer, indeed, hazards the conjecture, that by a quarrel between the koeboe and the dayrie, and by such an event alone, can any innovation or revolution ever take place in the existing political institutions of Japan. His conjecture, however, does not extend to the nature of the contingency which could ever bring about the collision. If apprehension, indeed, imply the existence of danger, and if caution indicate that apprehension, the frailty of those institutions might well be inferred; for suspicion and distrust prevail through every link of the social chain, and the precautions against foreign aggression, so apparent in their treatment of the only nations with whom intercourse is permitted, the Dutch and Chinese, are fully equalled by those adopted against innovation or disturbance within. A system of espionage extends itself throughout the empire, which embraces not only every public functionary, including the emperor himself, but every component part of society, down to the divisions of five families, into which—some-what after the fashion introduced into England by our own great Saxon legislator—the population is everywhere divided. The Dayrie resides a perpetual prisoner in his palace in the city of Miako, except on the rare occasion of a visit to the temple of Tsiwainjo. Mr. Fischer doubts the tales in circulation of his being precluded from setting his foot to the earth, or allowing the sun to shine upon him; but that so old a sojourner and so close an observer should only *doubt* on such a subject, and not be able at once to contradict these stories, seems to us confirmation strong that such, or still closer restrictions, prevail. He is allowed, we are glad to learn, the solace—shall we call it?—of a wife and twelve concubines, and such diversion as music, poetry, and study can afford.

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His pipe is smoked but once, and the dishes from which he has eaten are broken, like the tea-cup which Dr. Johnson threw into the fire; but Mr. Fischer adds, that these articles are economically provided of the simplest manufacture, and it is reported that no great substantial expense is permitted for the support of this shadow of sovereignty. When he dies, the event is sedulously concealed till his successor is fully installed in office, and the cry is raised of 'Live the Dayrie!' without even the preliminary half of the old French formula, 'the Dayrie is dead.' The court is formed of a long hierarchy of spiritual officials. Among these are the kwanbakf, who represents the Dayrie's person and executes his functions. From this office the koeboe is excluded. To the third spiritual office in rank, or sadayzin, he—the temporal sovereign—is sometimes admitted, as was the case with the reigning koeboe in 1822, on the occasion of his having completed fifty years of sovereignty. It ranks him with the gods, and no layman, from the time of Tayko Sama, had been before so honoured.

This lay emperor is, like the dayrie, shut up in the palace of Jeddo, in itself a city equal in size to Amsterdam. On the supposition that the affairs of his subjects are beneath his notice and dignity, he is surrounded by a circle of guards and ceremonies, which effectually prevent him from employing his royal leisure in any such ignominious pursuit. All other places of residence must appear mean and unworthy in comparison with the royal palace, and he is therefore never allowed to leave it.

The real executive is in the hands of seven councillors or ministers of the first class, six of the second, and two other ministers of the nature of inquisitors, whose peculiar province it is to guard against the slightest revival of the Christian religion in the empire. This council is presided over by a prime minister, and in case of irreconcilable difference of opinion among its members, the question is submitted to the arbitration—not of the emperor, but—of his three nearest relations, including always the heir apparent. With this council communicate the governors of the sixty-eight provinces into which Tayko Sama divided the empire, or rather the two secretaries of the said governors, to whom the real administration is confided. The nominal governments are hereditary, and are usually so burthensome and expensive to the occupant, that he takes the opportunity of committing his office to his son, the moment the latter arrives at years of discretion. It is necessary, therefore, in practice, to commit the real power to more experienced hands. The two secretaries take alternate turns of annual residence at the seat of their government and at the palace of Jeddo, their wives and families constantly remaining as hostages in the latter. While in their provinces, they are surrounded
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by the strictest precautions of etiquette and ceremony, are compelled to abstain from all intercourse with the other sex, and their hours of rising, eating, sleeping, going out, &c., are prescribed by rigid and invariable rule. Besides these provincial governments or counties with their lord-lieutenants and secretaries, the empire contains a certain number of royal cities under separate governors subject to similar regulations. The spies of the government are selected from every class of society, and it is said that Fouché or Savary might have studied with advantage in this vast seminary of secret intelligence. Mr. Meylan, who professes to confine his reports principally to the city of Nagasaki, and to facts which have come under his personal observation, devotes one of his most interesting sketches to the local administration of that place, which is one of the above-mentioned imperial cities. Here we find the system of espionage pervading the minutest divisions of society, to an extent, perhaps, never paralleled in any other country of the globe.

'Not only,' says Mr. Meylan, 'is the head of every family answerable for his children, his servants, and the stranger within his gates, but the city being divided into collections of five families, every member of such division is responsible for the conduct of the others, and in consequence, that which, according to European ideas, would be the height of indiscretion, becomes here the duty of every man, for every extraordinary occurrence which falls out in an household is reported by four curious witnesses to the members of the civil administration. House arrest is usually the penalty of the irregularities thus reported, and a severe one. The doors and windows of the offender's house are closed, generally for a hundred days, his employments are suspended, salary, if any, stopped, and the friend and the barber alike forbidden entrance. Every household is held bound to produce a man capable of bearing arms; a division of five constitutes a company; twenty-five such companies are arrayed under an officer, and constitute a brigade of six or seven thousand men; and thus the force of the city, apart from the regular military, or police, can be presently mustered. Guard-houses are established in every street, in which a guard is on duty every night, and on occasions of festivity or other cause of popular concourse, by day; each street has a rail or barrier at its issues, and can consequently be cut off from communication with the rest of the city at a moment's notice.'

On the effects of this highly artificial system as to the prevention of crime, Mr. Meylan does not profess to decide, but he states that property and person are singularly secure, and that corporal punishment is rare. The latter circumstance, however, he is inclined to attribute to three causes; viz. to the severity of the law, its strict execution where guilt is proved, and the reluctance

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tance—there being no public prosecutor—of individuals to come forward as complainants in cases of a graver description.

The national character of the Japanese, as represented by our authors, is such as we might anticipate of a people largely endowed with the good things of this world, and utterly secluded from the remainder of the globe. Pride, sensuality, and ignorance are its marking features, and this people and the Chinese reverse our western adage of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, or substitute for the latter the word *ignobili*: for the profound ignorance of the rest of the world which involves these two great branches of the Tartar family appears to produce nothing but a complaisant assurance of their own superiority, and the most unmitigated contempt for the nations whose existence is darkly known to them. Over the Chinese, indeed, the Japanese possess one great advantage, in the access, which their learned men obtain and cultivate, to one language at least of modern Europe, the Dutch, which we suspect is better understood at Jeddo than in Paris; but in every other respect their communications with that nation can only tend to exalt their national arrogance, by the contemplation of the humble and abject posture which the Dutch are satisfied to assume in their dealings with them. It is probable, also, that the information their curiosity may occasionally extract from such a source as to other nations, tends to mislead rather than instruct. This national attribute of pride is also based on the universal belief that they are directly descended from the gods. With respect to their sensuality, it appears such as might be expected from a country which affords every means of indulgence, and where religion presents no check, nor custom any impediment of disguise. Nagasaki affords, we are told, for a population of 70,000 souls, sixty temples, and seven hundred tea-houses or public brothels; but were we to apply the same relative statistical test to the Christian capitals of Holland and England—we say nothing of the more decorous but extensive profligacy of Paris—would the result be more favourable? In Japan, at least, custom admits, after a season, the female inmates of these haunts into the bosom of society, and they become, it is said, exemplary wives and mothers. From this source, also, the inhabitants of the European factory obtain a certain class of female servants, who are said to attach themselves with strict fidelity to their masters for the time being.

Our readers are probably aware that the life of the Dutch resident is otherwise one of professed celibacy, no female being allowed to arrive on board of the annual vessel. Neither are any of the Japanese, who may be hired as male servants, allowed to remain in the factory between sunset and sunrise. ‘How then,’ asks Mr. Meylan, with innocent *naïveté*, ‘could the Dutch resi-

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dent otherwise manage to procure any domestic comfort in the long nights of winter, his tea-water, for instance, were it not for these *inmates*?' The argument is, we admit, unanswerable, as to mere menial offices, but, as to the more tender services which are hinted at, we suspect that the wives left behind in Holland or Batavia would *not* concur in its cogency—nor do we suppose that Mr. Meylan would extend to those ladies a similar indulgence even though they could affect a similar excuse.

The great feature of the social polity of Japan is the hereditary nature of all employments, avocations, and situations in life, and the consequent absence of most of those incentives of ambition which form the life blood of European society. The population is divided into eight classes :—1. The reigning princes or governors. 2. The nobility. 3. The priests. 4. The military. 5. The civil officers, in which class Mr. Meylan includes the polite circles, &c. 6. The traders. 7. The handicraftsmen. 8. The labourers. Among all these there is but one profession, which, like the *Parias* of India, appears to remain under ban, or stigma, viz. that of the tanners. All intercourse with these is shunned and forbidden, and the executioners are chosen exclusively from their ranks. The three first lay classes claim the honourable but somewhat cumbersome privilege of wearing two sabres; the fifth, which includes surgeons, physicians, and generally those who practise what we call a liberal profession, are obliged to content themselves with one sample of that favourite weapon. Their soldiers for the two last centuries have fortunately had little occasion to try its edge, but they, in common with the great mass of the classes who wear it, are said to be tremendously expert in its use. The manufacture of the article is also brought to a degree of excellence which Damascus itself in its best days could hardly surpass, and which Birmingham may despair to equal. This may be judged of from specimens in the museum of the Hague. If the Turk boast of being able to cut off the head of a camel with this two-handed engine, it is said that the Japanese professors can divide a fellow-creature through the middle at a blow. A favourite weapon is preserved as an heir-loom for ages, and a good one on sale frequently reaches the price of a thousand florins, or little short of a hundred pounds. This weapon is regarded with a kind of superstitious reverence. It is the constant companion of every individual of the classes entitled to wear it, even from his fifth year, when the Japanese youth is solemnly invested with it. When laid aside at meals or on other domestic occasions, it is always deposited close to the person of the owner, and he is careful neither to stumble against nor step over it. Fencing, the *manège*, and archery, are a part of the education of the upper classes, and in the

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the latter they excel. With respect to 'other appliances of war,' they are said to have acquired little knowledge or use of artillery, previous to the general pacification of the empire, and little advance can have been since made in the art of the gunner, the engineer, or the tactician. Their fortified defences are hence far superior to any means of attack, which, in the event of renewed civil war, could be brought against them. The specimens of their arms which the Dutch have found means to export have been so obtained in evasion of a strict prohibitory law. The museum at the Hague contains a very fine suit of mail, with a vizor or mask of steel, the exact resemblance of the face of a Punchinello, and adorned with mustachios of bristles. We have seen another such in a museum at St. Petersburg. The barrels of their fire-arms are of equal excellence and beauty, but they are all matchlocks; their powder is very indifferent.

From our author's accounts we should rank the Japanese among the

'Souls made of fire and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.'

Forgiveness of an injury Mr. Meylan asserts to be unknown, or only known to be stigmatized as a weakness or a sin. Of their courage it would be hard to speak, the article not having been tested on a large scale for two centuries. Mr. Meylan states, that in the armies of the infant Dutch East Indian Company were many Japanese soldiers, who did excellent service, and he believes them to be far braver than the other nations of the East. Suicide is frequent; and the duellist of Europe, however desperate, is far excelled, in our judgment, by the Japanese, who, in the presence of applauding, and frequently imitating relations and friends, rips up his own abdomen to escape dishonour. This was the conduct and fate of the governor of Nagasaki in 1808, when an English frigate found an entrance into that harbour, detained as prisoners the Dutch who boarded her, and demanded—in that ignorant and wanton violation of the religious law of the country which we regret to say so often marks the conduct of British adventurers—fresh beef as their ransom. The beef was supplied, but the governor, as soon as the Dutch under his protection were relanded, anticipated disgrace and ruin by the suicidal process above mentioned, and, as we have heard, others of his house swelled the sacrifice. We cannot too seriously inculcate upon our countrymen the folly and injustice of which they are too often guilty in endeavouring to subject the nations they happen to visit to their own very peculiar habits and practice. Mr. Meylan concludes that, in the case referred to, the governor deemed himself too weak to attack the vessel. It is certain that he was taken by surprise,

surprise, for access to the harbour for a ship without a pilot is considered next to impossible, and the Dutch annual vessel is always towed in by native boats. We have heard, however, that the English captain, warned of his danger by the Dutch whom he had thus unjustifiably detained, only escaped in time, for that within a few hours fourteen thousand armed men were mustered on the coast, and that more than a hundred junks had been collected for the purpose of being sunk in the only channel by which the frigate could regain the open sea.

Among the better features of the Japanese character, that of filial piety appears to be conspicuous. The domestic virtues of the women are also highly extolled. In virtue of one of those laws established by the stronger party, while the man is allowed concubines *ad libitum*, adultery in the female is punished with death; but it is not for chastity alone, thus terribly enforced, that the Japanese wives are praised by Mr. Fischer, but also for their patience and ability as managers in households, which the pride of the husbands, rejecting all means of livelihood but the employment to which they have succeeded by birth, frequently reduces to extreme difficulty. For the rest, the station of the female in Japan is that which is allotted to her in Europe. She presides at the feast and adorns the social meeting. The samsie or guitar is even more invariably a part of female education than the piano in England; its touch is the signal for laying aside ceremony and constraint—and tea, sakki,* and good fellowship, become the order of the evening.

If we assume the perfection of the arts of tillage and manufacture as a test of civilization, Japan may at least compete with any oriental nation. Mr. Meylan places it higher than any. He extols their field cultivation, but they appear to neglect their great opportunities for horticulture, as far as the kitchen and the dessert are concerned. As florists they are conspicuous, and the beauty of the productions of the soil in this department is known to every possessor of a greenhouse and proprietor of a camelia. The singular art of producing miniature samples of the larger products of vegetation, unknown, we believe, in Europe, is practised by them to an extraordinary degree.† Mr. Meylan speaks as an eye-witness of a box offered for sale to the Dutch governor, three inches long by one wide, in which were flourishing a fir-tree, a bamboo, and a plum-tree, the latter in blossom. The price demanded was twelve hundred florins. Sharing with the Indian the religious prejudice

* A spirit distilled from rice, the principal or only intoxicating beverage of Japan.

† For the mode of effecting this as practised in China, the reader may consult an interesting work lately published—'Wanderings in New South Wales, &c.' by G. Bennett, vol. ii. chap. 5.

against the slaughter of the cattle tribes, and indeed against the use of butcher's meat in general, pasturage and all its products they totally neglect; but the buffalo is used for tasks of burthen, and when it dies a natural death, its horns and hide are applied to the purposes usual among other nations. This perhaps is the source of the degradation in which the tanners are held. They have an aversion to fat or grease, which strongly distinguishes their cookery from that of the Chinese, and we may add the Tartar family in Europe. Poultry are much cultivated; pheasants and various sorts of game afford the squires of Japan ample occupation in their pursuit. The staple of their animal food, however, is afforded by their seas and rivers; and every product of both, says Mr. Meylan, from the whale to the cockle, is turned to account, down even to the whalebone itself, which is scraped and powdered into a ragout. This dish, as well as the raw dolphin, eaten with soy, sakki, and mustard, although Mr. Fischer speaks favourably of it, we can spare without envy to the Japanese and the gentlemen of the factory. The stork, a bird which somehow has contrived to ingratiate itself with a large portion of the human race, for its domestic habits and services and general social character, is respected here as in Holland and Calcutta.

'In a memorandum,' says Mr. Meylan, 'laid before the Dutch governor-general at Batavia, in 1744, is contained a calculation, from which it appears that in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the trade with Japan was an open one, the export of gold and silver was ten millions of Dutch florins per annum.' (about 840,000*l.*) This export was first contracted, and in 1680 finally forbidden. The same calculation goes on to say, that in the course of sixty years, the export of gold and silver must have amounted to the enormous value of from three to six hundred millions (from twenty-five to fifty millions sterling). If we consider that, in addition to this gold and silver, Japan produces a large quantity of copper, of which the Dutch have in some years carried off from thirty to forty thousand pekuls;* and if we add to this a large quantity of steel and iron; but above all, that all these metals are everywhere esteemed for their high degree of purity; we must conclude that the Japanese are not altogether unskilled in the arts of the miner, the smelter, and the refiner. They appear, however, to be open to the imputation of working their mines in a careless and extravagant manner, and are believed to have now reduced them to a state of great exhaustion. This circumstance is said to have been made use of by a pretended friend to the Dutch, in the councils of the *koeboe*, to bring about the limitation of their trade in 1790. 'The cause of our friendship with the *Hollanders*,'

* The pekul is about 133*lbs.*

said he, 'is trade, and the trade is supported by copper. If the one be exhausted, the other must fail. Is it not wise, then, to perpetuate our friendship by allowing only so much copper to be issued as our mines may be able for ever to afford? The mines are not like the hair of men, which being cut off groweth again, but, on the contrary, resemble his bones, which, if taken away, cannot be replaced.' These arguments produced a restriction from two annual ships to one, which, however, in 1820, was mitigated, and the number of vessels and amount of copper again increased. In addition to the national manufactures, for many of which Japan has been long so famous with us, and one of which bears the name of the empire that furnishes it, the Japanese now imitate many of the finer works of European skill: telescopes, thermometers, and clocks, are manufactured at Nagasaki. One of the latter, by the description of Mr. Meylan, manufactured there as a present for the emperor, in 1827, must have rivalled those complicated productions of German chronometrical art, which usually tell us everything but the hour. It was five feet in length and three high; it exhibited a varied landscape, and a golden sun; on the striking of the hour a bird clapped its wings, a mouse issued from a cave and climbed the mountain, a tortoise crept forward to point the hour on the dial. Alas! that the bird should, with oriental inattention to perspective and proportion, have been bigger than the tree on which it sat! Alas! that the mouse should have climbed in an instant the representative of a mountain many thousand feet high!

Of the art of design as practised among them Mr. Fischer observes:—

'This art appears to have developed itself, to a certain degree, in very early times. Many screens and decorated walls in their temples bear the marks of remote antiquity, although it is hardly possible to ascribe any of them, as do the Japanese, to the eleventh century.

'I have never heard of a good portrait-painter in Japan, and am of opinion that a reluctance exists among their artists to devote themselves to this branch of their profession, founded on superstitious feelings. In all such works their attention is principally directed to accuracy in the details of costume and general air; the face is never a likeness.'

Their Tartar brethren of St. Petersburg, whose criticism on the noble portrait of Alexander, by Lawrence, was first directed to the great painter's delineation of his Imperial Majesty's epaulettes, crosses and ribbons, displayed similar feelings with respect to the fine arts.

The illustrations of Mr. Fischer's book, all copied from the productions of artists at Nagasaki, would alone be sufficient to prove that

that their painters are enabled to give their works much of that exquisite beauty of finish which delights the Dibdins in our illuminated missals, the offspring of monkish leisure. Of their lacquered ware, which bears with us the name of the country that produces it, we need only say that the specimens which reach Europe are rarely such as would be considered of anything but very inferior quality in Japan. The royal collection at the Hague bears witness equally to the dexterity of their artisans in many various departments. We remember observing that the common chests which had been used to pack the articles for conveyance to Europe, and made of camphor wood, were equal in the finish of their execution to the finer cabinet work of the Gillows and Morells of London.

Theatrical entertainments are much followed, and they are far superior to those of the Chinese in respect to scenery and decorations. Their plays admit a Shakspearian mixture of the tragic and comic in the same piece, and an equally licentious—as the old French school would say—violation of the unities.

‘Their leaders of the orchestra,’ says Mr. Fischer, ‘if they deserve the name, are usually blind. They belong to a certain union or fraternity of blind persons, who bear the name of Fekis.’

The founder of this society, tradition says, was a Prince Senmimar, who wept away his sight for the loss of a mistress. There is, however, another equally romantic version. Their theatres are much frequented, but the player's profession lies under that disrepute to which the irregularities of conduct incident to his mode of life have more or less condemned it in most countries, and from which the talents and virtues of many of its members have been insufficient among us fully to rescue it. The Japanese ladies take an advantage of the opportunities for display afforded by a side-box, which we suggest to the milliners of London and their fair customers, as worthy of introduction during the Opera season.

‘The ladies,’ says Mr. Fischer, ‘who frequent the theatre, make a point of changing their dresses two or three times during the representation, in order to display the richness of their wardrobe; and are always attended by servants who carry the necessary articles of dress for the purpose.’

Printed programmes of the piece under representation are always in circulation, and we doubt not that a Japanese playgoer, descending from his *norimon* at the box entrance, for they have three tiers, is saluted with an invitation to buy a book of the play, which Mr. Mathews, if he could once hear it, would imitate with his usual ludicrous fidelity.

They are altogether a gay and social people, and their somewhat cumbrous modes of politeness and their addiction to compliment

appear but to promote good fellowship. Witness this description of Mr. Fischer :—

'In the great world the young ladies find delight at their social meetings in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, birds and other animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread for the head-dress, all for the favourite use of giving as presents. Such employments are in use to wile away the long winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of out-door and rural amusements. Of these the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music they glide in these vessels from noon till late in the night, realizing the rapturous strain of the author of *Lalla Rookh* :—

Oh best of delights as it everywhere is,
To be near the loved one, what a rapture is his,
Who by moonlight and music thus idly may glide
O'er the lake of Cashmeer with that one by his side !'

Mr. Moore will be pleased to find that his music has charms even for the Batavian exiles of Decima.

'This,' continues his admirer, 'is an enjoyment which can only be shared under the advantages of such a climate and scenery: viz. the climate of Nice and the scenery of Lugano. Their lakes and rivers are after sunset one blaze of illumination, as it were, with the brightly coloured paper lanterns displayed in their vessels. They play meanwhile that game with the fingers, which has been perpetuated from classic times in Italy. A floating figure is also placed in a vase of water; as the water is stirred by the motion of the boat, the figure moves. The guests sing to the guitar the strain "*Anatoya, modamada*," "He floats, he is not still," till at last the puppet rests opposite some one of the party whom it sentences to drain the sakki bowl, as the pleasing forfeit of the game. All this stands out in cheerful contrast to the dull debaucheries of the men, and the childish diversions of the women, among other oriental nations. The female sex, at least, have greatly the advantage over the scandal of the Turkish bath; and the man has equally with the Turk the resource of his pipe, in the intervals of those better enjoyments which the admission of the female sex into society afford him, and which are prohibited to the Mussulman.'

Foreign commerce being forbidden, their vessels are limited by law to such a construction as suits a coasting voyage, and necessitates them to run for one of their numerous harbours on the appearance of bad weather. The largest are described by Mr. Fischer as about one hundred Dutch feet in length, from twenty-five or thirty beam, and drawing six feet of water. Mr. Gutzlaf reports that he saw three Japanese barks lying in the harbour of Loo Choo, whose crews were anxious for communication with the strangers, which was only prevented by the mandarins of the island.

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It is probable that these islands and the coasts of the inhospitable Yesso are the usual limit of their navigation. Although, however, that navigation be by law confined to their own coasts, or a few islands not far distant, voyages of discovery have occasionally taken place by express command of the emperor. It appears from Valentyn's work (vol. v. part 2, p. 20), that, in the year 1686, a junk having sailed on such a voyage to the eastward, returned, after long absence, to Nagasaki. Its navigator would appear to have entertained a notion that he had reached the coast of New Holland, for hearing that, among the servants of the Dutch factory, there were some who had been born there, he sought for and interrogated them as to the manners and appearance of the natives. The parties could but imperfectly understand each other, but it was gathered from the Japanese captain's narration, that after sailing for many days eastward, and finding the sea still open, he had determined to put about. A storm, however, drove him farther on his original course, till he reached a land, which his description led the Dutch to conclude to have been the coast of America, between the 40th and 50th degrees of north latitude. This is the last enterprise of the kind on record. We should like to see the Memoirs of some Japanese Basil Hall, who should have discovered the mouths of the Seine and Thames, and given some account of the barbarians who inhabit those distant regions.

Corea, a country far less known to us at present than Japan, was once under the acknowledged dominion of the latter. That dominion having fallen into abeyance during the Japanese civil wars, was reclaimed towards the end of the sixteenth century, but appears now reduced to some slight relations of commercial intercourse and feudal tribute. Tsusima, an island situated midway between the two countries, has a Japanese garrison; and it is there that the ambassadors of Corea are received, on the occasion of the accession of a new sovereign to the throne of Japan. Mr. Fischer had opportunities of seeing at Nagasaki some of the Corean barks which are occasionally driven on the southern coast of Japan. He describes the appearance of their crews, and the construction of their vessels, as indicative of a very low state of civilization. The state of this country and that of Yesso is well calculated to confirm the Japanese in the notion of their superiority over other nations. The latter island was partially subdued in the year 1443, and was then nominally divided into provinces, but the interior has probably never been penetrated. It is tenanted by a hunting population, and, extending northwards into Kamschatkadale latitudes, is wrapt in Cimmerian barbarism. It appears to form a link of occasional communication with the Kurile islands under the dominion of Russia. It was to the principal commercial establish-

ment on this island, Matzmai, that the Russian captain, Golovnin, was conveyed a prisoner in 1811. He was not liberated till full and formal satisfaction was obtained under the seal of the governor of Irkutsk, disavowing the proceedings of the Russian lieutenant, Chowstoffs, who had committed some acts of plunder and incendiarism on the Japanese coast of Segalien. The Dutch assert that to the strangers in general whom stress of weather or obvious accident drives upon their coast, the Japanese show every hospitality consistent with a strict surveillance during their necessary stay and the facilitation of their departure. Mr. Gutzlaf is certainly right in stating, that, though the good will of China might open a wide field of eastern commerce to Great Britain in Loo Choo, Corea, and Cochin China, their consent would be no passport to Japan. Such an approximation could in fact only increase the jealousy of the latter, and would perhaps occasion the final exclusion of the Dutch.

The works of our authors being inaccessible to the generality of English readers, we regret the more that we can give but a brief notice of their remarks on the literature and scientific progress of the Japanese. Mr. Fischer has himself done much for future knowledge in the particular of their language, in recovering the traces of a work, the produce of long labour during the period when the war with England had cut off the Dutch residents from intercourse with Europe. We allude to the Dictionary of Mr. Doef, prepared with the permission of the Japanese government, and the assistance of ten native interpreters. This circumstance is the more remarkable, as the study of the Japanese language is generally forbidden to foreigners. A perfect copy was lost on the voyage to Europe; another exists much prized and honoured in the imperial library at Jeddo. Mr. Fischer, however, in 1822, discovered at Decima the original notes, and in 1829 had finished the work of restoration. We shall be glad to hear of its safe arrival in Europe.

Astronomy, or at least the inspection of the heavenly bodies and their movements, is, as usual with nations residing under a clear atmosphere, much pursued. Whether they have profited by their intercourse with Dutch literature, so far as to adopt a correct system of the science, Mr. Fischer does not state, but they are familiar with our chronometers, telescopes, and other instruments of observation, and measure their mountains with the barometer. In medicine their proficiency is small, and their prejudices forbid the study of anatomy. We have, however, condescended to borrow from them the use of the moxa, and, as we believe, the practice of acu-puncturation. Education, such as it is, is extended in public schools to all classes, and in no country in the

the world, perhaps, is the art of writing so universally diffused. It is strange that a nation which possesses over the Chinese the inestimable advantage of an alphabet, should waste time in the study of the language of those neighbours, considering it as the learned one. They are great collectors of articles of rarity; both natural and artificial, and their dilettanti rival our own in their pursuits of coins and pictures. The governor of the province of Tamba possesses a fine collection of European coins, and, in Jeddo, Mr. Fischer saw a collection of old European engravings, which had been preserved one hundred and fifty years in the family of the proprietor. Their museums contain many specimens of factitious monsters, mermen, serpents with the feet of birds attached, &c. One of the said monsters, made up of a salmon and a monkey, was not long since exhibited as 'a merman' in Piccadilly. Their taste in jewellery extends only to the metals, and their precious stones are rarely polished, or applied to the purpose of ornament or exchange.

There are at present, as Mr. Fischer informs us, but eight of his countrymen living who have personally visited the capital of this vast empire. We have already observed that the strict adherence of the Japanese government to precedent and usage, with respect to the quadrennial embassy from the Dutch factory to Jeddo, makes each visit a mere repetition of the former; and the circle of ceremony and precaution, which ever surrounds the travellers, allows to the most acute little means of adding to the observations of his predecessors. Some extracts, however, from Mr. Fischer's Narrative of his Fifty Days' Journey may not be unwelcome to our readers. We must premise that the embassy took place in the year 1822, and consisted of the Dutch president of the factory, M. J. Cock Blomhoof, our author, who accompanied it as secretary, and Dr. Tullingh, physician to the factory. They started on the 6th of February, attended, as usual, by an *opper banjoost*, or superior Japanese officer, with three subordinates, three interpreters of different ranks, and a train of baggage-bearers, amounting to about one hundred men, and twenty horses; the latter being principally loaded with the bedding of the persons of rank, who themselves travelled in the easy and convenient litters of the country, called *norimons*. Additional baggage and provisions, not wanted for immediate use, were sent forward some days before, by sea, as far as Osacca on the principal island. The embassy was constantly preceded by two Japanese cooks, one to prepare the dinner at some convenient point of the day's progress, the other the supper at the resting-place for the night.

On the 8th,' says Mr. Fischer, 'at Sinogi, we visited the hut of an old man, who from his youth had taken delight in beholding the passage

sage of the Dutch. He was nearly ninety, and had seen our countrymen pass by upwards of forty times, and seemed to think himself fortunate in having lived to witness the transit of another embassy.'

They reached, on the 12th, Kehura, a sea-port town on the channel which separates the great island of Nipon from that on which Nagasaki is situated, and distant about 180 miles from the latter city. They crossed, on the 13th, to Simineseiky, the westernmost point of Nipon; from which, after waiting till the 22d for a favourable wind, they pursued their voyage along the coast eastward, for 117 miles, to the city of Moero, where they landed. After passing through many great and populous towns, among others Osacca, where however the press of the curious and the enforcement of etiquette prevented them from leaving their litters to make their observations on foot, as they wished, they reached, on the 7th of March, Foegimie, the last stage preceding Miako, the residence of the spiritual emperor.

'From Foegimie,' says Mr. Fischer, 'to Miako, a distance of two leagues, we passed through a continuous street of shops and manufactories. The magazines of earthenware, of grain, of game, and poultry, the tea-houses, sakki breweries, &c. are not to be numbered; and the animation caused by the crowd of passengers made this part of our journey most interesting. In Miako we were better lodged than in Osacca, and received an equally interminable number of visits. Miako, sometimes called Kioto, is the seat of the Dayrie, and is computed to contain 600,000 inhabitants. The temples are beautiful: as well as the aspect of the river, which flows through the city, and the fertile environs. The women of this place are accounted the handsomest of the empire; and the arts and sciences are held in the first estimation. It is the place of rendezvous for strangers from all parts of the empire, who flock to it for the purpose of pilgrimage to the temple of Tsie, or to make their provision of the manufactures of the place. It is accounted the Paradise of Japan, and specially famed for its salubrity.'

The travellers appear to have been treated with respect by all whom they encountered on the road, and generally at their halting-places with the cordial and good-humoured hospitality which attends a welcome guest. The access of numerous visitors seems to have been nowhere impeded by any jealousy on the part of the government. In some places their entertainment was of a particularly affectionate description.

'On the 20th,' says Mr. Fischer, 'our journey lay through a very hilly district, and the ways were steep and difficult. The traveller is more agreeably surprised to find, in this fatiguing part of his course, resting-places, from which damsels, as amiable as they are comely, run forth to offer him spring-water, tea, and other refreshments, and to compel him to a few moments of repose in their abodes. We halted

on

on the mountain in one of these tea-houses, where the privileges common to other travellers fell to our lot; and could not but concede to our Japanese friends, that the reputation of the fair sex for beauty in this district was fully borne out. Reason enough, here as usually, to grace our fair entertainers with the souvenir of a ring, a hair-pin, or other trifle. It is from this place that we obtain the first view of the renowned Fozie mountain, which raises its snow-clad summit above its fellows, and hides it in the clouds.'

This mountain is elsewhere described as between 11,000 and 12,000 French feet in altitude, and as a volcano which has been for not more than a century quiescent. It is held in great affection by the Japanese, and constantly figures in the works of their artists and the pages of their poets and romance-writers; a distinction well merited by the beauty of its scenery and the fertility of its environs.

The embassy, which had left Nagasaki on the 6th of February, on the 27th of March reached Sinagawa, the Kensington or Kentish Town of the Japanese capital; which reminds the author, by the animation of its streets, and the multitude and splendour of its shops, of London.

'Long before we reached Sinagawa, we advanced, through the press of a crowded population, along broad streets, which may all be considered as belonging to Jeddo; and our progress to our resting-place occupied about two hours, at a steady and rapid pace. Nagasakya, the place appointed for our lodging, is situated close to the imperial palace, which forms the centre of the city. The diameter of the latter may be reckoned at from five to six leagues in extent.'

Once arrived here, the travellers found themselves much in the situation of state-prisoners—permitted, indeed, to receive official visits, but allowed to issue from their residence only on the occasion of their audience of the emperor, and surrounded in their abode by spies in various shapes and disguises. Among these visitors were some who understood Dutch—viz., the imperial under-interpreter, several physicians, and the imperial astrologer, who rejoiced in the apposite name of Globius. These eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them for obtaining scraps of European information, and the strangers doubtless equally laboured to increase their knowledge of Japan. This intercourse with the natives, although under constant supervision and regulation on the part of the government, was so far unrestrained, that the lodging of the embassy was usually crowded with guests till a late hour of the night; and though the letter of the Japanese law forbade the female sex to enter its precincts, that ingenuity of curiosity which in England has penetrated behind the throne in the House of Peers, and insinuated itself into the

the ventilator of the Commons, triumphed equally at Jeddo. It sometimes happened that a single male visiter came attended by six ladies—a circumstance which Mr. Fischer states by no means tended to protract the consumption of certain stores of liqueurs and confectionary which such occasions brought into play. Presents were interchanged according to the rank of the parties. A Dutch word or two written on the fan, as a substitute for an album, satisfied many of small pretensions. The secretaries of the government of Sadsuma brought an offering of twelve beautiful birds, fifteen rare plants, two lapdogs, two rabbits, with silks and other articles, conveyed in cages and cases which in value and beauty far exceeded their contents.

On the 6th of April, the great purpose of the mission was accomplished in the formal audience—to which the head of the embassy alone is admitted—of the emperor. The president is, however, attended to the threshold of sovereignty by his two European companions. After entering the palace, and waiting for an hour in a saloon, where they were exposed to the only circumstances savouring of impertinence or insult of which Mr. Fischer has, in his entire narrative, to complain, they entered the hall of audience, which he thus describes:—

‘It is very large, but simple, and without pomp of decoration. They pointed out to us, facing the entrance, an elevated spot destined for the appearance of the emperor; on its left hand, the places for the princes of the blood, and the imperial councillors, according to their rank. Although every part of the palace, seen by us, is remarkable for elaborate and beautiful construction, as well as for a general air of grandeur in comparison with other buildings, this part of it is too particularly set apart for public occasions to allow of much display of pomp and luxury. The proportions of the doors and shutters are colossal, and the Japan work, gilding, and carving, rich, yet simple. When we returned to the ante-chamber a heavy storm arose, which fortunately lasted but for a moment, as otherwise the audience would probably have been postponed, seeing that his imperial majesty has a great dread of thunder. At eleven o’clock the president was summoned to his audience, from which he returned in about half an hour. The whole ceremony consisted in his making his compliment in the Japanese fashion from the spot appointed, and remaining, for a few seconds, with his head bowed to the matted floor, till the words “Capitan Hollanda” were cried aloud. A deep silence reigned, only interrupted by a gentle murmur, with which the Japanese express profound reverence. The governor of Nagasaki, and the chief interpreter, were the only persons who accompanied the president, and gave him the signal of permission to depart, which is effected, like his entrance, in an inclined posture, so that the party is aware indeed of the presence of a number of persons, but, without violating the rules of Japanese politeness, cannot look about him,

or

or indulge his curiosity as to surrounding objects which might deserve it.

On the whole, though occasionally oppressed with visits, and once exposed to a scientific examination from a whole faculty of royal astrologers (as was the physician of the embassy to a five hours' interrogatory from sixteen of his brother professors), Mr. Fischer speaks in the highest terms of the kindness and hospitality with which he was treated during his stay at Jeddo. Some of his friends put his risible faculties to the test by the compliment of appearing at his quarters in Dutch apparel, of ancient and various date and fashion.

We wish we could afford more of our pages to this remote and remarkable people; but for the present we must stop. We leave them to the complacent enjoyment of the conviction, that they are the first of nations, and the eldest descendants of the Deity. We leave them satisfied of their absolute and universal excellence, wanting no change—'least of all, such change as we could give them,'—and tenacious of the maxim, 'that the commands of their emperor are like the sweat of man's body, which once exuded, returns not again to its source;' and we only further subjoin the well-balanced summary of their character with which Mr. Meylan closes his interesting volume:—'Cunning, polite, suspicious, reserved, sensual, impatient, haughty, superstitious, revengeful, cruel in cold blood, on the one side; on the other, just and honest, patriotic, exemplary in the relations of parent and child, firm friends, and *probably* not deficient in courage.'

ART. II.—1. *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth.* A new Edition. In 4 vols. Longman and Co.

2. *Selections from the Poems of William Wordsworth.* 1 vol. 12mo. Moxon. 1834.

MR. WORDSWORTH'S prefatory theories have been for many years sufficiently vexed and controverted; and the time seems to have come when, if we are to pause at all upon this threshold of his works, it should be with a view rather to a statement of results than to a continuance of the disputation. In point of opinion the result has been, we should say, as to the matter of poetic diction, a very general admission that no real elevation can be given to poetry by the use of phrases which are no otherwise poetical than as not being met with in prose. In point of practice, the result might have been equally decided, if certain results of a different character had not been thrown up at the

the same time from other sources. Some reforms have been effected, however. The poetical vocabulary in use precedently to Mr. Wordsworth's prefaces has been expurgated; Poetry is, in some particulars, more plain-spoken than she was then used to be; and some things are now called by their right names which were then considered to be more favourably presented to the poetical reader under any other denominations than those which belong to them in the language of real life. Thus the bird commonly known by the name of the nightingale is now so called in poetry; whereas before Mr. Wordsworth's time no poet could be content to give it an appellation less poetical than 'Philomel,' or 'tuneful bird of night;' and the luminary which was formerly graced with some such titular distinction as 'Bright Phœbus,' or 'Apollo's golden fire,' is now to be met with in a volume of poetry under the same name as that which is given to it in the almanac.

So far the prefaces did their work; but hardly was it accomplished, when there sprang up a new growth of abuses; and whilst some of these bore a very close resemblance to their predecessors, others, though having their root in the same soil, tended more dangerously to the corruption of style, inasmuch as they were of a more covert and surreptitious nature. A bald misnomer like that of 'Philomel' or 'Bulbul,' 'Albion' or 'Erin,' is sure to be shortly weeded out of the language to which it does not belong; but there are ways at the present time of falsifying genuine English words for purposes supposed to be poetical, which are more insidious, inasmuch as they carry with them not merely a confusion of tongues, but a confusion of ideas; and often also, by really conveying a sentiment, give some colour to their pretext of conveying a sense.

If we look through some volume of current poetry for one of those words which seem to be considered eminently poetical at the present day—the adjective 'wild' for example—and consider it closely in the many situations in which it will be found to recur, we shall in general find it to be used, not for the sake of any meaning, definite or indefinite, which it can be supposed legitimately to bear, but—in a manner which Mr. Wordsworth's prefaces will be found to explain—for the sake of conjuring up certain associations somewhat casually connected with it. It has been originally, perhaps, employed with propriety, and with distinguished success, in some passages conceived in the same mood of mind, and pointed to the same effects which are aimed at by its subsequent employers; the word takes, as it were, the colour of these original passages; becomes a stock-word with those who have more of the feeling of poetry than of discrimination in the use of language, and is employed thenceforward with a progressively diminishing

diminishing concern for its intrinsic significancy, or for the propriety of the applications which are made of it. The adjectives *bright*, *dark*, *lonely*, the nouns *light*, *dream*, *halo*, and fifty other words, might be instanced, which are scattered almost at random through our fugitive poetry, with a sort of feeling senselessness, and convey to the congenial reader the sentiment of which they are understood to be the symbols, without either suggesting to him any meaning, or awakening him to the want of it. In some instances it does not seem to be necessary that the word should be otherwise than misplaced, even in the passage which may have first given the impulse which led to the indiscriminate use of it. 'The mind, the music *breathing* from her face,' is suggestive of as much false metaphor as could well be concentrated in a single line; but it conveyed some vague impressions of beauty and fervour, and was associated with the feelings with which Lord Byron's writings were usually read; and 'to breathe' became thenceforth, amongst the followers of Lord Byron, a verb poetical which meant anything but respiration. Indeed, the abuse seems to have spread to a circle which might be supposed to be remote from Lord Byron's influence; for a book was published two or three years ago with the title of '*Holy Breathings*.'

These errors, when they shall have become old and tiresome, will probably give way, like those which preceded them, on the one hand, to more fresh and fashionable faults, and on the other, to a renewed application of Mr. Wordsworth's principles of poetic diction. Natural good sense and good taste will always conquer at last, though they will never be in want of new worlds of error to oppugn; and upon the sense and taste of the natural human understanding Mr. Wordsworth's principles will be found to rest, if they be accepted with the modifications which may be considered to have fairly resulted from the discussion that they have undergone. So accepted, they would teach the poet, not to draw his language exclusively from that of common life, nor indeed to reject, from some kinds of poetry, language of a highly scholastic and composite structure; but in general to use the same language which is employed in the writings and conversations of other men, when they write and discourse their best—to avoid any words which are not admissible in good prose or unaffected conversation, whether erudite or ordinary—and especially to avoid the employment of any words in a sense which is not their legitimate prosaic sense. The more these rules are observed, the more benefit will accrue to the writers and readers of poems: at least to those writers who can afford to deal in clear ideas, and to those readers who have so far exercised their faculties as to be desirous to understand a meaning in poetry.

If the influence of Mr. Wordsworth's works has (as we believe it has) added largely to the number of those who cultivate poetry with this aim; it is saying nothing in derogation of what he has done for his art—more than must be said of the greatest artists that ever existed—to acknowledge that the generation of false tastes and foolish phraseologies proceeds *pari passu* with their destruction, and that Mr. Wordsworth has not, any more than any poet ever did before, cut off the succession of readers who are capable of receiving, through catch-words appealing to their poetical susceptibilities, a pleasure which would be dissipated if any demand were made upon their understandings.

'Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos'—

If the true tastes of mankind are permanent, and the false deciduous, there are nevertheless those elements of false taste permanently inherent in human nature, which will perpetuate the kind and quality of bad poetry, however speedy may be the oblivion of the successive products. Let Mr. Wordsworth, or

'Let Hercules himself do what he may,'

poetry always will have, no doubt, as it always has had, its meretricious professors, its vicious admirers, and its bastard language.

Perhaps, however, the progress of Mr. Wordsworth's principles has been more aided by his poems than by his prefaces—by his practice than by his theory; for whilst the consideration of the latter is still we believe confined to disciples and students, the poems have made a rapid advance to popularity—more especially in the last ten years. A marked change may be observed in the tone taken upon the subject by those who float upon the current of society, and make themselves the mouth-piece of its opinions. We recollect the time when the mention of Mr. Wordsworth's name would have been met by any one of these gentlemen with some excellent joke about Peter Bell or the Idiot Boy: but of these pleasantries mankind has by degrees grown weary; and there are few societies in which they would not now be received as denoting that the party from whom they proceeded was somewhat behind the world in these matters.

We cannot but think that it is in a great measure Mr. Wordsworth's own fault that he has been thus late in winning the ear of the public at large. He knowingly and wantonly laid himself open to ridicule at a period when criticism was infected by a spirit of sarcasm—which, ignorant and shallow as it was, was not ill calculated to please the popular appetite, was attended therefore with eminent success, and brought a blight, as of a poisonous insect, upon the growth of every thing that was great and noble. Criticism and poetry, which ought to flourish together, as members

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of the same family of art, were then hardly ever in friendly relations with each other: the former, on the contrary, growing beside the latter like a mildewed ear, 'blasting its wholesome brother.' At this period, Mr. Wordsworth, challenging and defying, as it were, the evil spirit which was abroad, persisted in throwing out, from time to time, effusions which he must have known to be the very matter which that spirit would most delight to fasten upon, and could turn to the best account. He seemed to brave the contempt of the children of this world, and to take a pleasure in provoking the scoffs of their blind guides, as one who was resolved that his followers should be a peculiar people, and who would have said to them with John Wesley—'God forbid that we should not be the laughing-stock of mankind!'

We know not why this should have been done, or what was the compensation which it brought for the disadvantage, which it must unquestionably be esteemed by any poet, to have his influence—in this instance, it may be said, his purifying, fertilizing, and exalting influence—so long checked and retarded; thereby rendering him, though not ultimately less illustrious, yet certainly less useful in his day and generation.

If we are called upon, as no doubt we shall be by some of Mr. Wordsworth's more enthusiastic disciples, to specify in what instances Mr. Wordsworth did wantonly expose himself to injury from the buffoons of criticism, we answer—that, with all the reverence which we entertain for Mr. Wordsworth, as the greatest poet and philosopher of his age, we shall not decline any unacceptable office which a spirit of free inquiry shall seem to impose. We quote, therefore, the commonly quoted instance of the 'Idiot Boy;' and we allege, that the announcement of a serious moral purpose in this poem, namely, that of 'tracing the maternal passion through many of its more subtle windings,' and the choice of the incidents through which this purpose was to be accomplished, namely, the illness of Susan Gale—Betty Foy's difficulty in finding any one to go for the doctor—her determination to send her son the idiot upon a pony—his losing himself on the way—Betty's distressful search for him, and ultimate success;—we allege, that this end could not be announced, and these means employed, without producing such a sense of contrast as must, of necessity, suggest ludicrous ideas, and favour the attempt to direct upon the author the sentiment of ridicule so provoked. Human ingenuity cannot invent that amalgam of the trivial and the grave, of the imaginative and the familiar, which should succeed in giving congruity of effect to such a narrative, seriously related and set forth with the details which Mr. Wordsworth has not omitted to delineate. Will it be said, then, that the relation

is meant to be comic?—a comic narrative, merely adumbrating such matter of serious thought as all truth is pregnant with, when regarded with a philosophic mind. But if the poem is to be so considered, then the comic effect, resulting as it does chiefly from the narration in verse of matters of fact, which when there introduced appear ridiculously insignificant, must be said to be wanting in vivacity, unity, and predominance. Passages of poetic beauty occur,* and appear to demand of the reader that he should regard the whole as a serious performance, and there is no such decided and unmixed drollery as might dissipate his perplexity, and assure him that it was the poet's intention to excite his merriment.

The faults, of which we cite the 'Idiot Boy' as exhibiting an example, are in our opinion attributable also, in a more or less degree, to several others of Mr. Wordsworth's earlier minor poems, and to portions of 'Peter Bell.' As experiments, or as intellectual freaks or vagaries, there was no reason why he should not have written these poems, except that, as we have said above, they afforded to the clowns and harlequins of criticism an opportunity of 'setting on a certain quantity of barren spectators to laugh.' But, bearing in mind that this was sure to be the result, and that this result was calculated to repress the admiration which must otherwise have been rendered to his works at large, we cannot but think that he would have done well to temper with more of worldly discretion, in these in our view intrinsically unimportant particulars, the independent exercise of his genius.

There are some other particulars, in which we concur in the censures which have been passed upon several of Mr. Wordsworth's earlier poems. His theory of poetic diction was perhaps urged further in practice than it would have been, had it not been a sort of theory militant—a theory which had to prevail against popular error in the opposite extreme, and to establish itself in spite of the hostility of critics. He was perhaps more afraid than was needful of indulging in the weakness of concession.

'I am sensible,' he says in the Preface to the second edition of the

* Take for instance the following:—

'By this the stars were almost gone,
The moon was setting on the hill,
So pale you scarcely looked at her:
The little birds began to stir,
Though yet their tongues were still.'

Poets have always delighted in describing times by their incidents; and the Hours have each received, from poet or painter, or both in one, their characteristic garb and emblem: but we hardly know of any passage in which the poetical faculty is made thus delicately, and, as it were, with a minute-pointer, to indicate the time of day.

Lyrical

Lyrical Ballads, 'that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general; and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, sometimes from diseased impulses, I may have written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connexions of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and if he sets them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind loses all confidence in itself, and becomes utterly debilitated.'

We scarcely think that Mr. Wordsworth's mind, deeply founded as it was by nature, could have run any risk of this kind from a more ready compliance with public tastes, on points which were material no otherwise than in the unfortunate particular of leading to conflicts. Whether from the impulse of this unyielding *antagonism*, or from giving too much way to thought and theory in the choice of his phraseology, and thus losing the guidance of natural impressions, he was frequently, we think, betrayed into the use, in serious poetry, of language not only plain but colloquial; of phrases not only divested of adventitious associations of the poetical kind, but charged with opposite associations; and his style, in certain portions of his earlier writings, lay open to the objection that, whereas the end it had in view was a perfect simplicity of effect, it did not in point of fact accomplish that object, nor appear to the majority of readers to be the style which it was natural for an educated writer to use, whose chief care was to convey his meaning distinctly. It is always to be borne in mind that simplicity in poetry is the result of art, and that the '*ars celare artem*' is peculiarly requisite to this grace of style. In some of Mr. Wordsworth's earlier poems, the art employed to this end was consummate; in others, it was, we venture to think, apparent.

We will here present our readers with an example in each kind. The following stanzas appear to us to betray the devices by which the effect of simplicity is sought to be obtained:—

Beneath the clear blue sky, he saw
A little field of meadow ground;

But

But field or meadow name it not;
Call it of earth a small green plot,
With rocks encompassed round.

The Swale flowed under the grey rocks,
But he flowed quiet and unseen;—

You need a strong and stormy gale
To bring the noises of the Swale

To that green spot, so calm and green!"—vol. ii. p. 121.

In those which we are next to extract, on the contrary, it appears to us that art—occult art—could not be more successfully exercised in simplifying the language of poetry. An old man, of a mirthful temperament, is lying with the poet, on a summer's day, by the side of a fountain, and replies to a request that he would sing one of his lively songs, in a strain of transitory sadness, such as is often evoked by a summons to be gay:—

'Down to the vale this water steers—
How merrily it goes!

"Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,

I cannot chuse but think

How oft, a vigorous man, I lay

Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,

My heart is idly stirred,

For the same sound is in my ears

Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay,

And yet the wiser mind

Mourns less for what age takes away

Than what it leaves behind.

The blackbird in the summer trees,

The lark upon the hill,

Let loose their carols when they please,

Are quiet when they will.

With nature never do they wage

A foolish strife; they see

A happy youth, and their old age

Is beautiful and free:

But we are pressed by heavy laws;

And often glad no more,

We wear a face of joy, because

We have been glad of yore.

If there be one who need bemoan

His kindred laid in earth,

The household hearts that were his own,

It is the man of mirth."—vol. iii. p. 235.

To

To language so exquisitely simple as this, so graceful, so thoughtful, we doubt if the corrupted taste of any age, however dazzled with false adornments, could refuse admiration; and if the simplicity of all Mr. Wordsworth's earlier poems had been neither more nor less than this, his works would probably have been as popular from the first as they have lately begun to be. Yet how few, comparatively, of his now voluminous works are those from which many thoughtless persons have been used to infer the character of the whole; and how genuine is the simplicity of style in nine-tenths of his writings, in all that he has written subsequently to the period of his earlier and more theoretical taste! In truth, those who refer to the 'Idiot Boy,' as a characteristic specimen of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, after having really read his works, might be equally expected, after reading those of Lord Bacon, to quote, as characteristic of that great man's philosophy, the portion of his medical writings in which he recommends, as good for the digestion, 'whelps and healthy young boys applied to the stomach.' Few or none are the minds of great activity which are not subject to these occasional aberrations and lapses.

Idle misapprehensions of this kind are not the only ones which have retarded Mr. Wordsworth's popularity. Readers of a very different class from those who fell into these errors—able men and laborious students—have been accustomed to deliver it as their opinion, that Mr. Wordsworth is more eminently a great *thinker* than a great poet; and the belief has been disseminated, that it is necessary to climb to the heights of a new system of philosophy, in order to reach an appreciation of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry and find a pleasure in it. It appears to us that those from whom this opinion has taken its rise are men who, from the nature of their studies and the bent of their minds, apprehend more readily what is intellectual than what is poetical, and see all that there is of thought in what they read, and not all that there is of poetry. Undoubtedly Mr. Wordsworth is a philosopher; but those who are repelled from his writings by this consideration must need to have it explained to them in what sense he is so; and one or two of our pages may not be misemployed in the endeavour to afford them this explanation.

Mr. Wordsworth then, in our estimation, is a philosophic writer in the sense in which any man must be so, who writes from the impulses of a capacious and powerful mind, habituated to observe, to analyse, and to generalise. So far forth was Shakspeare likewise a philosopher. But it does not follow from this that he should be supposed to have invented any peculiar ethical or metaphysical system, or to have discovered any new principles upon which such a system could be built. What is new and peculiar

in him as a philosophic thinker is not his view of the primary principles of psychological philosophy, nor the trains of ratiocination by which he descends to those which are secondary and derivative: it consists not so much in reasoning as in judgment; not so much in the exposition of abstract truths, as in his manner of regarding the particulars of life as they arise, and of generalising them into one truth or another, according as the one or the other harmonises with his moral temperament and habitual and cherished states of feeling.

If a poet have any peculiar philosophy of his own, it must be mainly through this modification of the judgment by individual temperament; the affinities of such temperament drawing round him and giving predominant influence to some truths, whilst others are merely not rejected in deference to the reason. Nor is it to be supposed that a judgment so modified, and a philosophy into which sensibility thus enters, are therefore fallacious. Such a supposition will be entertained, we are aware, by those who have imagined to themselves such a mere fiction as the contemporaneous discernment of all moral truth. The real state of the case being, however, that truth can only be shown piecemeal in its component parts, and that poetry, at all events, can do no more than cast partial lights upon it, it is saying nothing in derogation of any man's philosophy, still less of his poetical philosophy, to affirm, that, in so far as it is peculiar to himself, it is so by dealing with that *portion of truth* of which his temperament gives him the most lively consciousness. By his individual temperament it is that Mr. Wordsworth's philosophic perceptions of truth, various and composite as they are, come to have a certain unity of drift, which has given to his writings the character of embodying a peculiar system of philosophy. We shall best explain our view of what that philosophy is, by a commentary upon some of the passages in which it comes to light.

The lines left upon a yew-tree seat, after describing the life of mortification led by a neglected man of genius—

'Who with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude'—

conclude with the following moral:—

'If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye

Is ever on himself, doth look on o ne,
 The least of Nature's works, one who might move
 The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
 Unlawful ever. Oh be wiser, thou!
 Instructed that true knowledge leads to love,
 True dignity abides with him alone
 Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
 Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
 In lowliness of heart.'—vol. iii. p. 211.

Let the stranger who is addressed in this passage be supposed to be another Wordsworth, another philosophic poet, or rather a pupil apt for becoming such, and then the injunctions which it contains are admirably calculated to train him in the way that *he* should go, although it may be possible to represent them as requiring to be received with some qualification by others. The nature of these qualifications will present a key to some of the peculiarities of Mr. Wordsworth's moral views.

It is undoubtedly essential not only to the philosophic character, but to the moral elevation of any man, that he should regard every atom of pride which he may detect in his nature as something which detracts from his dignity, inasmuch as it evinces some want of independence and of natural strength. When Burns breaks out into fiery expressions of contempt for the rich and the great, we recognise the man of genius, but not the man of an independent nature. If in his real feelings he had been independent of the rich and the great, they might have gone their way and he would have gone his, and we should have heard nothing of his scorn or disdain. These were dictated, not as they professed to be, by a spirit of independence, but by that which, wheresoever it exists, comes in abatement of independence—by pride. A keen desire of aggrandisement in the eyes of others, a sensitive apprehension of humiliation in their eyes, are the constituents of pride, and though it may manifest itself in divers forms, leading a man, perhaps, to avoid a *practical* dependence upon others, and even leading him, as in the case which is the subject of Mr. Wordsworth's poem, to terminate, as far as possible, his intercourse with mankind—yet these very courses would be evidences of a weakness of nature; for one who was not unduly dependent upon the opinion of others for his peace of mind would not be driven to seek this shelter; on the contrary, he would go through the world, giving and taking, in the freedom of the feeling, that so long as he should satisfy his own conscience in his dealings with his fellow-creatures, he would always be sure to receive from them as much respect as he had occasion for. It is then this servility and

cowardice of the inmost spirit, together with the artifices or the escapes naturally resorted to in such a state of slavery, that Mr. Wordsworth detects—when he bids us

‘know that pride,
Howe’er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness.’

So far, however, the sentiment expressed by Mr. Wordsworth, though largely contributing to his system of opinions, may not, perhaps, constitute a peculiarity of them; and in contrasting the sentiments of Burns with those of Wordsworth, we have not intended to represent the one poet any more than the other, as standing alone in his way of thinking; but only to contra-distinguish from the philosophic poet the mere man of genius who writes from the impulses of an ardent mind, and throws light upon human nature, less by the depth of his investigations, than by the liveliness of his sympathies; exhibiting, in truth, a subject for a philosopher to contemplate, rather than the spirit of philosophical contemplation. But proceeding with the passage, the next step takes us into Mr. Wordsworth’s peculiar domain. We are told that

‘He who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
That he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy.’

It is here that, were we to understand the doctrine as delivered for acceptance by mankind at large, we should, as we have already intimated, take some exceptions. The moral government of the world appears to us to require, that in the every-day intercourse of ordinary man with man, room should be given to the operation of the harsher sentiments of our nature—anger, resentment, contempt. They were planted in us for a purpose, and are not essentially and necessarily wrong in themselves, although they may easily be wrong in their direction. What we have to do is not to subdue such feelings; and we are to control them, not with a view to their suppression, but only with a view to their just application. Let the sentiment of justice be paramount, and it will lead to such serious consideration of the grounds of our hostile feelings as will, in itself and of necessity, temper them; but neither need nor ought to suppress them, nor even to abate their vivacity further than is necessary to admit of clear perceptions and a just judgment of their objects. Anger, resentment, and contempt, are instruments of the penal law of nature and private society, which, as long as evil exists, must require to be administered; and the best interests of mankind demand that they should be tempered with justice much more than with mercy. The public laws of a community,

community, and the penalties they denounce, have their chief importance by giving countenance and operation to the private penalties of society, the judgments of the street and the marketplace, searching and pervasive, by which alone evil inchoate can be contended with and destroyed. That Man, so far as he is liable to evil inclinations, should fear his neighbour, is as requisite for the good of society as that he should love his neighbour, and that which he will commonly stand most in fear of is his neighbour's just contempt.

Do we then, in so far as the doctrine in question is concerned, attribute to Mr. Wordsworth a *false* philosophy? We are by no means so presumptuous, nor (let us hope) so incapable of comprehending Mr. Wordsworth's views. In the first place, we conceive that Mr. Wordsworth adverted more especially to that species of contempt which is immediately connected with the pride denounced previously in the same passage, and the self-love denounced subsequently—the undue contempt which a man conjures up in himself through the workings of self-love, for the ends of self-aggrandisement, or perhaps more frequently to stave off a feeling of humiliation and self-reproach. But without insisting upon a qualification which the language employed may seem to some to refuse, we find in the proposition, taken even in all the absoluteness of its terms, no error, but, we should say, a peculiarity of sentiment, proceeding from a rare constitution of mind, adapted to that constitution, and when enjoined upon men whose minds are similarly constituted, not enjoined amiss.

The same sentiments are not to be cultivated by all sorts of minds. The standard of right and wrong is not so ill adapted to human nature as to take no account of its idiosyncracies, and to make all dispositions equally right or wrong in every frame and fabric of mind in which they are to be found throughout the infinite varieties of moral structure. There are men who are made to do more good by their just antipathies than by their sympathies, as there are others whose just sympathies are more available than their antipathies. There are also men whose admirable gifts of contemplation, whose clear intellectual insights, whose singular powers of communicating charitable thoughts, would be in part obscured and defeated by the admission of feelings alien to *their* natures, however necessary and wholesome as ordinary elements in the great compound of human society. These men are chosen instruments, and it is for them so to order their being as shall best conduce to the development and unimpeded operation of their excellent gifts. They should therefore take into their hands the lyre alone, leaving in the hands of others, with due acknowledgment, nevertheless, of their use and necessity, the sword, the axe, and the halter. Accordingly,

cordingly, to whom is it that Mr. Wordsworth addresses his admonition?—

‘If thou be one whose heart the holy forms

Of young imagination have kept pure—’

It is one thus eminently endowed—one whose gift of imagination has filled his mind with pure and holy forms—that Mr. Wordsworth adjures to profit by this gift to its fullest extent, to cultivate the knowledge which leads to love, and not to desecrate *his* heart by the admission of a contemptuous feeling even in respect of objects which may be not unworthily visited with contempt by others. *He*, searching for the explication of all that happens, and understanding through what impulses of nature or temptations of circumstance one man or another comes to be weak and vile; regarding all human acts or characters as natural phenomena, the materials of induction, and giving his mind duly in his vocation to the search for final causes, and the working out of abstract results—he, we say, the sage thus commissioned, must, for the purposes of this his comprehensive survey, look down upon human nature from an eminence, and strive to raise himself above the influence of all vehement and disturbing passions. Even such of them as may work for good with men not absolved by the exercise of higher functions from taking a part in the practical contests of life, must be regarded as of too temporal and secular a character to be entertained by him.

Closely connected with his repudiation of the harsher and more violent feelings of humankind, is Mr. Wordsworth's devotion to the beauty of the forms of external nature. This devotion affords to men of great excitability and a passionate sense of the beautiful, an escape from many dangers and disturbances. The appetite for the beautiful in such men *must* be fed, and human beauty is a diet which leads to excessive stimulation, frequent vicissitudes of feeling at all events, and, in every probability, to the excitement of bitter and turbulent passions. The love and admiration of nature leads *from* all these; being in truth the safe outlet for every excess of sensibility. The pleasure so derived appears to be, of all human pleasures, the most exempt from correlative pain. It has no connexion of its own creating with any intemperance, sensual, sentimental, or intellectual. Moreover, he who has given away his heart to the beauty of nature rests in the quiet consciousness that his admiration is fixed upon a perdurable object; whereas the beauty of a woman has a tendency to provoke, in a thoughtful mind, disturbing anticipations—

‘For human beauty is a sight

To sadden rather than delight;

Being the prelude of a lay

Whose burthen is decay.’

In our admiration of the external forms of nature the mind is redeemed from this sense of the transitory, which so often mixes perturbation with pleasure, and there is perhaps no feeling of the human heart which, being so intense, is at the same time so composed. It is for this reason, amongst others, that it is peculiarly favourable to the contemplations of a poetical philosopher, and eminently so to one like Mr. Wordsworth, in whose scheme of thought there is no feature more prominent than the doctrine that the intellect should be nourished by the feelings, and that the state of mind which bestows a 'gift of genuine insight' is one of profound emotion as well as profound composure; or, as Mr. Coleridge has somewhere expressed himself,

'Deep self-possession, an intense repose.'

The power which lies in the beauty of nature to induce this union of the tranquil and the vivid is described, and to every disciple of Mr. Wordsworth has been as much as is possible imparted, by the celebrated 'Lines written in 1798, a few miles above Tintern Abbey,' in which the poet, having attributed to his intermediate recollections of the landscape then revisited a benign influence over many acts of daily life, describes thus the other particulars in which he is indebted to them:—

'Nor less I trust

To them I may have owed another gift
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight,
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things. If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
Oh sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

If it were possible to read or repeat such passages too often, we might stop here; for there are probably few portions of Mr. Wordsworth's

worth's works which are better known; but they have become thus familiar because they are eminently characteristic, and for the same reason they should not be omitted from our view of Mr. Wordsworth's philosophy. Having reverted to his first visit to the Wye, which was in his early youth, he proceeds:—

‘ Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements, all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss I would believe
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. . . .

. . . . Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.’—vol. ii. pp. 100-103.

This impassioned love of nature is interfused through the whole of Mr. Wordsworth's system of thought, filling up all interstices, penetrating all recesses, colouring all media, supporting, associating, and giving coherency and mutual relevancy to it in all its parts. Though man is his subject, yet is man never presented to us divested of his relations with external nature. Man is the text, but there is always a running commentary of natural phenomena. In his great work, ‘the mind of man’ is, as he announces, ‘the haunt and the main region of his song;’ but the mind of man, as exhibited by Mr. Wordsworth, whatever else it may be,

hardly

hardly ever fails to be the mirror of natural objects, and more or less the creature of their power.

The vivacity with which he is accustomed to apprehend this power of inanimate nature over the human mind has indeed led him in some cases, we venture to think, too far; not indeed in his philosophic views, for we are not of opinion that the excess to which we allude should be placed to their account; but, we should say, in his poetical licenses, or in that particular poetic license, by which sensation is attributed to inanimate objects—the particular feeling which they excite in the spectator being ascribed to themselves, as if they were sentient beings. Thus we find in the ‘Intimations of Immortality’—

‘The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the Heavens are bare.’

And in the same ode—

‘Ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,

Think not of any severing of our loves.’—vol. iii. p. 315.

In ‘The Excursion’—

‘Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,

And ocean’s liquid mass, beneath him lay

In gladness and deep joy.’—vol. iv. p. 21.

We are aware that there are passages in Mr. Wordsworth’s works which might lead to the supposition that this mode of expression was in some degree connected with his philosophic creed:—

‘And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,

A motion and a spirit, that impels

All thinking things, all objects of all thought,

And rolls through all things.’—vol. ii. p. 120.

The only sense, however, in which we can understand this and some similar passages is, as representing inanimate objects to be the symbols or types of feelings, the sentient seat of which is in their Creator. The evidences and results of a feeling may thus be said to pervade inanimate creation, and natural objects may be described as both the effect of a feeling in Him who created them, and the cause of a feeling in those who survey them. But to represent them as the *seat* of a feeling must be considered merely as a license indulged in by the poet, for the purpose of more forcibly assimilating in the mind of his readers the type with the archetype.

archetype. As a poetical license, the commutation may be justifiable even in its most naked form; but to the frequent recurrence of it we object, as we should to the iteration of any other very bold figure of speech. There is one theory, it is true, upon which it might be supposed to be more than a mere figurative mode of expression,—the theory that there is no such thing as inanimate nature, and that every visible particle of matter is a congeries of animalculæ. It is clear, however, that if this purely physical hypothesis would support the terms employed by Mr. Wordsworth, it would destroy the spirit and meaning which they are intended to convey.

But if we think that there may be met with in Mr. Wordsworth's writings passages which his love of nature has impressed with some traces of inordinate desires, instigating the imagination to fictions of impossible fulfilments—desires for community of feeling, and reciprocity of spiritual communication with things inanimate;—if we conceive ourselves to detect some tokens in these passages of the 'dizzy raptures' of which he speaks as having characterized his passion for nature in its earlier stages—we yet entertain the opinion with diffidence, and not without the consciousness that we may not have fully comprehended the scope and purport of Mr. Wordsworth's more imaginative flights, and that we may possibly be of the number of those critics who 'take upon them to report of the course which *he* holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany,—confounded if he turn quick upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily "into the region." Be this as it may, however, we hold ourselves competent to appreciate the aid afforded to Mr. Wordsworth's philosophical meditations by that more sedate, but not less deeply-seated, love of nature,—that *wedded* love, by which his works are more generally characterized. We can perceive in what manner the intellectual vision, cleared, by virtue of this love, from the obstructions of petty cares as well as turbid excitements, and yet stimulated to activity by the impulse of pleasurable emotion, is—

'Made quick to recognize

The moral properties and scope of things.'

We can perceive how the habit of contemplating natural objects in their causative character may not only make all nature seem to live in the eyes of the poet, but may also teach the philosopher to penetrate farther into the *passive* properties of living beings—their properties not only as agents but as objects. As an example of this perspicacity, let us adduce the poem entitled the 'Old Cumberland Beggar.'

'The aged man

Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone

That

That overlays the pile, and from a bag
 All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one,
 And scanned them with a fixed and serious look
 Of idle computation.
 Him from my childhood I have known, and then
 He was so old, he seems not older now.
 He travels on, a solitary man ;
 So helpless in appearance, that for him
 The sauntering horseman-traveller does not throw
 With careless hand his alms upon the ground,
 But stops, that he may safely lodge the coin
 Within the old man's hat.
 He travels on a solitary man ;
 His age has no companion. On the ground
 His eyes are turned, and as he moves along
They move along the ground ; and evermore,
 Instead of common and habitual sight
 Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
 And the blue sky, one little span of earth
 Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,
 Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
 He plies his weary journey, seeing still,
 And seldom knowing that he sees—some straw,
 Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,
 The nails of cart or chariot wheel have left
 Impressed on the white road, in the same line,
 At distance still the same. Poor traveller !
 His staff trails with him—scarcely do his feet
 Disturb the summer dust ; he is so still
 In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
 Ere he have passed the door, will turn away,
 Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
 The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
 And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by :
 Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.'

It would be difficult to present to the imagination, with more curious distinctness, the picture of a human being whose uses upon earth were over. Such certainly would be the conclusion of an ordinary observer. A form of humanity it would be said—a shell or husk of a human being, than which nothing could be conceived more neutral, more nugatory. But the poet, if at a loss to assign any active uses to such an existence, can discover in it a rich endowment of passive attributes.

'Deem him not
 A burthen of the earth ! 'Tis Nature's law
 That none, the meanest of created things,
 Of forms created the most vile and brute,

The

The dullest or most noxious, should exist;
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
 A life and soul, to every mode of being
 Inseparably linked. While thus he creeps
 From door to door, the villagers in him
 Behold a record which together binds
 Past deeds and offices of charity,
 Else unremembered; and so keeps alive
 The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
 And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,
 Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
 To selfishness and cold oblivious cares,
 Among the farms and solitary huts,
 Hamlets and thinly scattered villages,
 Where'er the aged beggar takes his rounds,
 The mild necessity of use compels
 To acts of love; and habit does the work
 Of reason; yet prepares that after joy
 Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul
 By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
 Doth find herself insensibly disposed
 To virtue and true goodness. Some there are,
 By their good works exalted, lofty minds
 And meditative, authors of delight
 And happiness, which to the end of time
 Will live and spread and kindle; even such minds
 In childhood, from this solitary being,
 Or from like wanderer, haply have received
 (A thing more precious far than all that books
 Or the solitudes of love can do!)
 That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
 In which they found their kindred with a world
 Where want and sorrow were. The easy man
 Who sits at his own door, and, like the pear
 That overhangs his head from the green wall,
 Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and young,
 The prosperous and unthinking, they who live
 Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove
 Of their own kindred—all behold in him
 A silent monitor, which on their minds
 Must needs impress a transitory thought
 Of self-congratulation, to the heart
 Of each recalling his peculiar boons,
 His charters and exemptions; and, perchance,
 Though he to no one give the fortitude
 And circumspection needful to preserve
 His present blessings, and to husband up
 The respite of the season, he, at least,
 And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt.
 Yet further——

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Yet further, indeed, we could with pleasure follow out the investigation into the manifold uses of a being by whom nothing can be *done*; but space fails us, and we pass to the closing benediction, with which, whether in terms or in spirit, the benevolence of the poet never fails to crown his philosophy:—

' Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !
And—while in that vast solitude to which
The tide of things has borne him, he appears
To breathe and live but for himself alone—
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
The good which the benignant law of heaven
Has hung around him ; and, while life is his,
Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
Then let him pass—a blessing on his head !
And long as he can wander, let him breathe
The freshness of the valleys ; let his blood
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows ;
And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath
Beat his grey locks against his withered face.
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
Gives the last human interest to his heart.
May never *HOUSE*, misnamed of *INDUSTRY*,
Make him a captive ! for that pent-up din,
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,
Be his the natural silence of old age !
Let him be free of mountain solitudes,
And have around him, whether heard or not,
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
Few are his pleasures ; if his eyes have now
Been doomed so long to settle on the earth,
That not without some effort they behold
The countenance of the horizontal sun,
Rising or setting, let the light at least
Find a free entrance to those languid orbs ;
And let him, where and when he will, sit down
Beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank
Of highway side, and with the little birds
Share his chance-gathered meal ; and, finally,
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die !"—vol. iii. p. 283.

It is such poems as these that forcibly recommend to us the tenet, that—

' he who feels contempt
For any living thing, has faculties
Which he has never used.'

And it is by them that we are impressed with a sense of the dignity

nity of that order of mind in which the contemplative faculty may be so justly called to an undivided predominance.

Never, indeed, was the mind of man imbued with a deeper sense of the dignity of his calling than that which pervades the writings of Mr. Wordsworth; and many are they who, though conscious that no such calling is theirs,—that no such spirit has descended upon them,—have nevertheless been filled by those writings with aspirations which lifted them as high as it was in their nature to rise above the level of ephemeral pursuits and unworthy ambition. The sanative influence of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry is felt—where such influence is most wanted—in natures of peculiar sensibility; and it applies itself to that which in those natures is commonly the peccant part. Gross corruption or demoralization is not ordinarily to be apprehended for such minds; but they are subject to be weakened, wasted, and degraded by the vanities and petty distractions of social life, or by accessions of casual and futile amatory sentiment. The love of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry takes possession of such a mind like a virtuous passion, fortifying it against many selfish and many sentimental weaknesses, precluding trivial excitement, and coupling the indulgence (necessary in one way or another) of passionate feeling, with serious study, and as much of intellectual exercise as the understanding may happen to have strength to bear. To such a mind, conceiving greater things than it can take firm hold of, marking out for itself a loftier course of life than it has steadiness to pursue, and feeling itself dwarfed by the height of its own moral standard,—how often, and with what an invigorating impulse will those passages recur, in which Mr. Wordsworth has invoked, with all plainness and gravity of style, but with an earnestness not on that account the less impressive, the aid which is requisite to make the weak stand fast:—

‘ If such theme

May sort with highest objects, then, dread Power,
Whose gracious favour is the primal source
Of all illumination, may my life
Express the image of a better time,
More wise desires, and simpler manners; nurse
My heart in genuine freedom: all pure thoughts
Be with me,—so shall thy unfailing love

Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!—vol. iv. p. 9.

Who that, with the consciousness of a better birthright, has felt himself from time to time subjugated by the petty tyranny of circumstance—by idle sympathies and ignoble inducements, and suffered from the shame of such subjugation,—could not repeat those few words—

‘ ——— nurse

' — nurse

My heart in genuine freedom——'

with the frequency of a daily prayer, and with such a hope to be heard as might well be inspired by feeling himself, for the moment at least, a sharer in the fervency of the invocation? To these lights in the poetical hemisphere such an aspirant might look up, in seasons of pressure, as Wallenstein did to the star, the sight of which had so often 'shot strength into his heart.'

Of the nature of this genuine freedom, or freedom of the heart, in its several kinds, we have some further intimations in the 'Ode to Duty.' That poem points first to the freedom of native innocence, a state in which, through some rare happiness of nature and friendliness of fortune, some human beings are to be found, whose impulses scarcely need either direction or control, and to whom it is given to be thoughtlessly good :

' There are who ask not if Thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do thy work and know it not.'

It is seldom, indeed, that the duties of life can be gone through with so loose a rein ; and when an instance does occur in which what is spontaneous is all-sufficient, and continues so after early youth, it will almost always be found to be in the case of one whose scope of being is not naturally large. Wherever there is an abundance of human nature with its passions and powers, not only does self-government become necessary to check their exorbitancies, but thoughtfulness becomes a condition of a dutiful life, inasmuch as the qualities of such a being necessarily draw him into more complicated and pregnant relations with his fellow-creatures. Wherein, then, is to consist the freedom of *his* heart? We answer, in self-government upon a large scale,—in so ordering the circumstances of his life, and determining the general direction in which his powers and feelings shall be cultivated, as may clear him from petty wrestlings with his inclinations, and from multiplied efforts and restraints,—in so dealing, that is, with his years and months, as shall impart a certain orderly liberty to his days and hours. It is thus that the virtue of the man may be assimilated to the free innocence of the child, and be invested with some of its charms ; and the man who has thus looked to the regulation of his mind in the main, may go on his way doing what he likes, inasmuch as he has first taken a security for liking what is good. Occasions will arise, no doubt, not unfrequently, in the manifold contingencies which life, howsoever ordered, must present, on
which

which specific and extemporaneous self-government will be called for; but no man will make the most of his better nature who does not so place himself in life, and so manage his mind, as to give free play to all his natural dispositions which are not evil, and to make his acts of virtue, where it is possible, enjoyments and not restraints. It is this *genial* virtue, falling back, when need is, upon severe virtue for support, that Mr. Wordsworth describes in the beautiful stanza following that which we last quoted from the 'Ode to Duty':—

'Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.'

—vol. iii. p. 279.

We have now sketched as many traits of Mr. Wordsworth's philosophy as may be sufficient to indicate to any of our readers who may be unacquainted with his works, the quality of their moral materials. We proceed to other topics.

In the *NARRATIVE* Poems of Mr. Wordsworth (with the exception of the 'White Doe of Rylstone'), his peculiarities in respect to subject, treatment, and style, are perhaps even more strongly marked than in those parts of his works which are more directly philosophical. Amongst the narrative poems we include, and, indeed, would place prominently, the story of 'Margaret,' in the first book of the 'Excursion,' and the series of stories in the sixth and seventh books; and we would select as examples, more conspicuous even than these, the pastoral poem, entitled 'Michael' (vol. i. p. 174), and the story of the 'Female Vagrant' (vol. i. p. 79). The incidents related in these poems, if not actually matters of fact (which probably most of them were), are such as might have occurred just as easily and naturally as any of the real events of life which we are accustomed to hear of,—we had almost said to hear of every day; but if not so, still to become familiar with in the course of a few years passed in the sphere of life to which they belong. There is nothing romantic in them. The poet writes in the confidence of his power to impart interest to the realities of life, deriving both the confidence and the power from the deep interest which he feels in them. It is an attribute of great susceptibility of imagination to need no extraordinary provocatives; and when this is combined with intensity of observation, and peculiar force of language, it is the high privilege of the

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the poet so endowed to rest upon the common realities of life, and to dispense with its anomalies,—leaving to less gifted writers the representation of strange fatalities, and of ‘nature erring from itself.’

Michael had received from his forefathers the inheritance of a piece of land near Grasmere, in Cumberland, and his calling was to tend his flocks upon the mountains. The land had been burthened when it came to him, and it was not till he was forty years of age that, by continual vigilance and toil, he had cleared it of debt. His wife was twenty years younger than himself. They passed through middle age a solitary couple—

‘neither gay perhaps

Nor cheerful; yet with objects and with hopes,
Living a life of eager industry,—’

and Michael was beginning to think himself an old man when a child was born to him. This only child became the object of his most devoted attachment; and was brought up to his father’s occupation till his eighteenth year, when Michael lost half what he was worth by the failure of a nephew for whom he was surety. He then made up his mind to send his son to a relation, who was a tradesman in London, in order that there might be a prospect of retrieving through him the fortunes of the family: the son went in great hope and with good dispositions; but after he had been some time in London, he took to evil courses, and absconding from their consequences, sought an asylum beyond seas. In a few years the old man died; his wife did not long survive him; and their land passed into the hands of a stranger.

Such is the story of Michael; and probably no poet ever contented himself with what would be thought a tamer theme. It is worth while to inquire, therefore, by what singular power it is that Mr. Wordsworth has been enabled to carry this theme to the hearts of many thousands of readers.* Simplicity of narration would clearly be insufficient of itself to produce such an effect. The facts are not enough. The human heart is not so tender, or so easily touched, as to respond feelingly to a simple communication of what happened to Michael. Any want of simplicity would at once destroy the effect; but simplicity the most scriptural would not of itself suffice to produce it.

We are disposed to think that the effect is in the first place to be ascribed to the reader’s recognition of *power* in the mind of the writer. Facts which would not interest him otherwise are made

* Looking to the numerous editions of Mr. Wordsworth’s poems which had been sold even before the period at which he rose in popularity, and bearing in mind that ‘Michael’ has always been a favourite with Mr. Wordsworth’s disciples, we should not have been above the mark in assigning to it many thousands of readers, even had we been writing ten years ago.

to do so by the consciousness that they have interested a powerful mind. He is interested in perceiving the effect of them upon that mind, and his sympathies with the powerful are brought in aid of his sympathies with the pathetic. The *language* of the poet therefore, as the symbol of his power, contributes mainly to the effect.

There are many readers who would in vain search the language of Mr. Wordsworth for tokens of the power which we speak of,—many to whom, in such narratives as ‘Michael,’ his language would be a dead letter as well as his theme. There are many also to whom the language of David in his lamentation over the death of Absalom would be a dead letter, were it not in the Bible that they read it. To such readers violence is power; abrupt and startling ejaculations, or extravagant figures of speech, constitute the language of passion. Mr. Wordsworth’s language addresses itself to other ears—to the ears of those who feel that truthfulness of language gives force, and that habits of just and exact thinking give truthfulness; to the ears of those who understand the strength which lies in moderation, where thought is to be conveyed,—or where feelings are the subject, the enthusiasm which lies in the language of reserve.

Next to the sense of power, as betokened by language, which Mr. Wordsworth’s narratives convey, we would adduce, as principally contributing to their influence over the imagination, the minute familiarity which they evince with the modes of life represented in them, and with the feelings belonging to those modes of life. It is only through sympathy that such familiarity can be acquired; and that which is begotten by sympathy begets it. Mr. Wordsworth’s mind, being not only poetical and philosophical, but also eminently practical, becomes readily conversant with the affairs and pursuits of men in every sphere, and sees into their daily life. In treating of the lower classes, where the range of objects is necessarily narrow, whilst this very limitation tends to direct the feelings upon them with a concentrated force, he not only deals with the natural affections of the shepherd or the ploughman, but also concerns himself with their applications of such intellectual gifts as they possess to such ends as lie within their reach; he understands the pleasure and pride attaching to skill in their craft; he enters into the spirit of their ordinary occupations, of their dealings for the lucre of gain,—into the cares of their poverty and the interests of their thrift. Mr. Wordsworth is, in truth, one of those rare individuals, who, being best placed where he is in life, would not however have been misplaced in any situation whatever. For whilst he is endowed with the highest intellectual powers in the largest measure, it is his singular felicity

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to possess also all the inferior faculties, each in its due proportion ; in short, to be in possession of a complete mind. Hence it is that let his Fancy transport him amongst what order of mankind she may, he can make himself at home amongst them, understand their predicament, partake their life : hence it is that let his Fancy recommend to him for particular representation whatever individuals may please her best, he can bid the guests welcome, and afford them cordial entertainment, until they become, as it were, domesticated in his mind.

Thus, to return to ' Michael,' the interests and pursuits of the Shepherd are described in that poem, as well as the affections of the Father :—

‘ His mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone ; and oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the south
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
“ The winds are now devising work for me.”
And, truly, at all times, the storm that drives
The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains : he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists
That came to him and left him on the heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past ;
And grossly that man errs who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
Were things indifferent to the shepherd's thoughts :
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
The common air ; the hills which he so oft
Had climbed with vigorous step ; which had impressed
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill, or courage, joy, or fear ;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
The certainty of honourable gain ;
Those fields, those hills,—what could they less ? had laid
strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.’—vol. i. p. 175.

So felt the Shepherd : let us now pass to the portraiture of the Father :—

2 A 2

‘ Thus

' Thus living on through such a length of years,
 The shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
 Have loved his helpmate. But to Michael's heart
 This son of his old age was yet more dear ;
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
 Blind spirit which is in the blood of all,
 Than that a child, more than all other gifts,
 Brings hope with it and forward-looking thoughts,
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they
 By tendency of nature needs must fail.
 Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
 His heart and his heart's joy ! for oftentimes
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
 Had done him female service, not alone
 For pastime and delight, as is the use
 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
 To acts of tenderness ; and he had rocked
 His cradle with a woman's gentle hand.
 And in a later time, ere yet the boy
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,
 Albeit of a stern, unbending mind,
 To have the young one in his sight, when he
 Had work by his own door, or when he sat
 With sheep before him on his shepherd's stool.
 There while they two were sitting in the shade
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
 Upon the child, if he disturbed the sheep
 By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
 Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.
 But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
 Against the mountain blasts ; and to the heights,
 Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
 He with his father daily went, and they
 Were as companions ; why should I relate
 That objects which the shepherd loved before
 Were dearer now ? that from the boy there came
 Feelings and emanations ;—things which were
 Light to the sun and music to the wind ;
 And that the old man's heart seemed born again ?'

Then comes the account of the disaster which befel Michael
 in the loss of half his substance, which reduced him to the alter-
 native of sending his son to London, or of parting with the land
 which had descended to him from his ancestors. Those who are
 acquainted with the yeomanry of the north of England know how
 peculiarly powerful are their feelings of local attachment and
 their love of their small landed inheritances. In that singular
 production

production called 'The Doctor, &c.' (a book which, with all its wanton absurdities, is rich beyond almost any other of the time in the best knowledge and the most beautiful literature,) it is well observed, that 'to have held these small patrimonies unimpaired, as well as unenlarged, through so many generations, implies more contentment, more happiness, and a more uniform course of steadiness and good conduct, than could be found in the proudest genealogies.' Under the influence of these local and proprietary feelings (which, on this side the borders, have now lost their hold on all but the secluded mountaineers of Cumberland and Westmoreland), the shepherd-yeoman resolved upon the alternative of sending his son forth to seek his fortune. Near a brook, in the depths of the valley, Michael had gathered together a heap of loose stones, with the intention of building a sheepfold there. Thither he took his son on the eve of his departure, and desired him to lay the first stone of the sheepfold, that it might be a covenant between them:—

'This was a work for us; and now, my son,
It is a work for me. But lay one stone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
Nay, boy, be of good hope; we both may live
To see a better day. At eighty-four
I still am strong and hale; do thou thy part;
I will do mine. I will begin again
With many tasks that were resigned to thee:
Up to the heights and in among the storms
Will I without thee go again, and do
All works which I was wont to do alone,
Before I knew thy face.'

Accordingly, when his son was gone, the old shepherd resumed his duties manfully, and from time to time worked at the building of the sheepfold; and he was cheered for some time by loving letters from the boy, and by satisfactory tidings of his conduct. But at length came the accounts of an opposite tenor,—that he had given himself up to dissolute courses, that ignominy and shame had fallen upon him, and, finally, that he had been driven to seek a hiding-place beyond the seas:—

'There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart.
I have conversed with more than one who well
Remember the old man, and what he was
Years after he had heard these heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up towards the sun,

And

And listened to the wind ; and, as before,
 Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
 And for the land his small inheritance.
 And to that hollow dell from time to time
 Did he repair, to build the fold of which
 His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
 The pity which was then in every heart
 For the old man ; and 'tis believed by all
 That many and many a day he thither went,
 And never lifted up a single stone.'

It will be perceived that the poem of 'Michael,' being in blank verse, affords scope for more detail than could well be introduced into a poem in rhyme. The 'Female Vagrant' is in rhymed stanzas, and if we had room we should wish to quote it at length, as a specimen of Mr. Wordsworth's narrative poems, written in a different manner from that of 'Michael,' with equal force and effect. The symmetry of this narrative is so perfect, and must constitute, especially to those who look at it in its wholeness with the eyes of an artist, so peculiar a charm, that we have hesitated to take it to pieces. But the hands of criticism are proverbially irreverent, and briefly sketching the story of the poem as we proceed, we shall break it up for illustrations without further scruple.

The Female Vagrant tells her own tale, and begins with her childhood. To men (like ourselves) whose benevolence is not so readily awakened as might be wished in behalf of those of their fellow-creatures who wear a coarse outside, the aspect of adult rustic life may be uninteresting,—except, indeed, in some occasional instances, when an inherent refinement of nature has triumphed over external circumstances, or (which is perhaps equally unfrequent in the class) when inborn beauty is so predominant as to make up for all deficiencies. But childhood has its charms in every sphere of life ; and also, though with a marked difference of degree and prevalence as we descend to the *laborious* classes, its beauty and its grace. The effects of toil, exposure to the weather, and narrow cares, have not, at that age, had time to tell upon the countenance, and give it that unliving and unmeaning barrenness of expression which physical hardship has a tendency to induce, but which still more surely results when the lines of advancing life have been traced by care and not by thought—when the loss of animal beauty and animal spirits has been uncompensated. The child of rustic life not having suffered the loss, and having no need of the compensation, has all the attractiveness of appearance which it may have pleased nature to bestow ; and its manners and social feelings have hardly yet felt the influence of artificial distinctions, and of the distrust which they too often engender.

engender. To us the child of the peasant has often been the link through which we have reached a feeling of human fellowship with the parent. It is true that no such intermediary ought to be needed; but such are the insensibilities of many minds, and such are the approaches by which they are to be overcome; and skillfully is it therefore that the poet has made the subject of his story first present herself at the period of her childhood.

' My father was a good and pious man,
An honest man by honest parents bred;
And I believe that soon as I began
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,
And in his hearing there my prayers I said:
And afterwards by my good father taught,
I read, and loved the books in which I read;
For books in every neighbouring house I sought,
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.
' Can I forget what charms did once adorn
My garden, stored with peas, and mint, and thyme,
And rose, and lily, for the sabbath morn?
The sabbath bells, and their delightful chime;
The gambols and wild freaks at shearing time;
My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;
The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime;
The swans that when I sought the water-side,
From far to meet me came, spreading their snowy pride?

' The staff I yet remember which upbore
The bending body of my active sire;
His seat beneath the honeyed sycamore
Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire;
When market morning came, the neat attire
With which, though bent on haste, myself I decked;
My watchful dog, whose starts of furious ire,
When stranger passed, so often I have checked;
The redbreast, known for years, which at my casement pecked.

' The suns of twenty summers danced along,
Ah! little marked how fast they rolled away:
But through severe mischance and cruel wrong
My father's substance fell into decay:
We toiled and struggled—hoping for a day
When fortune should put on a kinder look;
But vain were wishes—efforts vain as they;
He from his old hereditary nook

Must part,—the summons came,—our final leave we took.

' It was indeed a miserable hour
When, from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower
That on his marriage-day sweet music made

Till then he hoped his bones might there be laid,
Close by my mother in their native bowers :
Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed,—
I could not pray : through tears that fell in showers
Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas, no longer ours !

‘ There was a youth whom I have loved so long,
That when I loved him not I cannot say :
Mid the green mountains many a thoughtless song
We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May ;
When we began to tire of childish play,
We seemed still more and more to prize each other ;
We talked of marriage and our marriage-day ;
And I in truth did love him like a brother,
For never could I hope to meet with such another.

‘ Two years were passed since to a distant town
He had repaired to ply the artist’s trade ;
What tears of bitter grief, till then unknown !
What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed !
To Him we turned—we had no other aid :
Like one revived upon his neck I wept,
And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,
He well could love in grief ; his faith he kept ;
And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

‘ We lived in peace and comfort ; and were blest
With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.
Three lovely infants lay upon my breast ;
And often viewing their sweet smiles I sighed
And knew not why. My happy father died—
When sad distress reduced the children’s meal ;
Thrice happy ! that for him the grave did hide
The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel,
And tears that flowed for ills which patience could not heal.

‘ ’Twas a hard change ; an evil time was come,
We had no hope, and no relief could gain.
But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum
Beat round, to sweep the streets of want and pain :
My husband’s arms now only served to strain
Me and his children hungering in his view ;
In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain :
To join those miserable men he flew ;
And now to the sea-coast with numbers more we drew.’

—vol. i. p. 79.

Nothing is more remarkable in this narrative than the even and quiet rapidity of its progress from beginning to end ; and it costs us an effort to interrupt it ; but we must put the next events into still fewer words than the few (marvellously few, considering the effect produced) in which they are told by the poet. She follows her husband

husband to the theatre of war, and through many miseries by sea and land; and after his death by the sword, and that of her children by famine and pestilence, she embarks again for England:—

‘The vessel reached its bound;

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

‘By grief enfeebled was I turned adrift,
Helpless as sailor cast on desert rock;
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
Nor dared my hand at any door to knock;
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock
From the cross-timber of an outhouse hung:
Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock!

At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,
Nor to the beggar’s language could I fit my tongue.

‘So passed another day, and so the third;
Then did I try in vain the crowd’s resort,
—In deep despair by frightful wishes stirred,
Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort;
There, pains which nature could no more support,
With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall,
And after many interruptions short

Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crawl;
Unsought for was the help that did my life recall.

‘Borne to an hospital I lay with brain
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory;
I heard my neighbours, in their beds, complain
Of many things which never troubled me;
Of feet still bustling round with busy glee;
Of looks where common kindness had no part;
Of service done with careless cruelty,
Fretting the fever round the languid heart;

And groans which, as they said, might make a dead man start.

‘These things just served to stir the torpid sense,
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.
With strength did memory return; and, thence
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,
At houses, men, and common light amazed.
The lanes I sought, and as the sun retired,
Came where beneath the trees a faggot blazed;

The travellers saw me weep, my fate inquired,
And gave me food,—and rest, more welcome, more desired.

‘They, with their panniered asses, semblance made
Of potters wandering on from door to door;
But life of happier sort to me pourtrayed,
And other joys my fancy to allure;

The bagpipe dinning on the midnight moor,
In barn uplighted; and companions boon
Well met from far with revelry secure,
Among the forest glades, when jocund June
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

‘ But ill they suited me—these journeys dark
O’er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch,
To charm the surly house-dog’s faithful bark,
Or hang on tiptoe at the lifted latch.
The gloomy lantern and the dim blue match,
The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,
The ear still busy on its nightly watch,
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill;
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding still.

‘ What could I do, unaided and unblest ?
My father! gone was every friend of thine:
And kindred of dead husband are at best
Small help; and after marriage such as mine,
With little kindness would to me incline.
Ill was I then for toil and service fit:
With tears whose course no effort could confine,
By the road side forgetful would I sit
Whole hours, my idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

‘ I led a wandering life among the fields;
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused;
I lived upon what casual bounty yields,
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.
The ground I for my bed have often used:
But, what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth
Is, that I have my inner self abused,
Forgone the home delight of constant truth,
And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

‘ Three years thus wandering, often have I viewed,
In tears, the sun toward that country tend
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude;
And now across this moor my steps I bend,
Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend
Have I.—She ceased, and weeping turned away;
As if because her tale was at an end
She wept; because she had no more to say
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay.’

It is not till we have read this poem often enough to moderate our sense of its interest and pathos, that we become sensible to the consummate art with which it is constructed; to the free vigour of the language; to the ‘liquid lapse’ of the verse—

sliding

sliding on with a smooth and solid melody like a swollen river. Nor is it less distinguished by these attributes than by the care which is taken that there shall be no points, no prominences, nothing which shall *arrest* attention and exact admiration for parts to the injury of the rest—of the whole; no fractional effects. The tone is everywhere kept down to what can be equally sustained by the poet, and continuously borne with by the reader. And this poem was written early!

In the last edition of Mr. Wordsworth's works there are contained no less than between three and four hundred SONNETS. These productions differ from those which we have hitherto dwelt upon, in exhibiting less, or perhaps nothing, of the peculiarities of homeliness in subject and style by which the latter are characterized. This form of poetry, not admitting of the breadth and magnitude which is requisite to give effect to his more characteristic style, has led Mr. Wordsworth to lay aside the implements of the architect and assume those of the sculptor. Few are the works of art in this kind which are so pure in their material, so graceful in their execution, so delicately wrought, so exquisitely chiselled. Yet bright and ornate as many of these productions are, there is in them, no less than in his other poems, a constant abstinence from antitheses and false effects. The words are always felt to be used, first and mainly because they are those which best express the meaning; secondly and subordinately, because they convey to the ear the sounds which best harmonize with the meaning and with each other. There is hardly one of these three or four hundred sonnets which ends in a point. Pointed lines will sometimes occur in the course of them, as thought will sometimes naturally take a pointed shape in the mind; but whether it takes that shape or another is obviously treated as a matter of indifference; nothing is sacrificed to it; and at the close of the sonnet, where the adventitious effect of the point might be apt to outshine the intrinsic value of the subject, it seems to have been studiously avoided. Mr. Wordsworth's sonnet never goes off, as it were, with a clap or repercussion at the close; but is thrown up like a rocket, breaks into light, and falls in a soft shower of brightness. To none, indeed, of the minor forms of poetry are Mr. Wordsworth's powers better adapted; there is none to which discrimination in thought and aptitude in language are more essential; and there never was a poet who reached so near to perfection in these particulars as Mr. Wordsworth. That sonnet may be instanced which, standing at the head of the second part of the miscellaneous series, presents to us, as it were, a picture-gallery of his predecessors in this walk of the art:—

'Scorn

' Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours; with this key
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
 Camœns soothed with it an exile's grief;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairy-land
 To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few! '—vol. ii. p. 125.

When have poetry and criticism mingled more genially than in these fourteen lines of rapid retrospect, into which, without any apparent labour of compression, how much is compressed! What ease, gracefulness, and variety attend the procession of the verse; and after rising in animation, with what a gentle fall does it die away upon the ear at the close! This is the '*clausula aut cadentia*,'—the '*ars placidè elabendi*,' which was auciently so much esteemed in the science of music.

Amongst the Sonnets to Liberty there are some loftier strains than almost any that have been sounded upon historical and contemporary themes, since the breath ceased that uttered that tremendous imprecation—

'Avenge, oh Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!'

we say loftier than *almost* any, for we cannot forget Mr. Southey's 'Ode, written during the Negociations with Buonaparte in 1814.' The catalogue of massacres in the penultimate stanza, followed by the summary of murders in the last stanza of that ode; the grave and not ungoverned, but at the same time irresistible and fiery vehemence which pervades it, have made it always appear in our eyes the most awful judgment that ever was denounced in song. Mr. Wordsworth's series of Sonnets to Liberty arose, also, out of the events connected with Buonaparte's domination; but *he* writes more in sorrow than in anger, whilst Southey, like Milton, fulminates his censures more in anger and scorn than in sorrow,—pursuing the oppressor in a just and virtuous spirit, but also in a spirit deeply vindictive, and with what would have been called in old times 'a mineral hatred.' The dignified and melancholy anger, the anger 'slow and spiritual,' with which Mr. Wordsworth contemplates the tyrant's career, admits more of meditative thought into his effusions on such topics; though dull must be the reader

reader to whom these also are not 'soul-animating strains : '—witness the following, addressed to Toussaint L'Ouverture :—

'TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men !
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ;—
Oh miserable chieftain ! where and when
Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.'—vol. ii. p. 255.

Bear witness, also, the 'Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland : '—

'Two voices are there : one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty voice ;
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven,
Thou from the Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmur's heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
Then cleave, oh cleave to that which still is left ;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee ! '—vol. ii. p. 257.

From this notice of Mr. Wordsworth's now collected works we have purposely omitted 'The Excursion,' feeling that it would be in vain to resume that subject unless it were in a separate article, and with an ample field before us. 'The Excursion' does, indeed, though first in importance, come last in order in the study of Mr. Wordsworth's works ; for it will not be fully appreciated unless the reader be first imbued with the spirit in which all that he writes is written. Those who are accustomed to look for a mantling and sparkling of poetic effervescence in every page and line of every poem they read, will find that in 'The Excursion' they have many disappointments to get over. We have known such persons, who would point to particular passages and ask—Where is the poetry in this or that ? On such occasions we have commonly

commonly made answer, that this or that neither is, is meant to be, nor in any reasonable apprehension ought to be, poetical. In a poem upon so large a scale every genuine poet is aware that some parts should be bordering upon prose, some absolutely prosaic. If it were all the essence of poetry, let it be in other respects what it might, who could read ten pages of it together? Rise and fall, ebb and flow, light and shade,—moor-land and meadow, and garden ground,—will be measured out in due proportions by any one who shall attain the breadth of conception necessary to the composition of a great poem ;—the green leaf, the red berry, and the bare bough, each in its season.

Such an artist will also know that it behoves him to apply himself from time to time to manage his transitions, and *transact the business* of his poem ; whereas, one who should aim at being always poetical would fall into the same error which beset the clowns rebuked by Hamlet, who insisted upon being always witty ; ‘ though in the meantime some necessary question of the play were then to be considered.’ Mr. Wordsworth, in his great work, copiously poetical as he is, uses his stores with a measured plenty, after the manner of the captain of a ship bound upon a long voyage, who, if he has no fears for the exhaustion of his resources, must yet look to the wholesome feeding of his crew, well knowing that their ‘ alacrity and cheer of mind ’ depends upon it, and that it were better their diet should be occasionally as dry as ‘ the remainder biscuit,’ than that they should be heated and gorged.

In the versification, too, there is nothing to satiate : there is a free and copious variety, but only occasionally a marked melody. For an ear which knows of no other rhythmical music than the unqualified up and down movement of trochees and iambs, or the canter of anapests, the ‘ numerous verse ’ of ‘ The Excursion ’ will have been modulated in vain. The uncultivated ear is always best pleased with that which to the ear of the adept is too palpable to be pleasing, except when sparingly mixed with other effects, and much modified by them. We recollect to have heard that when one of the Sandwich Island princes was in this country, he was present at a royal entertainment, at which the band from one of the regiments of Guards performed some very scientific and composite pieces of music ; the Sandwich Islander was observed to listen most intently, and being asked by one of the company whether he was pleased with the music, he answered that he had been greatly delighted with the *drum*. In like manner, to the ear of youth or of age uninstructed, a pleasure will be conveyed by ‘ the very false gallop of verses,’ merely because it is the only effect of versification which they can understand ; whilst such a variegated intertexture of harmony as ‘ The Excursion ’ presents would be wholly lost upon them.

Lost,

Lost, indeed, to a degree which will be long remarkable in the history of English literature, was that whole poem—both matter and music—for scarcely less than a quarter of a century! and lost upon critical ears (so called for courtesy), as well as upon those of ‘the reading public,’—which, indeed, did no other upon the occasion than, *more suo*, believe as it was taught. The Touchstones of the day were of opinion that ‘though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable;’ and such, therefore, was the opinion of the tractable multitude. The manner in which such judgments have gradually given way and finally disappeared it is anything but uninteresting to observe. It is, indeed, not only instructive, but edifying, to observe the manner in which the great poet has risen into fame, whilst the small critics have dwindled into insignificance,—the manner in which the witty worldlings of twenty or thirty years ago,—those who made mouths at him in the days of his unpopularity, dealing about their petty acutenesses and exulting in the power to sting,—would now be glad to have it supposed that they knew all the while that they were assailing a great man, but that ridicule, forsooth, being their high vocation, they made it a point to laugh at everything, where they could get the world to laugh with them. These matters, we say, are not unworthy of regard, as exemplifying the different forms which ambition assumes in different orders of mankind.

‘Do not be ambitious of an early fame; such is apt to shrivel and to drop under the tree,’ says one who has not yet attained to fame, but on whom his writings will hardly fail, sooner or later, to confer it—so says Mr. Walter Savage Landor, in his ‘Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen.’ And in another place he describes the progress of literary reputation:—

‘Thus it is with writers who are to have a currency through ages. In the beginning they are confounded with most others; soon they fall into some secondary class; next into one rather less obscure and humble; by degrees they are liberated from the dross and lumber that hamper them; and being once above the heads of cotemporaries, rise slowly and waveringly, then regularly and erectly, then rapidly and majestically, till the vision strains and aches as it pursues them in their ethereal elevation.’*

Mr. Wordsworth, whether or not he was ambitious of an early fame, has lived and written with an unalterable devotedness to the interests of that fame in the account of which the mere contemporary beginnings,—the question of half a century, sooner or later,—are as nothing. He has so lived and written, all manner of sarcasm and mockery notwithstanding. It is not easy to conceive a strength of mind more exemplary than that which could enable

* Second Series, vol. ii. p. 7.

him, not only to fortify himself against these assaults, but to withstand the temptation of seeking that popularity which doubtless lay at his immediate command, could he have been seduced into the misapplication of his powers to that end. The manner in which a spirit of religious self-sacrifice—in this life as it were—was inspired by what may be called his worship of his art, may be more or less collected from the sonnet addressed to Mr. Haydon, the painter:—

‘High is our calling, Friend!—Creative art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with etherial hues)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!—vol. ii. p. 170.

We have spoken of his worship of his art as inspiring this fortitude; but it is also to be attributed to his worship of Nature; and here again we may quote his own authority:—

‘’Tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, *that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e’er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.*—vol. ii. p. 103.

The passages in Mr. Wordsworth's works (few and far between) wherein, as in these, he has alluded to the difficulties which he has had to encounter, will be read in after-times with the same sort of interest which attaches to those portions of the writings of the great poets before him which cast a light upon the story of their lives, and give token of the feelings with which they have read that story to themselves. Perhaps none of these have had cause for so much satisfaction with the tenor of their lives, so far as it was in their own choice and direction, as Mr. Wordsworth

has

has a right to feel : for which of them has so steadfastly kept faith with the mistress whom he served ? Milton, when he complained—or rather let us say, stated without condescending to the language of complaint—that he had fallen upon evil days and evil tongues, could not speak it with the consciousness that he had himself sought peace and ensued it—that his own tongue had been at all times innocuously employed—or that he had not, for too considerable a portion of his life, repudiated his better mind, and yielded himself to the *torva voluptas* of political controversy. Shakspeare, in one of those sonnets which have so perplexed his biographers, addresses himself to his friend in a strain which shows how painfully conscious he was that he had lived unworthily of his doubly immortal spirit :—

‘ Oh, for my sake, do you with Fortune chide,—
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,—
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To that it works in, like the dyer's hand.’

Mr. Wordsworth has no cause, like Shakspeare, to chide with Fortune ; neither has he, like Milton, fallen upon evil days, or at least mixed himself, more than was wise and necessary, with the evil of the days upon which he has fallen.

We have hazarded these allusions to the personal history of Mr. Wordsworth, because it is not unimportant to a poet's readers to reflect how far he has lived up to the sentiments which he expresses. We have ventured to think, also, that the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth, permeating, as it does, the mind, modes of thinking, and character of those who admire it, constitutes something in the nature of a personal tie between him and them, and thereby renders some reference to his life and character not unfittingly introduced into a criticism upon his works. Our relations with the poets whom we most admire are, indeed, of a more intimate character than almost any others which can exist between strangers ; and there is assuredly no poet now living whose connexion with his readers bears a stronger analogy to the best and most durable of our personal friendships. Many attachments taken up in early life, and which are warm and pleasant while they last, drop off and are left behind us in the necessary course of things ; but there are others which not only grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, but are also bound up with us in our decay. Mr. Wordsworth's poetry is endowed with a beauty which does not, like the toys and gauds of meretricious verse, grow dim to the eyes of age ; but such as it is to us in our youth it remains, whilst

life and intelligence remain,—extending its influence in proportion as we advance in years, and seek to substitute for naturally declining excitabilities, the sense of dignity and power, of solid intellectual aggrandizement and moral purification.

ART. III.—*Paroles d'un Croyant*, 1833. Paris, 1834.
pp. 237.

WE should not have thought this silly and profane rhapsody worthy of even the slightest notice, but that the sensation it has created on the Continent appears to us as one of the signs of the times. We alluded in our last Number to the monstrous alliance of some *soi-disant* royalists of France with the republican *Mouvement*. This pamphlet announces an alliance still more monstrous—between a false Christianity and real Jacobinism. The author—the Abbé de la Mennais—is a *priest in a bonnet rouge*, and his work exhibits a like ludicrous and disgusting masquerade. In a healthy state of society such a performance could have excited nothing but contempt; but in the present disposition of men's minds this attempt to amalgamate revolution with religion, and to preach rebellion and regicide in scriptural phraseology, seems to have occasioned a great commotion in the Roman Catholic world. The work itself has run through *fifteen* editions, and been, as we are told, translated, by the zeal of the radical *propagandists*, into all, or almost all, the European languages—though, as yet, we ourselves have only seen it in its original French. It has been answered by at least a dozen pens; it has been denounced in episcopal charges; it has been prohibited in many continental states; the author has been repudiated by his family and abjured by his order; and, finally, his book has been honoured by a formal interdict from the sovereign Pontiff himself. We should, *à priori*, have supposed that its extreme nonsense and inconsistency would have sufficed to render it wholly innocuous; but so many pious and able people seem to be of a different opinion, that we are forced to believe that, where there is so much alarm, there must be some danger.

We know, indeed, but too well into what extravagances, follies, and crimes religious enthusiasm may distort itself. The dupes of Cromwell and of John of Leyden, the followers of Praise-God Barebones and of Venner, and even in our own day the disciples of Johanna Southcote and Edward Irving, are melancholy evidences of the frailty of the human intellect, which is as liable to get drunk and disordered with mysticism as with brandy.

brandy.* But we see nothing of this intoxicating quality in the laboured rhetoric and frigid bombast of M. de la Mennais. His object is wholly mundane—to calumniate kings—to disparage authority—to level mankind by plundering the rich—and to abolish all order and dissolve all society, by claiming for each individual of the human race an equality, not merely of rights, but of riches, and, moreover, of the *actual* powers of government. All this might be very captivating in the harangue of a demagogue to a mob, but seems little calculated to excite enthusiasm in a reader. The conveying such impracticable theories in a scriptural phraseology and presenting this political poison in a chalice sacrilegiously stolen from the altar of God, is, we admit, a novelty likely enough to surprise and shock sober-minded men, but by no means, we should have thought, likely to inflame and proselytize the classes for whose sole behoof these obscure and impious visions are promulgated.

The Abbé de la Mennais was for some years a popular preacher in Paris. That flowery declamation which the French are pleased to call eloquence is too much the practice of their pulpit in general; but the Abbé was a peculiarly notorious rhetorician, who made his reputation by tropes and figures, rather than by the more solid and useful merits which might instruct and edify his congregation. In short he was a mere *pulpit adventurer*. He preached for celebrity and preferment; and from what we had before heard of him, we were not surprised that *he* should be the man to invent a *new fashion* in religion, of which the main-spring is personal vanity, and the only interest that which may arise from seeing one who calls himself a minister of the gospel exhibiting the extravagances of a mountebank. This is, we really believe, the chief, if not the sole cause of the success, or we should rather say notoriety, of this publication. Had it been written by a layman, or in ordinary language and style, it would probably have dropped ‘still-born from the press;’ but the curiosity of the giddy Parisian world was awakened by hearing that an eminent churchman had turned jacobin, and that the *celebrated Mennais* had adopted the tenets of the more celebrated *Marat*. Voltaire and Rousseau had already hit on this kind of expedient; and by putting their attacks on Christianity into the mouths of fictitious priests—(*Jean Meslier*† and the *Curé Savoyard*)—they gave them, for the moment, a

* An impostor has lately appeared in America, of the name of Mathias, who, after deluding some respectable and affluent votaries into sundry donations, loans, and bequests, appears to have ensured or accelerated his enjoyment of these good things by poisoning his dupes; and these dupes were *yankees*—merchants of New York—Verily, Mathias must be a clever fellow!

† There was a mad priest of the name of Meslier, but few doubt that the celebrated *testament* which Voltaire cites, Voltaire made.

readier currency and a more *piquant* effect. But with La Mennais the advantage of being a real person very inadequately compensates the want of either the unctuous eloquence of Rousseau or the sarcastic point of Voltaire; and, accordingly, we venture to predict, that, notwithstanding the *fuss*—such an ignoble term is well suited to the occasion—that is now made about him, La Mennais and his *Paroles d'un Croyant* will be wholly forgotten by this day twelve-month. We, however, think it right, as an incident in moral and literary history, to give our readers a taste of this absurd and detestable production. It affects, in its form and phrase, to be a kind of serious *parody* of the prophetic Scriptures, and more particularly the *Apocalypse*. The insane vanity and disgusting profaneness of the man, who dares to insult by his awkward mimicry the prophets of God and the most spiritual and venerable of the Evangelists, are only to be equalled by the poorness of his conceits—the puerility of his illustrations—the fulsome poverty of his style—and the obscure inanity of what he would pass off for meaning.

The work opens with a transcript of some passages of holy writ:—

'In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

'Glory be to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men.

'He who has ears let him hear.—He who has eyes let him see, for the time cometh.

'The Father begot the Son—the *Word*—and the *Word* was made flesh, and dwelt with us. He came into the world, and the world knew him not, &c.'—§ i.

It is with great reluctance that we quote these passages as introductory of such nonsense as is to follow; yet, if we did not do so, the reader could have no adequate idea of the profanation which we think it our duty to expose; but we shall, in our further selections, endeavour, as much as possible, to omit the '*Believer's*' direct use, or, to speak truly, abuse of the Scriptures, and shall endeavour to exhibit his folly rather than his impiety.

His proemium, then, proceeds as follows:—

'It is now eighteen centuries since the *Word* shed the divine seed; and the Holy Spirit fructified it. Mankind saw it flourish, and tasted its' fruits—the fruits of the tree of life replanted in their humble dwelling.

'I say unto you, there was great joy amongst them when they saw this light, and they felt themselves penetrated by a heavenly fire;

'But now the world is again become dark and cold.

'Our fathers have seen the sun set. When he went down, the whole human race shuddered (*tressaillit*); then there was in that night, an—I know not what, without a name! (*je ne sais quoi, qui n'a pas*
de

de nom.) Children of night, the west is black, but the east begins to brighten.'—§ i.

Such is the first chapter—the exposition, as we may presume, of the subject; and we humbly beg leave to ask to what it refers?—what it means? We shall probably be answered by that sublime—'*Je ne sais quoi, qui n'a pas de nom!*'

Perhaps the second chapter may be a little more intelligible:—

'Lend thy ear and tell me whence comes that noise—confused—vague—strange, which is heard on all sides?

'Lay thy hand on the earth, and tell me why she has shuddered?'—§ ii.

We beg our readers to admire the precision of this style, the purity of this eloquence:—he invokes somebody's *ear* to tell him the meaning of a noise which every ear has heard; and he desires that somebody's *hand* may touch the ground, in order to *explain the cause* of an earthquake. The ear had already heard the sound, and the hand had felt the motion—why were *they* to be again put in requisition?—and why to do that which no ear or hand could do—namely, to *tell the cause* of the sound and the motion? But this is eloquence à la Mennais!

He then proceeds in a round of miraculous *sight-seeing*, which, in spite of the solemn phraseology in which it is clothed, is purely ridiculous, wherever the introduction of the most sacred names does not render it detestable.

'Something that we do not know is stirring in the world. It is the work of God*.

'Son of man, ascend the heights, and tell what thou seest.

'I see in the horizon a lurid cloud, and around it a red glow, like the reflection of a fire.

'Son of man, what more dost thou see?

'I see the sea upheave its waves, and the mountains shake their summits. I see rivers change their courses—the hills tremble and fall into the valleys, which they fill up. All shakes—all moves—all wears a new aspect.

'Son of man, what more dost thou see?

'I see clouds of dust in the distance—

[This, we beg leave to observe, *en passant*, is borrowed from Sister Anne in 'Blue Beard.']

—and they fly about in all directions, and they clash, and they mix, and they are confounded. They pass over *cities*, and when they have passed, I see nothing but a plain.

* We do not know whether, by the words *il y a là un travail de Dieu*, the author does not mean that *God is, in labour* of this unknown event. We notice this because we would not intentionally misrepresent the author; on the contrary, we have made our translations with as much verbal fidelity and care as if we understood and admired the original.

'I see

'I see the nations rise in tumult; and kings grow pale under their diadems. There is war betwixt them—war even unto the death.'

'I see one throne,—two thrones, broken to pieces, and the nations scatter the pieces over the earth.'

'I see a people fighting, as the archangel Michael fought against Satan—his [*the people's*] blows are terrible, but he is naked, and his enemy is covered by solid armour.'

'O God! he falls—he is stricken to death. No! he is only wounded! Mary, the Virgin Mother, wraps him in her cloak, smiles upon him, and carries him for a short time out of the battle.'

This incident, our readers see, the pious Abbé has borrowed from the fifth book of Dacier's Homer, only turning, like some of the over-pious antiquaries of papal Rome, Venus into the Virgin Mary. What he means, however, by this classical allusion, we have not the sense to discover; and we are nearly as much in the dark as to the other following sights.

'I see another people wrestling without pause, and gathering every moment fresh strength in the struggle. This people has the sign of Christ on their hearts.'

'I see a third people, on whom six kings have placed their feet; and every time this people moves, six daggers are buried in its throat.'

'I see, on a vast edifice, at an immense height in the skies, a cross which I can hardly distinguish, for it is covered by a black veil!'

'Son of man, what more dost thou see?'

'I see the *east*, which is internally disturbed—its ancient palaces falling, its old temples crumbling to dust; and it raises its eyes, as if looking for other greatness and another god.'

'I see in the *west*, a woman, with a lofty eye, a serene brow. She draws with a firm hand a slight furrow, and wherever her plough-share passes, I see generations of men arise, who invoke her in their prayers and bless her in their hymns.'

In the two last paragraphs the words '*east*' and '*west*' lead us to suspect some allusion to Turkey and America—but how to distribute among the other nations of the earth the rest of these enigmatical designations—how to determine which is meant for France or for England, for Germany, Spain, Italy, or Russia—is a puzzle beyond our humble skill.

'I see in the north, men who have but the remains of heat, which is concentrated in their heads and intoxicates them; but Christ touches them with his cross, and their hearts begin to beat again.'

'I see in the south, races of men bowed down under I know not what [*je ne sais quoi*] malediction. A heavy yoke oppresses them; they walk bent; but Christ touches them with his cross, and they become straight.'

'Son of man, what more dost thou see?'

'He answers not: let us ask him again!'

Son

* Son of man, what dost thou see ?

' I see Satan flying, and Christ, surrounded by his angels, coming to his kingdom.'—§ ii.

The Abbé's admirers may believe that in all this he is imitating the prophetic writings, but they are mistaken ; he is only copying the *Plaideurs* of Racine :—

' *Petit Jean*.—Messieurs, quand je regarde avec exactitude

L'inconstance du monde et sa vicissitude ;

Quand je vois les Césars, quand je vois leur fortune ;

Quand je vois le soleil et quand je vois la lune ;

Quand je vois les états des Babyloniens

Transférés des Persans aux Macédoniens ;

Quand je vois les Romains de l'état despotique

Passer au démocratique et puis au monarchique ;

Quand je vois le Japon——

' *L'Intimé*.—

Quand aura-t-il tout vu ?'

In the third chapter our ' Believer ' gives us what we guess to be his theory as to the institution of that atrocious system of injustice commonly mis-called civil society. All other writers agree that a mere state of nature must be a state of barbarism ; and that laws and governments have been introduced to curb the natural tendencies of man to rapine and violence. ' Quis enim ignorat ita naturam rerum tulisse, ut quodam tempore homines, nondum neque naturali neque civili jure descripto, fusi per agros ac dispersi vagarentur, tantumque haberent quantum manu ac viribus, per eadem ac vulnera, aut eripere aut retinere potuissent ?'—(*Cicero pro Sextio*.) But M. de la Mennais is of the very contrary opinion :—

' And I was transported in the spirit into ancient times, and the earth was beautiful, and rich, and fruitful'—

—(in the Abbé's political economy the earth, it seems, was rich before it was fruitful)—

'and all its inhabitants lived in happiness, because they loved as brothers.'

We know not where, except in the profane poets, the learned Abbé finds the records of this golden age ; and are inclined to say with the ingenious judge in the scene before alluded to—

' Avocat, commençons au déluge.'

Certainly, since the flood, there has been no such national confraternity as that which he now modestly proposes to re-establish. It is, however, no great encouragement to the benevolent attempt to find how soon and how easily this happy state was overthrown :

' And I saw the *Serpent* who glided amongst them : he fixed on several his fascinating eye, and their souls were troubled ; and they approached, and the serpent whispered in their ear.

' And when they had heard the whisper of the serpent, they rose up and said, *We are kings !*

' And

'And the sun grew pale, and the earth took a funeral hue—like to that of the winding-sheet which covereth the dead!'

It naturally follows that, to govern mankind in peace and happiness, the Abbé's *first* recipe should be to abolish that device of the devil, kingly authority; the *second* is to abrogate all human laws, which, next to kings, are the chief cause of all mischief.

'There is hardly anything but mischievous laws in the world.

'What other law is necessary than the law of Christ?

'The law of Christ is clear—it is holy: and there is no man who, with this law in his heart, may not easily become his own judge.

'Hear what has been spoken unto me.

'The children of Christ, if they happen to have differences with one another, should not carry them for decision to the tribunals of those who oppress and corrupt mankind.

'Have you not old men amongst you? and are not these old men your fathers, understanding and loving justice?

'Go then to one of these old men, and say, Father, my brother here and I cannot agree on this matter; decide between us, we pray thee. And the old man will hear the words of one and of the other, and he will judge between them; and having so judged, he will bless them.

'And if they submit to this judgment the blessing shall remain with them, but *if not*'—

Aye, 'there's the rub'—if men are so meek, so reasonable, as to be invariably satisfied with the decision of the old man,—well and good; but, unfortunately, that is not likely to be the case once in a thousand times: and '*if not*'—what is the Abbé's alternative?

'—*if not*, the blessing will return upon the old man, who had judged according to justice!'—§ xxviii.

The Abbé, who had before imitated Racine, seems now to copy from our Shakspeare the peaceable expedient of honest Dogberry for administering justice:—

'Dogberry.—This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men—you are to bid any man stand in the king's name.

'Second Watchman.—How *if he will not*?

'Dogberry.—Why then take no notice of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God [La Mennais' blessing] that you are rid of a knave.'

Dogberry's advice was excellent in the particular instance; but we are afraid that, if practised on so large a scale as the Abbé proposes, even the abolition of kings and laws would not prevent this Utopian state of society from being disturbed by a good deal of injustice.

But that is of little consequence, for the Abbé's third recipe for obviating disputes about property is luckily so absolutely infallible,

that any deficiency in his arbitration-scheme could never be felt. It is the simplest, and yet the most effective that any lawgiver ever imagined,—namely, that there *should be no property at all*.

‘And there shall be neither rich nor poor, but all shall have, in abundance, everything necessary for their wants; because they will love and help one another, like brothers.’—§ x.

‘The earth is like a great bee-hive, and mankind are like bees*.

‘Every bee has a right to the portion of honey necessary to its subsistence; and if, among men, any one is in want, it is because justice and charity have disappeared from amongst them.’—§ vi.

And as to personal quarrels and violences—such things will be utterly impossible, when there shall be no longer kings and laws, or property, or want, and that all the individuals of the human race ‘shall live and help one another, like brothers.’ The certainty of this most desirable result he philosophically proves by the analogy of the beasts of the field, who, he tells us—with a profound knowledge of the habits of the animal world—never injure, nor trespass, nor prey on one another (§ vi.); and he exhorts mankind to have all things in common, and live in the same happy state of peaceable and benevolent equality, as the Abbé, no doubt, supposes foxes to do with chickens—wolves with lambs—and hawks with doves.

Our readers are, we dare say, tired of such incoherent drivelling; but there is one of these desultory rhapsodies so specially extolled by some of the French critics that we must not altogether omit it. It is a description of a congress of kings, (but whether at Vienna, Verona, or Töplitz, the author does not say,) which will, we think, fill—even to satiety—the wonder of all English readers.

‘It was in a gloomy night; a starless sky weighed upon the earth like a lid of black marble on a tomb.

‘And nothing disturbed the silence of that night, but a strange sound, like a slight fluttering of wings, which from time to time was heard over the countries and over the cities.

‘And then the darkness grew thicker and thicker, and every one felt his heart tightened, and a shudder run through his veins;

* We are a little surprised that the Abbé should adduce the instance of *bees*, as that is, we believe, the only class of inferior creatures which seems subject to that which the Abbé considers the cause of all evil—*monarchical government*; and in representing the uninterrupted peace and prosperity of the apian race, the learned Abbé forgets the drones, wasps, and hornets, and, *above all*, those marauders the robbing bees, of whose violence and injustice our own garden has lately furnished us with an example more atrocious than even the partition of Poland; for just as one of the hives had collected its ample stores, and was about to enrich us not only with its superfluous honey but with a new colony, a robber-swarm attacked it, killed and put to flight the lawful inhabitants, carried away every drop of honey, and left the hive as desolate and dismal a scene of devastation and solitude as if the Abbé’s six kings had invaded it. But such is the kind of illustration which pervades the whole work!

‘And

'And in a hall hung with black, and lighted by a reddish lamp, seven men clothed in purple, and their heads encircled by crowns, sat on seven iron thrones.'

We regret that we cannot afford our readers the least guess who these seven kings are—why they are *seven*, and why no more, or whether they include the six kings before described with the six poniards—and if so, whence the seventh king comes. In short, we know not what is meant, unless an impious mimicry of the *seven churches* and *seven stars* of the Revelations.

The Abbé, however, proceeds with a detail of the proceedings of this royal congress, of which, though the *meaning* be equally—that is utterly—incomprehensible, the expressions are so shocking and the images so disgusting, that we hesitate whether we ought to transcribe them—*translate* them we shall not; but as even the severest of the Abbé's continental critics (the *Revue Encyclopédique*) styles his book '*ce grand et beau livre*,' and as some even of our own London contemporaries pronounce his work to be '*a noble poem*,'—we must venture to give our readers one opportunity of appreciating the native grace and majesty of the '*great*,' '*beautiful*,' and '*noble*' original.

'Et au milieu de la salle s'élevait un trône composé d'ossements, et au pied du trône, en guise d'escabeau, étoit un crucifix renversé; et devant le trône, une table d'ébène, et sur la table, un vase plein de sang rouge et écumeux, et un crâne humain.

'Et les sept hommes couronnés paroisoient pensifs et tristes, et, du fond de son orbite creux, leur œil de temps en temps laissoit échapper des étincelles d'un feu livide.

'Et l'un d'eux s'étant levé s'approcha du trône en chancelant, et mit le pied sur le crucifix.

'En ce moment ses membres tremblèrent, et il sembla près de défaillir. Les autres le regardoient immobiles; ils ne firent pas le moindre mouvement, mais *je ne sais quoi* passa sur leur front, et un sourire *qui n'est pas de l'homme* contracta leurs lèvres.

'Et celui qui avoit semblé près de défaillir étendit la main, saisit le vase plein de sang, en versa dans le crâne, et le but.

'Et cette boisson parut le fortifier.

'Et dressant la tête, ce cri sortit de sa poitrine comme un sourd râlement:

'*Maudit soit le Christ, qui a ramené sur la terre la Liberté!*

'Et les six autres hommes couronnés se levèrent tous ensemble, et tous ensemble poussèrent le même cri:

'*Maudit soit, &c.!*'—pp. 64-66.

We cannot proceed with this tissue of horrors: they have no meaning, it is true, but they nevertheless shock us, as the blasphemous ravings of a maniac would do; and we close the infamous volume—which proceeds through forty similar chapters of impiety, sedition,

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sedition, jacobinism, and incomprehensible absurdity—with repeating our unfeigned wonder (not unmixed with fear) at the religious and political state of those countries in which such abominable nonsense can have created serious alarm. We are not, indeed, surprised that these ‘WORDS OF A BELIEVER!’ should have found panegyrists; and that the radical journals which used to treat this Abbé de la Mennais, in his preaching days, as an empty bigot, should now talk of him as ‘respectable,’—‘venerable,’—‘illustrious,’—and what not? for, as far as he is intelligible, this ‘Believer’ now urges revolt, rebellion, plunder, murder, and a general subversion of social order, with a vehemence and to an extent that leave Marat and Anacharsis Cloots far behind. Our own belief would have been—but that neither friend nor foe has said anything to encourage such a hope—that the unhappy man is insane, and stands in need of a keeper rather than a critic!

ART. IV.—*Travels into Bokhara; being the Account of a Journey from India to Caboul, Tartary, and Persia: also Narrative of a Voyage on the Indus, from the Sea to Lahore, &c. &c., in the years 1831, 32 and 33.* By Lieut. Alexander Burnes, F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1834.

WE are not in the number of those who affect to think or to speak slightly of the East India Company; still less are we disposed to admire those conceited persons who are in the habit of sneering at the Directors of that Company, contemptuously designated as ‘a set of *merchant-kings*, exercising their sway, and issuing their commands, with an equal ignorance of the first principles of government and of trade!’ As to principles of trade, we must indeed confess that they have shown themselves averse from the new-fangled doctrine of *free trade*; but is that question quite settled yet? With respect to the charge of unfitness to be trusted with the government of so vast an empire as India, it appears no bad answer that they and their servants conquered and created this empire; and the history of its rise and progress may perhaps be admitted as some further proof of their fitness to wear what they have won. Upon their trade, the House of Commons, in its wisdom, has thought fit to put an extinguisher—*merchants* they no longer are. That last and most important branch of their trade, alike productive of profit to those who carried it on, and to the public exchequer—the tea-trade of China—has followed the fate of the rest, never to be recovered by themselves or by others. Not all
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the energies of all the free traders of the United Kingdom will ever replace it on the old and advantageous footing.*

It is to be hoped, however, that no further encroachments will be made on the authorities who have so long and so ably administered the government of India, and whose successful endeavours, in diffusing happiness among countless millions of a quiet and innocent people, are universally allowed. Placed as these natives are, under the immediate rule of able, upright, and honourable men, taught from an early age to respect their prejudices, and to treat them with kindness and humanity—no change of the present system, we are quite satisfied, could tend to better their condition, or to promote the tranquillity of this extensive empire: this *they* well know and are ready to admit; and we are persuaded that such repose and security, in the midst of a conquered people, is *mainly* owing to the dispersion of well-educated youths among the natives, whose language they learn, whose habits and customs they make themselves acquainted with, and whose opinions they treat with respect. Many of these adventurers, thus thrown into high and responsible situations at an early period of life, frequently without any one to advise with, and therefore compelled to reflect, and to act on their own discretion, need not shrink from a comparison, either as regards ability or conduct, with any functionaries in Europe, whether military or diplomatic.

We need not travel out of the pages of the volumes which are

* The evil consequences which we predicted in an article on 'The Free Trade to China' (*Quarterly Review*, No. C.) have already begun to show themselves. The most respectable of the Hong merchants have retired from business, and the rest are either unable or unwilling to advance a shilling to enable the poor cultivators of tea to prepare the usual supply, though 40,000 tons of shipping were expected at Canton: but we shall, notwithstanding, have *some* tea, and it is as well that our readers should know what *sort* of tea it will be. Our information is from an eye-witness of unquestionable authority, recently arrived in England from China. On the opposite side of the river to, and at a short distance from, Canton, is a manufactory for converting the very worst kind of coarse black tea into green; it is well known in Canton by the name of *Wo-ping*, and was always rejected by the agents of the East India Company. The plan is to stir it about on iron plates moderately heated, mixing it up with a composition of turmeric, indigo, and *white lead*, by which process it acquires that blooming blue of plums and that crispy appearance which are supposed to indicate the fine green teas. Our informant says, there can be no mistake respecting the white lead, as the Chinese superintendent called it by its common name *gyen-fun*. At the same time it is right to state, that pulverized gypsum (known by the name of *shet-kao*) is understood by the gentlemen of the late factory to be employed to subdue a too intense blue colour given by the indigo. There were already prepared, when this visit took place, 50,000 chests of this precious article, just enough for three cargoes of the very largest ships of the East India Company. The crafty proprietors told our friend and the other visitors that this tea was not for the English but the American market; but we shall no doubt have our full share of it: nay, some particulars lately published in the newspapers render it highly probable that the importation of the well-doctored *Wo-ping* has already commenced.

now before us, in search of an instance of what we are contending for. For the conduct of the first mission here recorded, Mr. Burnes was originally recommended by Sir John Malcolm, himself a brilliant example of the advantage to be derived from an early application to the study of the language, manners, and opinions of the native races. That admirable judge did not hesitate to say, in writing to the Governor-General, 'I shall be very confident of any plan Lieutenant Burnes undertakes in this quarter of India: provided a latitude is given him to act as circumstances may dictate, I dare pledge myself that the public interests will be promoted.' It might have been natural enough that some senior officers should have felt a little jealousy in being passed over on such an occasion; but, with a good-natured jocularly, they were ready to admit the superior claims of Lieut. Burnes, though he was 'one of Sir John Malcolm's swans.' Lord William Bentinck was so much pleased with his conduct of what had been entrusted to his charge, that on his return he took this 'swan' under his protection, and employed him on a second journey of far greater importance, though avowedly of a private nature.

In attempting to give some account of the three volumes before us, we labour under considerable difficulty: where there is such an exuberance of varied matter, *that* alone renders the task of selection no easy one; nor would any moderate space suffice to convey to our readers an adequate idea of what they may expect from a perusal of the work itself—one of the most valuable, we do not scruple to say, that has yet appeared, for the variety of information it contains regarding Sinde, the Punjab, and the upper regions of central Asia. On all these countries, it may be consulted as a standard work. Our difficulty is increased by the mechanical arrangement of the materials, in which we miss something of that *lucidus ordo* which a more practised writer would have preserved. For instance, we have first a *personal narrative*; then follow various *memoirs* on the countries travelled through, which embody the same thoughts and observations, frequently in the same language, with a repetition of description, both as to persons and things, which had already appeared in the personal narrative; this is particularly remarkable in describing the Punjab and the Indus. We rather suspect, indeed, that the memoirs were originally not intended for publication, and that they embraced political discussions which it has been thought proper to suppress. Another point which creates a little awkwardness to the reader is the inverting the chronological order of the travels performed: these commenced with the author's voyage up the Indus and its ramifications; whereas his book begins with the Journey into Bokhara, the
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second in point of time. The reason assigned is, 'that its interest is, perhaps, greater than that of the Voyage;' we are by no means sure of that: both are sufficiently interesting, and there are many reasons why the Narrative should have proceeded in the order of time, as we intend our notice of it shall do.

In the year 1830, a ship arrived at Bombay with a present of five large spotted grey horses, from the King of Great Britain to Maharaja Runjeet Sing, the sovereign of the Seik nation, at Lahore, accompanied with a letter from the President of the Board of Control; and the Governor General added an old coach suited to these huge animals. Mr. Burnes, then holding a political situation in Cutch, which borders on the Indus, was appointed to convey these horses up that river to their ultimate destination. A fleet of five native boats received him and them, together with Ensign Leckie, a surveyor, a native doctor, and their servants. They first proceeded from Mandivee, in Cutch, to Koree, the eastern and largest of the eleven branches of the Delta of the Indus, from whence, in four or five days, they crossed the mouths of the whole of them, entering and examining, as well as they could, the said branches of this great river; and on the seventh day from their departure from Cutch, they cast anchor in the western or most distant mouth of the Indus, called Pittie. Here Mr. Burnes had the gratification of observing the rocky range of black mountains, bearing the modern name of Halu, but pretty well ascertained to be the *Irus* of Nearchus. 'I here read,' he says, 'from Arrian and Quintus Curtius, the passages of this memorable scene in Alexander's expedition—the mouth from which his admiral Nearchus took his departure from Sinde.' We may observe that Mr. Burnes appears to have had these two historians of Alexander's expedition constantly at hand, to enable him to compare the names of places and descriptions contained therein on the spot; and after so doing, his opinion is, that numerous places on the Indus and its large tributary streams, their names even, and their descriptions, as given by these authors, were satisfactorily identified in his progress up the Punjab. We can conceive few sources of higher gratification than such a comparison, made by an enterprising officer who had not forgotten the classical studies of his earlier days.

After they had proceeded about thirty-five miles up this branch of the river, a body of armed men crowded round the flotilla, stating themselves to be soldiers of the Ameer of Hydrabad, sent to examine the packages in the boats; and they were determined to do their duty, for they took good care that every box and package, even that which contained the old coach, should be wrenched open. The reis, or captain, said it was necessary the strangers should not remain,

remain, but await the decision of the Ameer at the mouth of the river. Indeed, both here and in their way down, they met with such torrents of abuse from the people, that Mr. Burnes determined not to wait, but to return to the eastern branch of the Indus, from whence he addressed the authorities of Sinde, and also our resident in Cutch. The answer of the Ameer was couched in friendly terms, but contained a formidable enumeration of physical obstacles to his proceeding up the river. In short, after experiencing every species of deceit and dissimulation, not to be exceeded even by the Chinese; after returning a third time to the Indus; and after having spent two months in fruitless attempts, Mr. Burnes determined to set off by land, and at the end of a week's negotiation at Tatta, succeeded in effecting his purpose, but not before another month was wasted, when at last, on the 12th of April, they embarked in the flat-bottomed boats, or *doondees*, of Sinde.

'Our fleet consisted of six of these flat bottomed vessels, and a small English-built pinnace, which we had brought from Cutch. The boats of the Indus are not unlike China junks, very capacious but most unwieldy. They are floating houses; and with ourselves we transported the boatmen, their wives and families, kids and fowls. When there is no wind, they are pulled up against the stream, by ropes attached to the mast-head, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour; but with a breeze they set a large square sail, and advance double the distance.'—vol. iii. p. 36.

The Wanyanee, up which they proceeded, is one of the principal branches—a fine river of five hundred yards in width and twenty-four feet in depth, the banks covered with tamarisk, among which were the reed huts of a few fishermen, the only inhabitants to be seen. But even among them it would seem the character of our countrymen is not unknown; for a *Syud*, or holy man, standing on the water's edge, turning to his companion, exclaimed, 'Alas! Sinde is now gone, since the English have seen the river, which is the road to its conquest.' The navigation up to Tatta is difficult and dangerous; the banks are so undermined that they often fall in masses that would crush a small vessel. It was now the season for taking the *pulla*, a fish of the carp species.

'Each fisherman is provided with a large earthen jar, open at the top, and somewhat flat. On this he places himself, and, lying on it horizontally, launches into the stream, swimming or pushing forward like a frog, and guiding himself with his hands. When he has reached the middle of the river, he darts his net directly under him, and sails down with the stream. The net consists of a pouch attached to a pole, which he shuts on meeting his game; he then draws it up, spears it,

it, and, putting it into the vessel on which he floats, prosecutes his occupation."—vol. iii. p. 40.

Off Hydrabad they received deputations from the Ameer, to congratulate them on their arrival in his territory. An audience was immediately granted, and the Ameer was studiously polite: he excused their long detention from his ignorance of political concerns—he being a soldier, and employed in commanding *the three hundred thousand Belooches*, over whom God had appointed him to rule! This was imposing enough, but there was nothing else in the darbar, or palace, that could give countenance to such a boast: 'they met in a dirty hall without a carpet; they sat in a room which was filled by a rabble of greasy soldiery, and the noise and dust were hardly to be endured.' The general appearance of the capital corresponds with the court. Its population does not amount to twenty thousand, and these chiefly inhabit huts of mud.

The next town of any consequence is Sehwan, a place of great antiquity, containing about ten thousand inhabitants. A ruined castle overlooks the town: it is perhaps the most singular building on the Indus, and, Mr. Burnes says, 'is, in all probability, as old as the age of the Greeks.' It is an oval mound of earth, surrounded from the base to the summit by a brick wall, containing an enclosure about 1200 feet long by 750 broad. It is said to resemble the tower at Babylon, as described by Mr. Rich. Here they found the climate oppressive; the thermometer not lower than 100° at midnight.

At Khyrpoor the Ameer was exceedingly civil and attentive. He begged their acceptance of the poor hospitality of a Belooche soldier; and 'the hospitality which he so modestly named, consisted of eight or ten sheep, with all sorts of provisions for one hundred and fifty people daily, twice a-day a meal of seventy-two dishes, besides various presents of valuable daggers, swords, cloths, native silks, and a purse of one thousand rupees, the last of which was declined.' As they proceeded up the Indus the country became more populous, and the curiosity of the people on the banks was intense: that of the ladies more so than of the other sex; the female descendants of Mahommed are veiled, or rather have a long white robe thrown over their entire body; they are all beggars, and very vociferous in their demand for alms. One of the few amusements of the inhabitants is stated to be that of listening to the lascivious songs of the courtesans, who are to be met with in every town and village of this country; they are described as a remarkably handsome race.

At Mittun the party quitted the Indus, which here receives, through the channel of the Chenaub, the united waters of the Punjab rivers—those five great streams whose names the historians

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of Alexander's exploits have handed down to us. Taking them in succession from the westward, or nearest the Indus, these names are—the Hydaspes (now Jelum)—the Acesines (Chenab)—the Hydraotes (Ravee)—the Hyphasis (Garra), the upper part of which is the Hesudrus (Sutlege). At Mittun, therefore, our voyagers took a last farewell of the Indus, which here exceeded two thousand yards in width, and entered the Acesines of the Greeks, down which Alexander sailed to the great trunk or main branch of the Indus.

The small territory of Bhawul Khan, called Daoodpootra, lies next to Sinde. Ooch is the principal town, the population of which is reckoned at twenty thousand ; it is a mean place. The Khan sent a messenger with the present of a deer, which he had himself shot, forty vessels of sherbet, and as many of sweetmeats ; also a bag of two hundred rupees, to be distributed by Mr. Burnes in charity, to mark the joyful event of his arrival. Soon after he paid them a visit.

‘He was attended by about a thousand persons ; and I observed that he distributed money as he passed along. After the visit, our Mihmandar brought us presents from the Khan ; they consisted of two horses richly caparisoned with silver and enamel trappings, a hawk, with shawls and trays of the fabrics made at Bhawulpoor, some of which were very rich ; to these were added a purse of two thousand rupees, and a sum of two hundred for the servants ; and, last of all, a beautiful matchlock, which had its value doubled by the manner in which it was presented. “The Khan,” said the messenger, “has killed many a deer with this gun ; and he begs you will accept it from him, and, when you use it, remember that Bhawul Khan is your friend.”—vol. iii. p. 97.

Ooch is near the junction of the Garra with the Chenab ; the route lay up the latter, and Mr. Burnes now entered the territories of the Seiks, to whose chief, the Maharaja Runjeet Sing, he was proceeding on his mission. A camp had been pitched on the frontier to wait his arrival. The Sirdar held in one hand a bow, to be presented according to the custom of the Seiks, and in the other two Persian letters in silken bags. One of these contained the substance of the Maharaja's commands to his officers, regarding the mission, which bore ample testimony to the splendid munificence and hospitality of this distinguished chief. It commenced by ordering that two hundred infantry and lancers should be held in readiness as an honorary escort on Mr. Burnes's reaching the frontier—that an elephant, with a silver hounda, should be despatched for his express use,—that the Sirdar, and another officer, seated on two other elephants, should meet him, to congratulate him on his safe arrival—

that they should conduct him to the appointed halting-place, and set before him one thousand one hundred rupees and fifty jars of sweetmeats—the same to be repeated at Shoojuabad, and at Mooltan to be doubled—and, lastly, that one hundred camels be laden with provisions, and the like number of rupees be distributed as before, while on their march to Lahore.

The Maharaja's people evinced much anxiety to view the large dray-horses, for which purpose they were landed: their surprise was extreme; they called them *little elephants*; their feet in particular excited their astonishment, and they requested permission to despatch one of the shoes to the Maharaja, at Lahore, having first ascertained its weight to be four times that of one of their horses. Mooltan, which is described by Mr. Elphinstone as four and a half miles in circumference, and surrounded with a fine wall from forty to fifty feet high, is the only place of importance, on or near the Chenaub, as far up as the point of junction of this river with the Hydraotes or Ravee, along the latter of which the mission had now to proceed to Lahore, this ancient capital of the Mogul empire being situated on its banks. Mooltan is said to contain sixty thousand inhabitants, mostly Hindoos and Mahomedans. It is famous for its silk manufactures, which are greatly encouraged by Runjeet Sing. Mr. Burnes thinks there is little doubt of Mooltan being the capital of the Malli of Alexander. There is every indication at least of its being one of the most ancient cities in India. The silk *kais* of Mooltan and the *loangees* of Bhawulpoor assist, in Mr. Burnes's opinion, 'in fixing the country of the Malli, for Quintus Curtius informs us that the ambassadors of the Malli and Oxydracæ (Mooltan and Ooch) wore garments of cotton, lawn, or muslin (*lineæ vestes*), interwoven with gold, and adorned with purple; he thinks we may safely translate *lineæ vestes* into the stuffs of Mooltan and Bhawulpoor, which are interwoven with gold, and most frequently of a purple colour.

As the point where the Hydaspes unites with the Acesines was only forty-five miles out of their route to the westward, and believing that the former of these streams, so famous in ancient history, had never been visited by a European since the days of the Greeks, Mr. Burnes, much to the surprise of his Seik friends, who could not comprehend the motives of his curiosity, set out on a galloping expedition to its banks. It was here that the fleet of Alexander encountered such disasters in the rapids; and it was here, also, that the hordes of Timour were terrified by the noise of the waters. Mr. Burnes says the Hydaspes joins the Acesines with a murmuring noise, but that the velocity of the current is inconsiderable, and vessels now pass it without danger, except a very little

little in July and August. But the superstitious reliance of the boatmen on the protection of a saint, whose tomb stands at the fork of the two rivers, would seem to bespeak considerable danger at some seasons. While on this trip Mr. Burnes was fortunate enough to find a Bactrian coin, resembling that of an Apollodotus, which it was afterwards ascertained to be; and this is the first Grecian relic that has been found in the Punjab.

Deputations met the mission at every stage of their voyage, bearing congratulations and presents of a variety of kinds, including provisions, fruits, and sweetmeats. Butchers were sent from Mooltan to supply their wants; loads of saltpetre to cool their wine and water; and the necessaries and luxuries of life were supplied without bounds. At length, on the 17th July, the lofty minarets of the king's mosque at Lahore made their appearance; but the ceremonial of their *entrée* required they should halt three or four miles from the capital. Here Captain Wade, the political agent at Lodiana, and Dr. Murray, with the principal men of the state, escorted by a guard of cavalry and a regiment of infantry, met the mission. On the way they were joined by M. Allard, a French officer who commands the Māharaja's cavalry, and M. Court, an intelligent gentleman of the same nation, also in his service. Entering Lahore by the palace-gate, the streets were lined with cavalry, artillery, and infantry, with an immense concourse of people. Passing through the first court of the palace, and conducted by a soldier-like person in armour to the door, Mr. Burnes says, 'while stooping to remove my shoes at the threshold, I suddenly found myself in the arms and tight embrace of a diminutive old-looking man—the great Maharaja Runjeet Sing.' After the usual questions and complimentary inquiries, the letter from his Majesty's minister was produced, which the Maharaja, rising up, received, and touched his forehead with the seal. It was then handed to his minister, who read aloud the Persian translation of it. The contents gave the Maharaja such evident satisfaction, that before it was half read, he said he would greet its arrival by a salute, 'and a peal of artillery from sixty guns, each firing twenty-one times, announced to the citizens of Lahore the joy of their king.' Thus it seems the Seiks beat us hollow in their salutes—1260 guns on the reading of a letter from Lord Ellenborough!

This affair being finished, Runjeet Sing expressed his intention of viewing the presents; he was delighted with the horses, and he too called them little elephants. He talked a great deal for about an hour and a half; inquired as to the depth of water in the Indus, the practicability of navigating it, the kind of people who occupy its banks; and their political and military importance. About thirty

horses of his own stud were then brought out, caparisoned in the richest and most superb manner, and some of them adorned with very valuable jewels. The Maharaja was evidently perfect master of his stud; he named each horse, and described his pedigree and points; but Mr. Burnes does not appear to think very highly of them.

* The exertion which his highness underwent seemed to exhaust him, and we withdrew. Nature has, indeed, been sparing in her gifts to this personage; and there must be a mighty contrast between his mind and body. He has lost an eye, is pitted by the small pox, and his stature does not certainly exceed five feet three inches. He is entirely free from pomp and show, yet the studied respect of his court is remarkable; not an individual spoke without a sign, though the throng was more like a bazar than the court of the first native prince in these times.

* The hall of audience, in which the interview took place, was built entirely of marble, and is the work of the Moghul Emperors; part of the roof was gorgeously decorated by a pavilion of silken cloth studded with jewels. The Maharaja himself wore a necklace, armlets, and bracelets of emeralds, some of which were very large. His sword was mounted with the most precious stones. The nobles were likewise dressed for the occasion with jewels; and all the court appeared in yellow, the favourite colour of the nation, which has a gaudy but striking effect.—pp. 154, 155.

* The most creditable trait in Runjeet's character is his humanity; he has never been known to punish a criminal with death since his accession to power; he does not hesitate to mutilate a malefactor, but usually banishes him to the hills. Cunning and conciliation have been the two great weapons of his diplomacy. It is too probable that the career of this chief is nearly at an end; his chest is contracted, his back is bent, his limbs are withered, and it is not likely that he can long bear up against a nightly dose of spirits more ardent than the strongest brandy.—p. 167.

After such a description of the physical *status* of the great Maharaja, we cannot feel much surprise at the difficulty he experiences to keep in order the class of subjects mentioned in the following paragraph.

* On the evening of the 25th, his highness gave us a private audience, in which we saw him to great advantage; for he directed his court to withdraw. On our arrival, we found him seated on a chair, with a party of thirty or forty dancing girls, dressed uniformly in boys' clothes. They were mostly natives of Cashmere or the adjacent mountains, on whom grace and beauty had not been sparingly bestowed. Their figures and features were small; and their Don Giovanni costume of flowing silk most becoming, improved as it was by a small bow and quiver in the hand of each. The "eyes of Cashmere" are celebrated in the poetry of the East, of which these Dianas

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now furnished brilliant specimens, in gems black and bright; disfigured, however, by a kind of sparkling gold dust glued round each organ. "This," said Runjeet Sing, "is one of my regiments (pultans), but they tell me it is one I cannot discipline;" a remark which amused us, and mightily pleased the fair. He pointed out two of the ladies, whom he called the "commandants" of this arm of his service, to whom he had given villages, and an allowance of five and ten rupees a day. He shortly afterwards called for four or five elephants to take these, his *undisciplined* troops, home.—pp. 161, 162.

Mr. Burnes remained at the Maharaja's court from the 18th June to the 16th August, when he had his audience of leave.

'In compliance with a wish that I had expressed, he produced the "Koh-i-noor," or mountain of light, one of the largest diamonds in the world, which he had extorted from Shah Shooja, the ex-King of Cabool. Nothing can be imagined more superb than this stone; it is of the finest water, and about half the size of an egg. Its weight amounts to $3\frac{1}{2}$ rupees, and if such a jewel is to be valued, I am informed it is worth $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions of money, but this is a gross exaggeration. The "Koh-i-noor" is set as an armlet, with a diamond on each side about the size of a sparrow's egg.

'Runjeet seemed anxious to display his jewels before we left him; and with the diamond was brought a large ruby, weighing 14 rupees. It had the names of several kings engraven on it, among which were those of Aurungzebe and Ahmed Shah. There was also a topaz of great size, weighing 11 rupees, and as large as half a billiard ball: Runjeet had purchased it for 20,000 rupees.'—vol. iii. p. 168.

The Koh-i-noor here mentioned has passed through many hands, and we should not be surprised if this 'mountain of light' should, one of these days, be seen to shine forth, as the Pigot diamond did for some time, in the magazine of Rundell and Bridge on Ludgate Hill. When Tavernier* was in India, it belonged to the Great Mogul Aurungzebe. Nadir Shah, we believe, carried it off from Delhi, and from him it fell into the hands of Timour Shah, and descended to his sons at Cabool. It suffered many perilous escapes when in possession of the unfortunate Shooja-ool-Moolk, from whom it was procured, not in the most honourable way, by Runjeet Sing.

The ceremony of leave-taking being ended, Runjeet Sing delivered a letter addressed to his Majesty's minister for the affairs of India, in reply to the one carried by Mr. Burnes. It is a great curiosity of its kind. It commences thus: 'At a happy moment, when the balmy zephyrs of spring were blowing from the garden of friendship, and wafting to my senses the grateful per-

* A print of this diamond is given in Tavernier's *Travels*, from which its shape appears to be that of the thicker end of an egg cut in two. Mr. Elphinstone writes it *Cohinoor*.

fume of its flowers, your Excellency's epistle, every letter of which is a new-blown rose on the branch of regard, and every word a blooming fruit on the tree of esteem, was delivered to me by Mr. Burnes and Mr. John Leckie, &c. He then recurs to the delivery of the said letter by 'that nightingale of the garden of eloquence, that bird of the winged words [who expected to meet with the ἐπὶ πτέρωσιν in the Punjab?] of sweet discourse, Mr. Burnes!' And speaking of those animals, the dray-horses, which in beauty, stature, and disposition surpass the horses of every city and every country in the world, he adds, 'On beholding their shoes the new moon turned pale with envy, and nearly disappeared from the sky: such horses the eye of the sun has never before beheld in his course through the universe,'—with a great deal more of the like flourish.

The city of Lahore had been abandoned to a state of decay; the adjoining fields were covered with the ruins of mosques and tombs, and the modern city is confined to the western angle of the ancient one; the streets are narrow and offensively dirty. The king's mosque of red sandstone, with its four lofty minarets, is still standing; but the temple itself is converted into a powder magazine. The tomb of Jehungeer still remains a monument of great beauty. It is built of marble and red sandstone in alternate layers: the name of Jehungeer is inscribed as 'The Conqueror of the World.' The garden of Shah Jehan—the Shalimar, or 'house of joy'—is another magnificent remnant of Mogul grandeur, about half a mile in length, with three successive terraces one above the other. A canal intersects this beautiful garden, and throws up its water in 450 fountains, to cool the atmosphere.

The soft and effeminate manners of the East appear, however, to have fewer charms for Runjeet Sing than military display, wine, and outward splendour. He says he owes all his conquests to the bravery of the troops of his own nation, who are free from prejudice; would carry eight days' provision on their backs; dig a well if water were scarce, and build a fort if circumstances required it, which the Hindoostanees would never do. 'I pay my officers and troops,' he said, 'with the shawls and productions of Cashmere; and as I give a chief who may be entitled to a balance of 300 rupees shawls to the value of 500, he is well pleased, and the state is benefited.'

He told Burnes that the wine he sent him was mixed with pearls and precious gems; and this, it seems, is a common beverage in the East; so that the best is in the bottom, and probably falls to the share of the butler. He is himself immoderately fond of wine and strong liquors. At parting, he produced a splendid bow and quiver, and also a horse richly caparisoned, with a shawl cloth

cloth thrown over his body, a necklace of agate, and heron's plume stuck on his head, saying, 'This is one of my riding-horses, which I beg you will accept.' A similar present was given to Mr. Leckie; and while they were viewing the animals, one of the great dray-horses was brought forward, dressed out in cloth of gold, and bearing an elephant's hound on its back. Runjeet then sprinkled sandal-oil and rose-water over them with his own hands, which completed the ceremony.

Having taken leave of Maharaja Runjeet Sing, Mr. Burnes directed his steps towards Simla, on the Himalaya mountains, to give an account of his mission to Lord William Bentinck, who had taken up his residence there, on the score of health. On the second day, he reached Umritsir, the holy city of the Seiks, a distance of thirty miles; the intervening country highly cultivated. The *Nuhr* canal, cut from the Ravee at Lahore, passes by Umritsir, and continues for eighty miles, and is navigable by small boats. At twenty-three miles from Umritsir, the party crossed the Hyphasis, at Julalabad. Swollen to a mile in width, its current exceeded five miles an hour, so that, after two hours spent in crossing, they landed about two miles below the point from which they started. A little beyond this they halted at the estate of the Seik chief Futtih Sing, who was present with Lord Lake's army in 1805. Their reception was cordial; and the following sketch may convey some idea of the mode of life of a Seik Sirdar.

'Immediately we were seated, he produced his bottle, drank freely himself, and pressed it much upon us; it was too potent for an Englishman, but he assured us that, whatever quantity we drank, it would never occasion thirst. We filled a bumper to the health of the Sirdar and his family, and were about to withdraw, when he produced most expensive presents, which could not in any way be refused; he gave me a string of pearls, and some other jewels, with a sword, a horse, and several shawls. Futtih Sing is an uncouth-looking person, but he has the manners of a soldier. His income amounts to about four lacs of rupees annually, and he lives up to it, having a strong passion for house-building. Besides a board of works in two of his gardens, he was now constructing a house in the English style, but has sensibly added a suite of rooms underground for the hot season. When we left Futtih Sing, he urgently requested that we would deliver his sincere sentiments of regard to his old friend Sir John Malcolm.'—vol. iii. p. 180.

Proceeding from hence, and passing the towns of Jullinder and Jumsheer, they came to the town of Fulour, on the banks of the Sutlege, the frontier post of the Lahore chief. The munificence of the Maharaja continued to the last; and the party, at the time of crossing the Sutlege, had received, in hard cash, no less than 24,000 rupees. This river, the *Hesudrus* of antiquity, is yet called the

the Shitloodur, or the Hundred Rivers, by the natives. It was observed, that the waters of the Sutlege were colder than any other of the Punjab rivers; no doubt, from the length of its course among the Snowy Mountains. From the Sutlege, the party proceeded to Lodiana, where they rested a few days among their countrymen; and from hence prosecuted their journey to Simla, distant about one hundred miles, where Mr. Burnes was received in the most flattering manner by the Governor-General of India; who states, in a public document addressed to himself, that 'the whole of his conduct has his entire and unqualified approbation.' We are told, indeed, that his Lordship entered at once into negotiations for laying open the navigation of the Indus to the commerce of Britain; which, whether regarded in a commercial or political point of view, must be considered as a measure of enlightened policy.

The Indus, it appears, is a river of greater magnitude than has usually been ascribed to it. The water it discharges, after receiving the five great tributary streams, is stated to be, in the month of April, the dry season, 80,000 cubic feet in a second of time; while, in the same month, Mr. Prinsep found the Ganges to discharge only 21,500 cubic feet: the former, therefore, is nearly four times the amount of the latter; and not far short of that discharged by the Mississippi. The reasons assigned by Mr. Burnes, in his 'Memoir of the Indus,' for this difference in favour of the Indus, would appear well-founded. The main trunk and the large tributaries of the Indus all take their rise among snowy mountains, furnishing a constant supply of water in the dry season; most of them flow through countries thinly peopled and poorly cultivated in comparison with those traversed by the Ganges; the waters of the latter are therefore profusely expended in irrigation, blessing the inhabitants of its banks with rich and exuberant crops; while those of the former are, for the most part, suffered to run to waste. Other causes are stated, which account for the superiority of the Indus. It is, undoubtedly, a noble river, and navigable by a fleet from Attock to the sea.

The voyage to Lahore occupied just sixty days of navigation, sometimes with sails, at others with men tracking the boats, proceeding generally from sunrise to sunset. The route they took presents one uninterrupted navigation of a thousand miles from the sea to this capital of the Seiks. The return voyage has never been tried, as no trade exists between the Punjab and Sind by water, the jealous rulers of the latter preventing it; but Mr. Burnes estimates it may be done in fifteen days—thus, Mooltan, six; Bukkur, four; Hydrabad, three; and to the sea, two.

That Runjeet Sing has for some time past looked with a jealous and

and covetous eye on the wealth and territories of the Ameers of Sindé cannot be doubted; and the recent death of Mooraud Ali Khan, the chief of Hydrabad, and most powerful of the Sindé Ameers, will probably hasten the long-meditated attempt. The other two Ameers, of Khrypoor and Meerpoor, could offer but a feeble resistance. The aggregate amount of their united revenues is stated to be thirty lacs of rupees, and the treasure in hand about twenty millions sterling, thirteen of which are in money, and the remainder in jewels, deposited chiefly in the fort of Hydrabad. What a temptation for a *coup-de-main*, under colour of opening the navigation of the Indus! Could our assistance be refused to the entreaties of our faithful ally—friend, at least—Runjeet Sing, were it only to hold neuter the Peshawur and Cabool chiefs—who are burning for an opportunity, the first favourable moment, of breaking up the Seik government?

The present territories of Runjeet Sing extend from the Sutlege to the Indus, and from Cashmere to Mooltan, comprising the whole of the countries watered by the Punjab. Mr. Burnes says, that so entirely has the Seik nation altered its constitution under this chief, that from a pure republic it has passed to an absolute monarchy. Though the genius of one man has effected this change, it can hardly be expected to be permanent. The son of Nadir Shah, when about to unite himself with a princess of the house of Delhi, was called upon to give an account of his male ancestors for seven generations: 'Tell them,' said this haughty adventurer, 'that he is the son of the sword, and the grandson of the sword, and so on till they have a descent of *seventy* instead of *seven* generations!' The following words of Mr. Burnes may, therefore, turn out to be prophetic:

'The power which Runjeet Sing acquired has been preserved by his policy: he has a disciplined army of infantry, with a due proportion of cavalry and artillery. The system is unpopular in the country, and the Seik Sirdars view with distrust the innovation and the innovators. The French officers, when deprived of their patron, would find it necessary to stand aloof, from motives of personal safety; and, if they left the country, the wreck of their labours would soon perish in the general tumult.'—vol. iii. p. 296.

Mr. Burnes, being the first European of modern times who had navigated the Indus, was stimulated by a desire to extend his travels beyond that river, a design which received the most liberal encouragement from the Governor-General of India. Being joined by Mr. James Gerard, of the Bengal army, on the 2d of January, 1832, he left Lodiana, having previously solicited Runjeet Sing to permit his again entering and passing through his territories. On the frontier they were met by a Sirdar or chief, who

who welcomed them in the name of the Maharaja. On their arrival at Lahore, Runjeet received them with all kindness—detained them near a month, entertaining them with hunting, hawking, and feasting, in the most splendid style. Although we have already given some specimens of the finery of the Maharaja's establishment, we cannot omit the description of the old chief's bed-room.

'In one end of the room stood a camp-bedstead, which merits a description. Its frame-work, posts, and legs were entirely covered with gold, and the canopy was one massy sheet of the same precious metal. It stood on footstools, raised about ten inches from the ground, and which were also of gold. The curtains were of Cashmere shawls. Near it stood a round chair of gold; and in one of the upper rooms of the palace we saw the counterpart of these costly ornaments. The candles that lighted up the apartment were held in branch sticks of gold. The little room in which we sat was superbly gilded; and the side which was next the court was closed by a screen of yellow silk. Here we enjoyed the society of our royal entertainer, who freely circulated the wine, filled our glasses himself, and gave every encouragement by his own example.—vol. i. pp. 29, 30.

But the splendour of the Seik soldier, as displayed at Lahore, sinks into obscurity when compared with the magnificence which this old chief exhibited in the tented field, when Lord William Bentinck paid him a week's visit on the banks of the Sutlege, in the interval between the two missions of Mr. Burnes. The display of elephants with their rich houdas, the long lines of troops, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, all in dresses of yellow silk, presented a most brilliant spectacle; but we must content ourselves with a short extract from the account of one of the spectators of scenes that outdid anything in the 'Thousand and One Nights':—

'The tents were pitched on a rising bank, within a hundred yards of the river, and the lands around it were metamorphosed, by the skill of the gardeners of Lahore, into verdant parterres, in which wheat, having been sown some days previous, now presented groups of green and growing figures of elephants, horses, deer, birds, &c. This garden was brilliantly illuminated, and decorated with artificial flowers, trees, golden cypresses, &c., tastefully arranged. The interior of the pavilion, however, presented a scene of riches and splendour surpassing the descriptions of the palace of Haroon al Raschid, or of Solomon in all his glory. The floor was spread with cloth of gold; and within the gorgeous little pavilion before described, were placed three circular seats or thrones, sheeted with gold, curiously worked. The centre was destined for the Maharaja, and one on either side for the Governor-General and Lady William Bentinck. Behind these thrones was a golden bedstead, inlaid with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, &c., in profusion. The tent was illuminated with golden candelabras. After inspecting

inspecting this *chef-d'œuvre* of oriental taste and magnificence, the party took their seats in the open arcade, or semiana, before described; the principal personages being seated under a canopy, the richness of which is utterly indescribable. It consisted of one mass of jewels, of diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, interwoven in various patterns so thickly, that the texture of the cloth or silk on which they were worked was quite indistinguishable.

'The regiment of Amazons soon made their appearance, on this occasion armed with bows and arrows, and headed by their commander-in-chief, the favourite of the day, who was distinguished by a crimson dress, and white plume in her turban. There were three subordinate commandants, each distinguished by a white plume. After exhibiting their dancing for some time, the Maharaja ordered one of them to sing the song of the Hoollee, and a tray of round silver bowls, filled with gold dust and silver leaf pulverised, having been placed on a footstool before his Highness, the sport and the song commenced. The dancer and the Maharaja opened the campaign by pelting one another most vigorously with gold dust. Neither the Governor-General nor Lady William escaped, and the engagement soon became general, and ceased only when the silver bowls were exhausted, and the whole party were covered from head to foot with the glittering powder. The Maharaja suffered the most severely, for during his contest with the Amazon, the latter contrived to throw a handful straight into his sound eye, which nearly extinguished the luminary, and he did not completely recover from the wound during the rest of the evening.'

Mr. Burnes, on leaving Lahore, determined to cast off the garb of an Englishman, and adopt the costume of an humble Asiatic:—

'It now became necessary to divest ourselves almost of everything which belonged to us, and discontinue many habits and practices which had become a second nature; but the success of our enterprise depended upon these sacrifices. We threw away all our European clothes, and adopted, without reserve, the costume of the Asiatic. We exchanged our tight dress for the flowing robe of the Afghans, girt on swords, and "kummur-bunds" (sashes); and, with our heads shaved, and groaning under ponderous turbans, we strutted about slipshod; and had now to uncover the feet instead of the head. We gave away our tents, beds, and boxes, and broke our tables and chairs. A hut, or the ground, we knew must be our shelter, and a coarse carpet or mat our bed. A blanket, or "kummul," served to cover the native saddle, and to sleep under during night; and the greater portion of my now limited wardrobe found a place in the "kooorjeen," or saddle-bags, which were thrown across the horse's quarter. A single mule for each of us carried the whole of our baggage, with my books and instruments; and a servant likewise found a seat upon the animal. A pony carried the surveyor, Mohammed Ali; and the Hindoo lad had the same allowance. These arrangements took some time and consideration; and we burned, gave away, and

and destroyed whole mule-loads of baggage—a propitiatory offering, as I called it, to those immortal demons the Khyberees, who have from time immemorial plundered the traveller across the Indus.—vol. i. pp. 40, 41.

The ‘tope,’ or mound of masonry, of Manikyala attracted the attention of Mr. Burnes. Mr. Elphinstone had pronounced it ‘as like Grecian architecture as any building which Europeans, in remote parts of the country, could now construct by the hands of unpractised native builders.’ M. Ventura, a general in Runjeet Sing’s service, opened it, and descended down a central shaft, at the bottom of which he found various coins and medals, and a nest of three cylindrical boxes, one of iron, one of tin, and the innermost of gold, containing a black, dirty substance, half liquid, and mixed with glass or amber. Though the coins were much posterior to the Greeks, M. Ventura thinks this must have been the site of Bucephalia, as the word Manikyala means, when interpreted, ‘the City of the Horse;’ but Mr. Burnes is of opinion that it corresponds more nearly to Arrian’s position of Taxilla. The latter found here two antiques and seventy copper coins. A similar ‘tope’ was visited at Belur, and many others were heard of in the neighbourhood of the mountains. ‘I am inclined to a belief,’ says Mr. Burnes, ‘that in these “topes” we have the tombs of a race of princes who once reigned in Upper India, and that they are either the sepulchres of the Bactrian kings, or their Indo-Scythic successors.’

At Pind Dadun Khan, the capital of a small district, with a population of six thousand souls, the travellers crossed the Hydaspes. The river here turns round a point of the vast salt range which stretches from the Hydaspes to a considerable distance beyond the Indus, an extent nearly equal to two hundred miles. About one hundred persons were employed digging blocks of salt out of an excavation in the hill. Mr. Burnes says of these poor creatures that their cadaverous looks and stifled breathing excited the utmost compassion. He distributed to each a rupee, which was about equal to the earnings for extracting a ton of salt. The range is stated to rise about eight hundred feet above the plains of the Punjab, and about two thousand feet above the sea, and exceeds five miles in breadth. From this source Runjeet Sing derives a vast revenue.

Mr. Elphinstone crossed this salt range a little beyond the town of Calla-baugh, the houses of which, he says, actually overhang the road, being built on the steep face of the hill, the streets rising like steps one above another. Here the Indus was compressed between two mountains into a deep channel, only three hundred and fifty yards broad: along the face of one of these, a road

road has been cut for upwards of two miles, mostly out of solid salt; the cliffs rising sometimes to the height of more than a hundred feet above the level of the river: the mineral is described as hard, clear, and nearly pure, but streaked and tinged in parts with red. 'The earth,' says Mr. Elphinstone, 'is almost blood-red, and this, with the strange and beautiful spectacle of the salt rocks, and the Indus flowing in a deep and clear stream through lofty mountains, past this extraordinary town, presented such a scene of wonder as is seldom to be witnessed.' We should say, not to be witnessed in any other part of the known globe.

The scene of Alexander's battle with Porus has been conjectured to lie at Julalpoor, but Mr. Burnes seems to prefer Jelum, which is about twenty-five miles higher up the Hydaspes, chiefly because the great road from Tartary passes this place, and appears to have been the one followed by Alexander. Mr. Elphinstone, however, is not likely to give up Julalpoor: 'so precisely does Quintus Curtius's description of the scene of Porus's battle correspond with the part of the Hydaspes where he crossed, that several gentlemen of the mission, who read the passage on the spot, were persuaded that it referred to the very spot before their eyes.'—*Non nostri est tantas componere lites*; but we wish, here and elsewhere, that Mr. Burnes had carried with him, not only his Curtius and Arrian, but the late clear and able 'History of Alexander,' by Archdeacon Williams. That learned writer's conjectures have, as it is, in several remarkable instances, derived new strength from Mr. Burnes's facts.

On the 14th March our travellers forded the Indus about five miles above Attock, where the stream was divided into three branches. Two hundred Seik horsemen conducted them over. With the exception of one man and two horses, that were carried down the stream and drowned, they arrived safe on the opposite bank. We cannot in the least account for the appearance of the following phenomenon, but as Mr. Burnes saw it himself, we have nothing further to do but to give it in his own words.

'Before crossing the Indus, we observed a singular phenomenon at the fork of the Indus and Cabool river, where an ignis fatuus shows itself every evening. Two, three, and even four bright lights are visible at a time, and continue to shine throughout the night, ranging within a few yards of each other. The natives could not account for them, and their continuance during the rainy season is the most inexplicable part of the phenomenon, in their estimation. They tell you that the valiant Man Sing, a Rajpoot, who carried his war of revenge against the Mahomedans across the Indus, fought a battle on this spot; and that the lights now seen are the spirits of the departed. I should not have credited the constancy of this will-o'-the-wisp had I not seen it. It may arise from the reflection of the water on the
rock,

rock, smoothed by the current: but then it only shows itself on a particular spot, and the whole bank is smoothed. It may also be an exhalation of some gas from a fissure in the rock, but its position prevented our examining it.—vol. i. pp. 79, 80.

They were now in the country of the Afghans, and delivered themselves over to the Khuttucks, a lawless tribe, whose chief expressed his dissatisfaction at their having purchased some trifling articles in the bazaar, as if it was a reflection on his hospitality. On taking leave, however, he assured them they might consider themselves 'as secure as eggs under a hen.' Being now in the land 'where covetousness of a neighbour's goods is the ruling passion,' it was found necessary to secrete their money and valuables in the best manner they could contrive. On approaching the plain of Peshawur they were met by an escort and the son of the chief, who conducted them to his father, by whom they were received with the greatest kindness. Of this chief Mr. Burnes says,—

'Sooltan Mahommed Khan was not the illiterate Afghan whom I expected to find, but an educated, well-bred gentleman, whose open and affable manner made a lasting impression upon me. As we were sitting down to dinner, he would frequently slip in, quite unattended, and pass the evening with us. He would sometimes be followed by various trays of dishes, which he had had cooked in his harem, and believed might be palatable to us. He is a person more remarkable for his urbanity than his wisdom; but he transacts all his own business: he is a brave soldier; his seraglio has about thirty inmates, and he has already had a family of sixty children. He could not tell the exact number of survivors when I asked him!—vol. i. p. 91.

'As we passed the suburbs of the city we discovered a crowd of people, and, on a nearer approach, saw the mangled bodies of a man and woman, the former not quite dead, lying on a dunghill. The crowd instantly surrounded the chief and our party, and one person stepped forward and represented in a trembling attitude, to Sooltan Mahommed Khan, that he had discovered his wife in an act of infidelity, and had put both parties to death; he held the bloody sword in his hands, and described how he had committed the deed. His wife was pregnant, and already the mother of three children. The chief asked a few questions, which did not occupy him three minutes; he then said, in a loud voice, "You have acted the part of a good Mahomedan, and performed a justifiable act." He then moved on, and the crowd cried out "Bravo!" ("Afreen!") The man was immediately set at liberty.—vol. i. pp. 93, 94.

Mr. Burnes is naturally much shocked with this incident; but his expressions on the occasion are too severe; he might have known, or remembered, that an injured husband in his own country will, under similar circumstances, be held by judge and jury to have 'performed a justifiable act.'

'Of

'Of the town of Peshawur,' says Mr. Burnes, 'I shall say nothing, since the graphic and accurate descriptions of Mr. Elphinstone require no addition.' A great revolution, however, has occurred since Mr. Elphinstone's time. Instead of its remaining a monarchy, the Afghan country has been broken up into four chiefships—Peshawur, Cabool, Herat, and Candahar, by the misfortunes that befel the two sons of Timour Shah, Zemaun Shah and Shooja-ool-Moolk, now both at Lodiana, and the former, as observed by Mr. Elphinstone, blind, dethroned, and exiled, in a country which he had twice subdued. The present ruler of Peshawur is described as a very excellent character, and his courtiers exhibited more general knowledge than could have been expected in this remote region. The Khan spoke without reserve of Runjeet Sing, and sighed to be released from the disgrace of being obliged to pay him tribute and having his son a hostage at Lahore. Mr. Burnes observed that every one seemed to maintain an air of equality with the chief,—even the meanest servant addressed him without ceremony. After a month's feasting and entertainments, and rambles about the city and its environs, where the climate, the gardens, and the landscape are said to delight the senses, they took their departure for Cabool. Being now near the close of April, they had no longer to dread the snows of Cabool and Hindoo Coosh; the thermometer had risen from 60° at noon on their first arrival to 87°; the mulberries had ripened, and the snow had entirely disappeared from the hither range.

The river of Cabool was crossed on a raft supported on inflated skins; it was only two hundred and fifty yards wide, but ran with such rapidity that they were carried more than a mile before gaining the opposite bank. The precipices of the ravine, down which the river fell with great impetuosity, had now risen to the height of two thousand feet, and the stream was again to be crossed. Its rapidity, formed into eddies, wheeled them round, and they had the agreeable satisfaction of being told that, if carried some way down, there was a whirlpool round which, if once enclosed in its circle, they might revolve, in hunger and giddiness, for a whole day. This reminds us of the two *padres* who were found by Condamine in an eddy of the Amazons, where they had been spinning round and round in their little skiff for a couple of days.

Julalabad, the residence of a Mahomedan chief, lies between two parallel mountains, clothed in snow, in the higher part of which it never melts, and this would give an elevation of about 15,000 feet. It is described as a small filthy town, with a bazaar of fifty shops, and a population of about two thousand souls. At Bala-bagh, rich gardens, producing the famous pomegranates without seed, and vines creeping up trees to the height

height of eighty feet from the ground, ascended up the steep close under the Snowy Mountains. Near Gundamuk clover and white daisies clothed the fields, and the mountains were covered with forests of pines, rising to within a thousand feet of perpetual snow. Here, too, is the garden of Neemla, celebrated as the field of battle in which Shooja-ool-Moolk lost his crown in 1809.

The party had scarcely entered Cabool before they heard of the misfortunes of Mr. Wolff, the Jewish missionary, who was then detained in a neighbouring village, and lost no time in despatching assistance to him. The situation of this eccentric fanatic excited the sympathy of our travellers, though mainly owing to his own imprudence; having assumed the character of a hadjee, he was soon discovered, and then, of course, beaten and plundered.

Our travellers were received most kindly into the house of Nawab Jubbar Khan, the amiable brother of the chief of Cabool. Mr. Burnes says,—

‘Never was a man more modest and more beloved; he will permit but a single attendant to follow him; and the people on the high and by ways stop to bless him; the politicians assail him at home to enter into intrigues, and yet he possesses the respect of the whole community, and has, at the present moment, a greater moral influence than any of the Barukzye family in Afghanistan. His manners are remarkably mild and pleasing; and from his dress one would not imagine him to be an influential member of a warlike family. It is delightful to be in his society, to witness his acts, and hear his conversation. He is particularly partial to Europeans, and makes every one of them his guest who enters Cabool. All the French officers in the Punjab lived with him, and keep up a friendly intercourse. Such is the *patriarch* of Cabool; he is now about fifty years of age; and such the master of the house in which we were so fortunate as to dwell.’—vol. i. p. 134.

The chief himself, Dost Mahommed Khan, appears to be a man of a very superior mind: his general knowledge and intelligence far beyond what could have been expected; his curiosity unbounded. In short, his friendly reception of the travellers, and his accomplished address, quite charmed them. Like most Asiatics, he had imagined that the great wealth of England was drawn from her Eastern Empire; but when set right on this point, he observed, ‘This satisfactorily accounts for the subjection of India. You have left much of its wealth to the native princes; you have not had to encounter their despair, and you are just in your courts.’ With two such men as the governor and the patriarch, Cabool is in no immediate danger of internal convulsions. The capital is a bustling city, with a population of 60,000.

‘In the evening, each shop is lighted up by a lamp suspended in front, which gives the city an appearance of being illuminated. The number of shops for the sale of dried fruits is remarkable, and their arrangement

arrangement tasteful. Every trade has its separate bazaar, and all of them seem busy. There are booksellers and venders of paper, much of which is Russian, and of a blue colour. Around the bakers' shops crowds of people may be seen, waiting for their bread. I observed that they baked it by plastering it to the sides of the oven. Cabool is famed for its kabobs, or cooked meats, which are in great request: few cook at home. "Rhuwash" was the dainty of the May season in Cabool. It is merely blanched rhubarb, which is reared under a careful protection from the sun, and grows up rankly under the hills in the neighbourhood. Its flavour is delicious. "Shabash rhuwash! Bravo rhuwash!" is the cry in the streets; and every one buys it. In the most crowded parts of the city there are story-tellers amusing the idlers, or dervises proclaiming the glories and deeds of the prophet.—vol. i. pp. 145, 146.

Though Cabool is more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea, the number and variety of the fruit trees are quite remarkable. Mr. Burnes enumerates peaches, plums, apricots, pears, apples, quinces, cherries, walnuts, mulberries, pomegranates and vines, all growing in one garden. Vines are so plentiful, that for three months in the year the grapes are given to the cattle. They make a wine not unlike Madeira. The mulberries of Cabool are as much celebrated as are the pears of Peshawur; the apricot also is much esteemed, and they have fourteen different ways of preserving it. In short, fruit is more plentiful than bread, and is considered one of the necessities of life. In the gardens are also plenty of nightingales, blackbirds, thrushes, doves, and magpies, which, with the fruits, reminded our travellers of England. The Nawab sent Mr. Burnes, in a cage surrounded with cloth, a 'Boolbool i huzar dastan,' or *nightingale of a thousand tales*, which, he says, became so noisy a companion throughout the night, that he was obliged to send it away before he could sleep.

It has been for some time past a current opinion in the East that the offspring of the lost tribes of Israel survive among the Afghans. This subject did not escape the inquisitive mind of Mr. Burnes. He goes through the genealogies, as current in the country, from the days of Nebuchadnezzar downwards, and adds,

'I can see no good reason for discrediting them, though there be some anachronisms, and the dates do not exactly correspond with those of the Old Testament. In the histories of Greece and Rome we find similar corruptions, as well as in the later works of the Arab and Mahomedan writers. The Afghans look like Jews; they say they are descended from Jews; and the younger brother marries the widow of the elder, according to the law of Moses. The Afghans entertain strong prejudices against the Jewish nation; which would at least show that they had no desire to claim, without a just cause,

a descent from them.' [They do not claim a descent from *them*.] 'Since some of the tribes of Israel came to the East, why should we not admit that the Afghans are their descendants, converted to Mahomedanism? I am aware that I am differing from a high authority; but I trust that I have made it appear on reasonable grounds.'—vol. i. p. 164.

Mr. Elphinstone (the authority alluded to) declined the investigation of this curious subject, but at the same time did not conceal his opinion that their own accounts of their origin appeared to him fabulous. Carey and Marshman lean the other way, and have discovered that the Pushtoo or Afghan language contains more Hebrew words than that of any nation of India. Of this we think not much; but what seems more important, they quote also a learned Afghan, who says, 'his nation are *beni Israel*, but not Yahoood,'—sons of Israel, but not Jews. Until some profound and liberal scholar investigates the whole matter, nothing can be said. We must equally pause as to the numerous claims to a Grecian pedigree set up by certain chiefs in the valley of the Oxus and in Badackshan. Marco Polo is the first traveller who heard of such a tradition. Mr. Elphinstone was informed that the chief of Durwaz drew his lineage from Alexander, and Mr. Burnes found six other personages, to the north of the Oxus, claiming a like descent."

Mr. Burnes now commenced preparations for a journey over the Hindoo Koosh, or Snowy Mountains, and he found no difficulty in obtaining money on a letter of credit on the public treasury of Lodiana or Delhi; 'a gratifying proof,' he observes, 'have we here of the high character of our nation, to find the bills of those who almost appeared as beggars, cashed without hesitation in a foreign and far-distant capital.' The road which they had to pursue from Cabool to Balkh led along the valley of the Cabool river, and here the towering range of mountains often seemed to overhang the path. The sources of the river, at the head of the valley, are in two large ponds formed into preserves for fish. Mr. Burnes says, 'we fed them with bread, which disappeared in a moment, torn from our hands by some thousands of them; they are molested by no one, since it is believed that a curse rests on the head of an intruder.' The following succinct account will convey some idea of this western tail of the range of the vast Himalaya mountains:—

'We crossed this stupendous chain of mountains by six successive passes; and, after a journey of about 260 miles, and thirteen days, debouched, on the valley of the Oxus, at Khooloom, which is forty miles eastward of the ancient city of Balkh. The first three passes lie between Cabool and Bameean, and two of them were so deeply covered with snow in the end of May, that we could only travel in the morning, when it was frozen, and would bear our horses. The three remaining

passes

passes north of Bameean were of lesser altitude, and free from snow. We commenced our journey at an elevation of 6600 feet, which is the height of the city of Cabool from the sea. We then followed the river of Cabool, which falls at the rate of fifty feet a mile, and reached its source at an elevation of 8600 feet, where the snow was first encountered in the valley. We attained our greatest height at the passes called Hajeeguk and Kaloo, which were respectively 12,400 and 13,000 feet high, and covered with snow. None of the other passes exceed an altitude of 9000 feet; and from the last of them, called Kara Koottul, we descended the bed of a river, at the rate of sixty feet a mile, till we reached the plains of Toorkistan, where we had yet an elevation of 2000 feet above the sea.'—vol. ii. p. 240.

He adds that the peaks of Koh-i-baba are covered with eternal snow for a considerable distance beneath their summits, the altitude of which he estimates at about 18,000 feet. But the true mountain of Hindoo Koosh, we are told, lies about a degree to the eastward of the present route.

'This great peak is visible from Cabool, and entirely enveloped in milk-white snow. I saw it also from Koondooz, on the north, at a distance of 150 miles. Its altitude must be considerable, for the travellers complain of the difficulty of breathing, and carry sugar and mulberries with them to ease their respiration; and the strongest of men suffer from giddiness and vomiting. Thousands of birds are also found dead on the snow: it is believed that they are unable to fly from the violence of the winds; but it is more probable that they are prevented by the rarity of the atmosphere; yet birds are used to higher elevations than men and quadrupeds. They often attempt to walk across, and numbers of them are ensnared. The greatest silence is preserved in crossing Hindoo Koosh; and no one speaks loud, or fires a gun, lest the reverberation cause a fall of snow. But the most singular phenomenon on Hindoo Koosh appears to be the snow-worm, which is described to resemble the silk-worm in its mature state. This insect is only found in the regions of perpetual congelation, and dies on being removed from the snow. I do not suppose that the existence of the creature will be doubted, because I have not seen it, since I speak on the united testimony of many who have passed Hindoo Koosh.'—vol. ii. pp. 247, 248.

In the lower parts of these mountains, and on the hills, were seen vast flocks of the broad-tailed sheep, and numerous goats, browsing on the furze and dry grass, and the aromatic plants which grow among the rocks, and scent the air. Among these may be reckoned the asafœtida plant (*ferula asafœtida*), which was found flourishing in great luxuriance at an elevation of 7000 feet. The sheep are particularly fond of this plant; and it is eaten raw and much relished by the inhabitants, though the smell is nearly as strong in its fresh state, as in our shops as a drug. In the passes of these mountains, Mr. Burnes observed abundance of apricot trees,

trees, blackberry bushes, sweet briars and hawthorn. The fuel used by the inhabitants is the dry stunted furze. Neither cedars, nor firs, nor trees of any kind, adorn the mountains of Hindoo Koosh. Before the party had reached the village of Bameean they had already surmounted the 'everlasting snows,' which, however, by the existing maps, were still half a degree of latitude beyond them.

Bameean is celebrated for its colossal idols and innumerable excavations, which are to be seen in all parts of the valley, for about eight miles, and still form the residence of the greater part of the population. They are called "Soomuch" by the people. A detached hill in the middle of the valley is quite honeycombed by them, and brings to our recollection the Troglodites of Alexander's historians. It is called the city of Ghoolghoola, and consists of a continued succession of caves in every direction, which are said to have been the work of a king named Julal. The hills are formed of indurated clay and pebbles, which renders their excavation a matter of little difficulty; but the great extent to which it has been carried excites attention. Some of them are finished in the shape of a dome, and have a carved frieze below the point from which the cupola springs. The inhabitants tell many remarkable tales of the caves of Bameean; one in particular—that a mother had lost her child among them, and recovered it after a lapse of twelve years! The tale need not be believed; but it will convey an idea of the extent of the works. There are excavations on all sides of the idols; and below the larger one-half a regiment might find quarters. Bameean is perhaps the city which Alexander founded at the base of Paropamisus, before entering Bactria. The country, indeed, from Cabool to Balkh, is yet styled "Bakhtur Zumeen," or Bakhtur country.

'There are no relics of Asiatic antiquity which have roused the curiosity of the learned more than the gigantic idols of Bameean. They consist of two figures, a male and a female; the one named Silsal, the other Shahmama. The figures are cut in alto relievo on the face of the hill. The male is the larger of the two, and about 120 feet high. It occupies a front of seventy feet; and the niche in which it is excavated extends about that depth into the hill. The female figure is cut in the same hill, at a distance of 200 yards, and is about half the size.'—vol. i. pp. 183-186.

It is further stated that the niches of both these idols have been at one time plastered and ornamented with paintings of human figures, but these antique limnings now only appear over the heads of the idols, where the colours are as vivid, and the lines as distinct, as any in the Egyptian tombs. These figures, Mr. Burnes says, are described in Sherif-o-deen's history of Tamerlane, and he adds, that they are considered to be the Lat and Munat of the Koran. His engravings of them are worth a hundred descriptions.

The

The Afghans are described as a sober, simple, steady people; a nation of children, who quarrel for trifles; fight and become friends; prone to idleness; will sit a whole day stupidly staring at each other; delight in sauntering about in their beautiful gardens in the evenings; dress well, and have the appearance of health and happiness: the chubby red cheeks of their children are remarkable. Their amusements are hunting, hawking, and quail-fighting. The Afghans, however, differ very much in the different tribes or clans into which they are divided, and violent feuds exist among them. At a village called Ispahan Mr. Burnes relates a bloody deed of Vizier Futteh Khan, occasioned by the dread of being supplanted at a battle, fought at this place, by a nobleman who aspired to his office.

'This individual, whose name was Meer Alim, had, on a former occasion, insulted Futteh Khan, and even knocked out one of his front teeth. The injury had to all appearance been forgiven, for he had since married a sister of the vizier; but the alliance had only been formed that Futteh Khan might easier accomplish his base intentions. The night before the battle he seized upon his brother-in-law and put him to death. A heap of stones, here called a "toda," marks the scene of the murder. The vizier's sister threw herself at her brother's feet, and asked why he had murdered her husband? "What!" said he, "have you more regard for your husband than your brother's honour? Look at my broken tooth; and know that the insult is now avenged. If you are in grief at the loss of a husband, I'll marry you to a mule driver."—vol. i. pp. 128, 129.

At Bameean the territory of Cabool ends, and at Syghan that of Mahomet Ali Beg, also an Usbek, begins, who however is alternately subject to Cabool and Koondooz, as the chiefs of these states happen to preponderate in power. Here there was a stricter attention paid to matters of religion than on the southern side of the mountains; and the travellers were particularly cautioned not to sleep with their feet towards Mecca. The last pass of the Indian Caucasus they had to cross was the Kara Koottul, or Black Pass, but they had yet a journey of ninety-five miles before they entirely cleared the mountains. The last march in the mountains brought the travellers to Khooloom, from whence they had a noble view of the country to the northward, sloping down to the Oxus. Since leaving Cabool, Mr. Burnes says they had slept in their clothes, halted among mud, waded through rivers, tumbled among snow, and now were sunned by heat; but these he considers only as the petty inconveniences of a traveller.

From Khooloom it was intended to proceed northerly to Balkh, but, to their surprise and mortification, the officers of the customs

toms had despatched a messenger to report their arrival to the chief of Koondooz, and receive his instructions for their disposal. In two days he returned, bringing a summons for the strangers to repair to Koondooz, about sixty miles to the eastward. Mr. Burnes lost no time in proceeding thither, to make his appearance before Meer Moorad Beg, the chief of the Usbeks. He found him seated on a tiger skin, and stretching out his legs covered with huge boots, in contempt of all Eastern rules of decorum. He was tall in stature, his features harsh, his eyes small to deformity, his forehead broad and frowning, the whole cast of his countenance most repulsive, and he wanted the beard which adorns the countenance of most Oriental people. Mr. Burnes having succeeded, by good management, in passing for an Armenian, procured an order for his safe conduct beyond the frontier; and forthwith departed to rejoin his companions at Khooloom, glad to escape from the despot, as well as from Koondooz, which is one of the most insalubrious places in the swampy valley of the upper Oxus. Its population does not exceed 1500 souls. The united force of Murad Beg is stated to be 20,000 horse and six pieces of artillery, one of which is a thirty-six pounder, brought from Persia by Nadir Shah.

This despot of Koondooz was the cause of all the disasters that befel poor Moorcroft in the year 1824. Knowing that he was an Englishman, which is in these countries synonymous with a wealthy man, he ensnared him, with his companions and baggage, to Koondooz, and kept them prisoners until he had contrived to extort from them a sum of about 23,000 rupees: they were then allowed to depart; but his cupidity was increased by what it fed on; and when Moorcroft was preparing to start for Bokhara, he and his party were surrounded by 400 horsemen, and again summoned to Koondooz. Nor was it concealed that the chief had resolved to seize on the remainder of their property and put the whole of them to death. Nothing therefore was left for Moorcroft but to take advantage of the night, to assume the dress of a native, and to fly for refuge to a holy man who dwelt beyond Koondooz, and who was known to have a powerful influence over the mind of the chief. He fell at his feet and claimed his protection for a stranger. This holy personage promised him security; he summoned Moorad Beg before him, and told him, at his peril, not to touch a hair of the traveller's head, nor of those of his party. Moorcroft was then permitted to pursue his journey to Bokhara, but unfortunately died on his return, about eighty miles from Balkh. Mr. Trebeck and Mr. Guthrie, his companions, also died of fever.

In the journey of the present travellers to Balkh, they passed Muzar, a small independency belonging to a priest, who superintends

intends the worship at a shrine of great sanctity, dedicated to Ali, and built about 350 years ago. It was here that Mr. Trebeck expired and was buried. Mr. Burnes visited his grave, which was under the shade of a mulberry tree.

'This young man has left a most favourable impression of his good qualities throughout the countries which we passed; and I could not but feel for his melancholy fate. After burying his two European fellow-travellers, he sunk, at an early age, after four months' suffering, in a far-distant country, without a friend, without assistance, and without consolation. The whole of his property was either embezzled by a priest who accompanied the party, or confiscated by the *holy men* of this sanctuary, who yet retain it: it consisted of some valuable horses, camp equipage, money, and a few printed books. All the manuscripts of Moorcroft have been fortunately recovered; and, in justice to an amiable man, who devoted his life to a passion for travel and research, they ought, long ere this, to have been published. The money did not fall into the hands of the people of Muzar: it may be traced, but I cannot say found.'—vol. i. pp. 233, 234.

But if the papers be in existence, and attainable, why not published? Mr. Burnes says that on entering the ancient city of Balkh, in the dominions of the King of Bokhara, they wound among its extensive ruins for nearly three miles before reaching a caravansary in the inhabited corner of this once proud 'Mother of Cities.' Its ruins extend, we are told, for a circuit of about twenty miles, consisting of fallen mosques and decayed tombs; and its present population does not amount to 2000 souls. It stands on a plain covered with inequalities, probably arising from ruins and rubbish. The city itself, like Babylon, has long been a perfect mine of bricks for the surrounding country; its gardens, once so celebrated, are overgrown with weeds, and its aqueducts dried up. Such is the present state of the ancient Bactria, which, after the conquest of Alexander, flourished under a succession of Grecian kings! The melancholy reflections to which such a place was calculated to give rise were enhanced by a visit to a lonely spot outside the city, where are the graves of poor Moorcroft and Guthrie, the bigoted people having refused them room in their burying-ground. 'It was fortunate,' says Mr. Burnes, 'that the living experienced no such contempt as the dead, for we received no slight from any one, though our creed and our nation were not concealed.'

From Balkh the party crossed the desert in company of a small caravan of twenty camels, each camel being laden with a couple of panniers, as lately described in our notice of Conolly. They slept in the open air, a coarse blanket being their only covering, all their nourishment bread and tea. The country was destitute of wood

wood and water, 'and its stunted herbage either protruded from mounds of loose drifting sand, or made its appearance through sheets of hard clay.' The place where they had to cross the Jihon or Amoo (the ancient Oxus,) afforded some little cultivation by means of aqueducts from the river. It was here eight hundred yards wide and about twenty feet deep, with a current of about three miles and a half an hour. The mode of crossing it is singular.

"We were drawn by a pair of horses, who were yoked to the boat, on each bow, by a rope fixed to the hair of the mane. The bridle is then put on as if the horse were to be mounted; the boat is pushed into the stream, and, without any other assistance than the horses, is ferried directly across the most rapid channel. A man on board holds the reins of each horse, and allows them to play loosely in the mouth, urging him to swim; and, thus guided, he advances without difficulty. There is not an oar to aid in impelling the boat; and the only assistance from those on board consists in manœuvring a rude rounded pole at the stern, to prevent the vessel from wheeling in the current, and to give both horses clear water to swim."—vol. i. p. 249-50.

After crossing a desert, on the northern side of the Oxus, of eighty-five miles without seeing a tree, they entered the small oasis of Kurshee, which contains a little town about a mile long, with a considerable bazaar and about ten thousand inhabitants, being the largest place in the kingdom of Bokhara next to the capital. A small river expends itself in the oasis by enabling the inhabitants to form and cultivate their numerous gardens. It rises at Shuhr Suby, about fifty miles to the north-east, famous as being the birth-place of Timour, and about the same distance from Samarcand. The mention of this latter place makes us regret exceedingly that it was not visited by Mr. Burnes; for though we have little doubt it would present pretty much the same melancholy aspect as Balkh, yet, being once a city of such renown, and lost as it were from all knowledge of Europeans for many centuries, a journey to it of a hundred miles would have added a singularly interesting episode to his narrative, had it been for no other purpose than to have viewed the observatory of the justly-celebrated Uleg Beg, which is said to be still in a perfect state, as is also the tomb of the no-less-celebrated Timour.

Viewing these countries in their present wretched and sterile condition, it is a severe tax on our belief, when we read of an Arab governor of Samarcand making a boast that he could take the field with 300,000 horse and as many foot, and that they would not be missed in the province; or that 700,000 Monguls and Tartars, under Gengiskhan, met and engaged 400,000 troops of the Sultan of Khiva, in the midst of the now direful deserts

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of *Mawenelnahar*, then the first of earthly paradises, and the happiest region of the globe ! But, dismissing these and all such like Arabian hyperboles, we have the testimony of *Clavijo*, the ambassador of Henry III. of Castile to *Timour*, as to the splendour, the magnificence, and the multitudes that were assembled on the plains of *Samarcand*, on the marriage of six of that Emperor's grandsons. On this occasion, the insolence as well as the grandeur of the barbarian was singularly displayed. When seated on his throne, he was told that an ambassador from one of the principal countries of Europe was in attendance: 'Let him approach,' says he; 'the shrimp has its place in the ocean.' *Gibbon*, emulating the oriental grandiloquence of the Persian historian from whom he has drawn his account of this fête, tells us that 'whole forests were cut down to supply fuel for the kitchens; and the plain was spread with pyramids of meat, and vases of every liquor, to which thousands of guests were courteously invited.' He goes on to say that, 'After the marriage contracts had been ratified, the bridegrooms and their brides retired to their nuptial chambers; nine times, according to the Asiatic fashion, they were dressed and undressed; and at each change of apparel, pearls and rubies were showered on their heads, and contemptuously abandoned to their attendants: a general indulgence was proclaimed; every law was relaxed, the people was free, the sovereign was idle:—in other words, as we gather from *Clavijo*, the emperor, his sultanas, his grandsons, their brides, and attendants, all got royally and gloriously drunk.

In the route of our travellers from *Kurshee* towards *Bokhara* is the village of *Karsan*, at the extremity of the oasis. It was market day, and a vast throng were passed on their way thither, but all were equestrians—not a single individual on foot. It much amused *Mr. Burnes* to see here a man jogging along to market with his wife on a pillion behind him. We venture to say that in the days of his own grandmother, no farmer's wife in his own country ever went to market in any other fashion. 'We now,' says he, 'found ourselves among the *Usbeks*, a grave, broad-faced, peaceable people, with a Tartar expression of countenance.' He calls them, however, in another part of his journey, 'the ferocious and man-selling *Usbeks*.' It is no crime, according to the *Koran*, by which they are chiefly governed, to trade in slaves, which the *Toorkmans* of the desert seize from the Persians and sell to the *Usbeks*, who again dispose of them at a profit. *Bokhara*, after a most fatiguing journey, was now at hand, but there was nothing striking in the approach to it; the country is flat, but richly clothed, and the trees concealed the walls and the mosques till the party were close upon them. The first thing, after entering this city, was to exchange their turbans

for shabby sheep-skin caps, with the fur inside and their 'Kumberbunds,' or girdles, for a rude piece of rope—in short, to hoist signals of poverty. On the same day Mr. Burnes was summoned to wait on the minister, to whom he had previously announced his approach. He had to walk two miles through the streets before he reached the palace, or citadel. He found the Koosh Beggee, or lord of all the Begs, sitting in a small room, who desired him to be seated outside on the hard pavement; but our traveller did not break his heart at this seeming indignity, as the minister's son was seated farther off than himself. Mr. Burnes presented a silver watch and a Cashmeer dress, but the minister declined receiving anything, saying that he was but the slave of the king. He kept Burnes about two hours, questioning him on a great variety of subjects—what had brought him to Bokhara—what was his profession—his knowledge—his baggage—and so on—but he concluded by assuring him of his protection, enjoining him, however, on no account, while in Bokhara, to make use of pen and ink.

He soon sent for him a second time, and inquired, among other things, whether he had anything curious to exhibit. It occurred to Mr. Burnes that a patent compass might serve the turn; he sallied forth to fetch it, and when he had pointed out its utility, the old man seemed to have forgotten 'that he was but the slave of the king.' The Koosh Beggee packed up the compass with all the haste and anxiety of a child, and said he would take it direct to his Majesty, to manifest the wonderful ingenuity of our nation. Mr. Burnes had abundance of time during the month he continued here to see everything worth seeing in Bokhara, but, like other foreigners, was prohibited from mounting a horse within the city walls. The following description of the Great Bazaar, the common resort of all nations, conveys a clear notion of what passes daily in this holy city:—

'On two other sides there are massive buildings, colleges of the learned; and on the fourth side is a fountain, filled with water, and shaded by lofty trees, while idlers and newsmongers assemble round the wares of Asia and Europe, which are here exposed for sale. A stranger has only to seat himself on a bench of the Registan, to know the Usbeks and the people of Bokhara. He may here converse with the natives of Persia, Turkey, Russia, Tartary, China, India, and Cabool. He will meet with Toorkmuns, Calmuks, and Kuzzaks, from the surrounding deserts, as well as the natives of more favoured lands. He may contrast the polished manners of the subjects of the 'Great King' with the ruder habits of a roaming Tartar. A red beard, grey eyes, and fair skin will now and then arrest the notice of a stranger, and his attention will have been fixed on a poor Russian, who has lost his country and his liberty, and here drags out a miserable life of slavery. A native of China may be seen here and there in the

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same forlorn predicament, shorn of his long cue of hair, with his crown under a turban, since both he and the Russian act the part of Mahomedans. Then follows a Hindoo, in a garb foreign to himself and his country. A small square cap and a string, instead of a girdle, distinguishes him from the Mahomedans, and, as the Moslems themselves tell you, prevents their profaning the prescribed salutations of their language by using them to an idolater. Without these distinctions, the native of India is to be recognised by his demure look, and the studious manner in which he avoids all communication with the crowd. He herds only with a few individuals, similarly circumstanced with himself. The Jew is as marked a being as the Hindoo: he wears a somewhat different dress, and a conical cap. No mark, however, is so distinguishing as the well-known features of the Hebrew people. In Bokhara, they are a race remarkably handsome, and I saw more than one Rebecca in my peregrinations. Their features are set off by ringlets of beautiful hair hanging over their cheeks and neck. There are about 4000 Jews in Bokhara, emigrants from Meshid, in Persia, who are chiefly employed in dyeing cloth. They receive the same treatment as the Hindoos. A stray Armenian, in a still different dress, represents his wandering nation; but there are few of them in Bokhara. With these exceptions, the stranger beholds in the bazaar a portly, fair, and well-dressed mass of people, the Mahomedans of Toorkistan. A large white turban, and a pelisse of some dark colour, over three or four others of the same description, is the general costume: but some of the higher persons are clothed in brocade—and one may distinguish the gradations of the chiefs, since those in favour ride into the citadel, and the others dismount at the gate. A great portion appear on horseback; but, whether mounted or on foot, they are dressed in boots; and the pedestrians strut on high and small heels, in which it was difficult for me to walk or even stand: they are about an inch and a half high, and the pinnacle is not one-third the diameter. This is the national dress of the Usbeks. Some men of rank have a shoe over the boot, which is taken off on entering a room. I must not forget the ladies in my enumeration of the inhabitants: they generally appear on horseback, riding as the men; a few walk, and are all veiled with a black hair-cloth. The difficulty of seeing through it makes the fair ones stare at every one as in a masquerade. Here, however, no one must speak to them; and if any of the king's harem pass, you are admonished to look in another direction, and get a blow on the head if you neglect the advice. So holy are the fair ones of the "holy Bokhara."—vol. i. pp. 272-276.

From morn till night, the crowd emits a humming noise, and 'one is stunned,' says our author, 'at the moving mass of human beings. One wonders at the never-ending employment of the fruiterers in dealing out their grapes, melons, apricots, apples, peaches, pears, and plums, to a continued succession of purchasers.' The demand for tea is equally great; it is drank as in
China,

China, at all times and places, with and without sugar, with and without milk, with grease, salt, &c. Grape-jelly, mixed up with chopped ice, is 'the delight of life' (*rahat i jan*). Ice, it seems, is put in winter, and so abundant, that the poorest people can afford to buy it. 'No one ever thinks of drinking water in Bokhara without icing it; and a beggar may be seen purchasing it, as he proclaims his poverty and entreats the bounty of the passenger.' The busy scene closes with the twilight; the king's drum beats; it is re-echoed by others in every part of the city—and after this no one is permitted to stir abroad without a lantern,

Mr. Burnes, of course, visited the baths of Bokhara, one of the greatest—indeed most indispensable—luxuries in every part of the Eastern world. He says, there are eighteen (Meyendorff says fourteen) baths in Bokhara, the generality of which bring in an annual income of 150 tillas, or 1000 rupees; and this, he thinks, is a fact which may serve to number the inhabitants. Mr. Burnes has not considered this well. 'Each individual,' he tells us, 'pays to the keeper of the bath ten pieces of brass money, of which there are 135 in a rupee; about 1100 people may, therefore, bathe for a tilla, and 150 tillas will give 15,000 people to each bath. Eighteen baths will give a total of 270,000, *who enjoy the luxury yearly*.' In this calculation (which gives 243,000) it is assumed that each of these individuals bathes only *once* within the year, whereas many bathe every day, and others not at all; therefore, the notion of such a calculation 'serving to number the inhabitants' is absurd. In fact, in a few pages farther on he himself says, 'Bokhara has a population of 150,000 souls' (i. p. 302). Meyendorff makes it 70,000, dwelling in 8000 houses. Statistical information, given by transient travellers, is not worth much; for instance, compare the statement of Moraviev, of the population of Khiva at 10,000 inhabitants, and the houses at 3000, with Meyendorff's statement respecting Bokhara, the one making each house contain about *three*, the other nearly *nine*, individuals. Again, Mr. Burnes says he cannot estimate the whole population of the kingdom of Bokhara at a million of human beings; and that one-half of this population is made up of the nomade tribes in its deserts (ii. p. 184); while Meyendorff makes them amount to 2,478,000 souls!

It was natural enough that Mr. Burnes should desire to see the King, after so many friendly visits to the Vizier, but on expressing a wish to that effect, he found 'he had touched a delicate point.' The wary minister suspected that some proposal might be made to his majesty, which had been concealed from himself: his reply was, 'I am as good as the Ameer, and if you have no

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matters of business to transact with the King, what have travellers to do with courts?' He was, therefore, obliged to be content with seeing the 'Commander of the Faithful' as he went to his prayers. He appeared under thirty years of age, his countenance not prepossessing, his eyes being small, his visage gaunt and pale. The Koran was carried before him; the mace-bearers exclaimed, as they went along, 'Pray to God that the Commander of the Faithful may act justly!' His character is said to stand high among his countrymen: yet, from what follows, it would seem that he does not trust them.

'The life of this king is less enviable than that of most private men. The water which he drinks is brought in skins from the river, under the charge and seal of two officers. It is opened by the Vizier, first tasted by his people and then by himself, when it is once more sealed and despatched to the king. The daily meals of his majesty undergo a like scrutiny; the minister eats, he gives to those around him, they wait the lapse of an hour to judge of their effect, when they are locked up in a box and despatched. His majesty has one key, and his minister another. Fruit, sweetmeats, and every eatable undergo the same examination, and we shall hardly suppose the good King of the Usbeks ever enjoys a hot meal or a fresh-cooked dinner. Poison is common, and the rise of his majesty himself to the throne on which he now sits is not without strong suspicions of a free distribution of such draughts. A native, on one occasion, presented me with some figs, one of which I took and ate, to show him that I appreciated the gift. The individual cautioned me against such indiscretion in future: "Since," said he, "you should always present some of the gift in the first instance to the giver, and if he eats, you may with safety follow his example."—vol. i. pp. 293, 294.

The palace, the mosques, and the colleges occupy a very large proportion of the city of Bokhara. Of the latter, Mr. Burnes says there are about 366 great and small, a third part of which are large buildings, each containing upwards of seventy or eighty students; that is to say, there cannot be fewer than 12,000 of these lazy animals who 'are entirely occupied with theology, which has superseded all other points; they are quite ignorant even of the historical annals of their country. A more perfect set of drones were never assembled together; and they are a body of men regardless of their religion in most respects beyond the performance of its prayers.' We believe we were quite right, when, in reviewing Meyendorff's book,* we said, that 'nothing appeared to flourish but praying and concubinage, which are sometimes found to go together in other countries besides Mawenelnahar.' The Mollahs set the example of the one, and the 'Commander of the Faithful' of both.

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxxvi. p. 118.

While at Bokhara, Mr. Burnes was desirous of meeting with some of the Russian slaves, who he was told amounted to about one hundred and thirty in the whole kingdom, but that the purchase and sale of them had ceased for the last ten years.

‘One evening a stout and manly-looking person fell at my feet and kissed them. He was a Russian of the name of Gregory Pulakoff, who had been kidnapped when asleep at a Russian outpost, about twenty-five years ago. He was the son of a soldier, and now followed the trade of a carpenter. I made him sit down with us, and give an account of his woes and condition: it was our dinner-time, and the poor carpenter helped us to eat our pilao. Though but ten years of age when captured, he yet retained his native language, and the most ardent wish to return to his country. He paid seven tillas a year to his master, who allowed him to practise his trade and keep all he might earn beyond that sum. He had a wife and child, also slaves. “I am well treated by my master,” said he; “I go where I choose; I associate with the people, and play the part of a Mahommedan; I appear happy, but my heart burns for my native land, where I would serve in the most despotic army with gladness. Could I but see it again, I would willingly die. I tell you my feelings, but I smother them from the Usbeks. I am yet a Christian (here the poor fellow crossed himself after the manner of the Greek church), and I live among a people who detest, with the utmost cordiality, every individual of that creed. It is only for my own peace that I call myself a Mahommedan.”—vol. i. p. 294-5.

It is stated, however, that many of these Russians who are held in slavery were soldiers who, from the severity of discipline on the frontier station, had voluntarily deserted their posts, and thrown themselves into that condition. It was the wish of Mr. Burnes to have gone by Khiva to the Caspian, but a feud between the Khan of this Oasis and the Kerghis of the Steppe made it unsafe. The caravan, of which our travellers made a part, proceeded about forty miles to a place called Meerabad, beyond which the merchants declined to advance on account of the disturbed state of the country. They were, therefore, detained nearly a month; but it afforded some compensation to inquisitive travellers to feel persuaded that they were on classical ground—that the river of Bokhara, or the Kohik (which does not fall into the Oxus as represented on the maps, but loses itself in the lake Dengis), is the same river as that which was known to the Greeks by the name of Polytimetus. This conclusion is drawn from the text of Arrian, who states it to be *lost in the sands*—while Curtius leads its waters *into a cavern*—either of which *may* mean the same thing as losing itself in a lake. The story of Alexander’s encountering the lion in this neighbourhood must be a geographical error, for, as Horrebow, in his *Chapter on Owls*, laconically informs his readers,

‘there

'there are no owls in Iceland,' so may we venture to assure ours that there are no lions in Bokhara—nor is there any creditable testimony that the king of beasts ever condescended to illustrate the sandy plains of Mawenelnahar.

Proceeding at length to the southward, our travellers crossed the Oxus a second time, at Betick, opposite to Charjoee, (placed in former maps on the wrong side of the river), one of the greatest ferries between Persia and Toorkistan. The farmer of the ferry informed them that, in the year preceding, the Oxus was frozen from shore to shore, so that caravans crossed it on the ice. The farmer requested the king to allow him to tax the passengers: 'That,' said the king, 'is impossible, unless you agree to pay the blood-money of all those who may fall through the ice and perish;' and everybody applauded the wisdom of the king except the farmer. The river was here six hundred and fifty yards broad, and from twenty-five to twenty-nine feet deep. Mr. Burnes heard of a kind of dog-fish caught in it, weighing from five hundred to six hundred pounds, and used as food by the Usbeks.

They had now before them a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, across a part of the great desert of the Toorkmuns, before they should reach the Moorghab river, near the town of Merve, about fifty miles beyond which it loses itself in a lake. The caravan consisted of about eighty camels and one hundred and fifty persons, some proceeding in panniers placed on camels, some on horses, and others on donkeys—several of them were Persians returning home after many years of slavery. We need not stop to describe the dangers, inconveniences, and privations of those who have to cross sandy deserts, whether in Asia or in Africa, as they are all pretty nearly of the same character. The second volume contains by far the most full and graphical picture of Toorkman life that we have ever met with: it is here indeed that Mr. Burnes's abilities as a mere writer are most advantageously displayed—and we may say the same as to his admirable personal qualities, his prudence, courage, calm temper, and resolution of purpose, which are carried home to our feelings by his perfect simplicity and modest unconsciousness; but our limits compel us to spare quotation.

Having surmounted the pass of Durbund and the fort of Moozderan, they were not long in entering the sacred city of Meshid, where Lieutenant Burnes had the gratification of meeting with Captain and Mrs. Shee, the first Europeans the party had fallen in with since leaving the Punjab. Meshid is but a miserable place, but 'still,' as Lieut. Burnes observes, 'it is the burial-place of the great Nadir Shah.'

His grave, now dishonoured and marked by the ruins of the edifice
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that once sheltered it from the elements, is one of the most interesting sights to a traveller. What a field for rumination is such a spot! The fountains and flowers which encircled it have disappeared; the peach-tree, which put forth its blossom on the returning spring, has fallen under the axe, and the willows and cypresses have been torn down. In their place a crop of turnips had been sown by some industrious citizen. Shade of Nadir, what a change is here! He who shook the kingdoms of the East, has been denied in death the small quadrangle of a garden which the affection of sons had hallowed to the merit of a parent. This is the reward of him who delivered his country from a foreign usurper, and who studied his country's good; but the well-being of a state does not necessarily comprehend the well-being of *all* its members. Nadir aimed the blows of despotism at the family which has succeeded to his empire, and he maimed the successful individual who seized upon his kingdom and ejected his sons. Aga Mahommed Khan was mutilated in his youth by Nadir; but he retained the feelings of a man, and dug up the bones of the conqueror in revenge for his disgrace. Report adds that he sent them to Tehran, and placed them under the step which leads to the audience hall, that the courtiers and every one might trample upon them. We can readily comprehend the chagrin of a monarch who was not a man; and if his wrath excites our contempt, it enlists our sympathy. A eunuch himself, he spared his country from those banes of a palace. There are still some of Nadir's descendants living in Meshid; but they are blind and in destitute circumstances. My informant told me that they often applied to him for bread.'—vol. ii. pp. 83-85.

Mr. Burnes now proceeded through the valley of Meshid to Koeehan, where he had an interview with the late Prince Abbas Meerza, who was sufficiently inquisitive respecting various parts of the world, even as far as New Holland. From thence he proceeded to Astrabad, on the south-east corner of the Caspian, which Mr. Burnes tells us he did not leave 'without endeavouring to verify the opinions regarding its level, which is clearly below that of the ocean.' He certainly was not in possession of the means of doing this with any approach to accuracy; and we are not therefore surprised he should make its depression eight hundred feet below the sea, which is more than double of what it has been ascertained to be by the two Germans, who actually levelled the whole way from the Black Sea to the Caspian, and whose result has been confirmed by the thermometrical observations of Colonel Monteith.

Quitting the shores of the Caspian, Mr. Burnes made the best of his way to Teheran, thence to Ispahan, Moorghaub, Shiraz, and Busheer, where he embarked on board the East India Company's ship the *Clive*, and anchored in the harbour of Bombay on the 18th January, 1839, having spent little more than a year on his long

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long and highly interesting journey. A very excellent map, embracing the whole of Central Asia, with many geographical emendations and corrections, and the routes of the two missions marked thereon, has been prepared and published, we regret to add *separately*, by Mr. Arrowsmith.

In considering Mr. Conolly's book in our last Number we had occasion to touch on a subject, which Mr. Burnes treats of at some length; but in truth, we have found little to add to what we said some years ago when reviewing Meyendorff's mission to Bokhara. We still, in short, consider the idea of a Russian invasion of India as a mere bugbear. Slight, however, as our apprehensions are of any annoyance from Russia, it would be quite as well that we should abstain from *tempting* her to make such an attempt. We regard with no satisfaction the thoughtless and uncalled for recommendation of a Committee of the House of Commons to spend 20,000*l.* on an experiment to open a communication between India and England, by means of steamboats on the Euphrates. The scheme is impracticable,—for the lower part of the river overflows the flat lands at one season of the year, when all traces of the channel are lost—and at another season the numerous rocky ledges, nearly approaching each other from the sides, block up the stream, and are left almost dry; while, moreover, the marauding Arabs that infest its banks, never have been, and probably never will be, brought into subjection. The suggestion is uncalled for, as there is an excellent, easy, and expeditious route from India to Suez already practically proved—though some little impediment may exist for three or four months in the year; and it is thoughtless, because it is showing an easy way for Russia, who holds possession of the sources of the Euphrates, and of the noble forests in the neighbourhood of Mount Taurus, to forward any number of troops and supplies at the proper season on rafts to the Persian Gulf—made so much the easier by our intended improvements of the navigation. Nay, we have been kind enough to hint that a dock-yard might conveniently be established by Russia at Bussorah; but then, to be sure, some wiseacre who was examined before the committee, talked of our naval superiority in the Persian Gulf, always ready to counteract any injury that might arise from such a measure! It might not, perhaps, be quite so convenient, in a financial point of view, to keep up a large permanent fleet in the Persian Gulf—the most unhealthy station on the globe—at an enormous expense, for many years, merely to watch the operations of the Russians. Bussorah is within a thousand miles of the Indus. Besides, it would command all Eastern Persia; and it is, moreover, the opinion of those whose opinion is entitled to respect, that, if Russia should ever think of making an attack on our

Indian possessions, it will be through Persia, where we have allowed her influence to become paramount. This is the route by which western India was once conquered; and it is supposed that Buonaparte, in imitation of Alexander, would have taken that route, had not his Egyptian conquest been wrested from him. We do not think it worth while, however, to go at length into this question. The Euphrates scheme will soon turn out a bubble—and in these days of experimental millions, twenty thousand pounds may be considered as a trifle.

We cannot part with Mr. Burnes without again expressing our high sense of the abilities which he has displayed in action—and, notwithstanding some defects of plan and arrangement, as a vivid and powerful describer of natural scenes and human manners. Many years have passed since the English library has been enriched with a book of travels in value at all comparable with his. He is evidently a man of strong and masculine talents, high spirit, and elegant taste—and we expect, if the affairs of our Indian empire are allowed to go on in anything like a proper manner, to have future occasions for noticing the exertions of one who appears, in every respect, well qualified to tread in the steps of our Malcolms and Elphinstones.

ART. V.—1. *On the Ultimate Composition of Alimentary Substances*. By W. Prout, M.D. F.R.S. London. 1827.

2. *Domestic Cookery*. New Edition. London. 1834.

3. *Code Gourmand*. Paris. Nouvelle Edition. 1833.

WHEN Boswell asked Burke's opinion of his definition of our species—'Man is a cooking animal,'—the great statesman answered—'Your definition is a good one; and I now see the force of the old proverb, "There is reason in the roasting of eggs."'

Man is essentially a cooking animal—the only one of God's creatures acquainted with the use of fire, and consequently the only one who is capable of applying it to the purposes of life, with a view to promote his own comfort and happiness. Nor is this invention accidental or of fortuitous origin; on the contrary, the elaborate preparation of his food by means of this element is indispensable and necessary to his well-being.

It would appear that animals who feed exclusively on vegetables are furnished by nature with an extensive apparatus of stomach and other organs, which are admirably adapted to macerate and reduce their refractory food to the purposes of their economy: of this every ruminating animal affords an example. But man, who is evidently intended to live, at least in part, upon vegetable products, has not been furnished with this apparatus; from

from whence we are authorized to conclude that this deficiency was meant to be supplied by his own ingenuity, as exhibited in the artificial processes of cookery. In this point of view, the culinary art (the improvements of which are too apt to rank among the refined luxuries only of the idle and the rich) is elevated into the dignity of a science intimately connected with the intellectual superiority of human nature; and one is, in some measure at least, released from shame, on being told that of Mrs. Rundell's Cookery Book 153,000 copies have already been sold!

Dietetics, so immediately connected with our present subject, the ancients seem to have more carefully considered than ourselves, and to have made observations thereon which we should be disposed to regard, at the present time, rather as over-refinements, than as of any great use or substantial importance. Celsus, for instance, in his classical work, *De Re Medicâ*, expresses himself upon these matters with a degree of minute and nice discrimination that seems to us unnecessary: thus, in cap. xx. p. 78, where he treats of '*Quæ res alvum movent et adstringunt*,' he says, among other things, that articles of food which are roasted, eggs, for instance, are astringent; so also are those birds which run, as the crane; on the contrary, birds which swim have an opposite property: that hare and goat belong to the one class of substances; while oysters, in short, all shell-fish, appertain to the other. If it be objected that in the beginning of this admirable work, when speaking of the mode of life which a man ought to lead, Celsus maintains that he should live by no determined rule, either of exercise or of repose; be occasionally in the country, occasionally in town; that sometimes he ought to sail, sometimes to hunt, and avoid no sort of food whatever; at one time to abstain entirely from eating, at another to indulge to excess; so that the body may be accustomed to no particular regimen—yet he adds, that this method is calculated only for those who are in rude health, for when *that* has become in the slightest degree impaired, extreme caution is required in the choice of the ordinary articles of food.—(cap. i.)

According to Diodorus Siculus, the early kings of Egypt had their whole diet regulated by the court physician; and here in England, about the middle of the fifteenth century, we are told that—after the fashion of Barataria—

'Docteur of physique stondeth much in the king's presence at his meles, counselling or answering to the king's grace which diet is best according, and to tell the nature and operation of all the metes; and much he should talke with the steward, chamberlayne, assewar, and the maister cook, to devise by counsaile what metes or drinks is best according with the king.'—*Liber Niger Domûs Regis Ed. IV.*

This extract we find in a little work, published some twenty years ago, now almost forgotten, under the title of 'Receipts in Modern Cookery, with a Medical Commentary; or, Culina Formulatrix Medicinæ.' The book, notwithstanding the quaint and affected style in which it is written, contains many sensible observations; and its very title proves that the author, Dr. Hunter, had some notion of the importance of the art which he undertook to illustrate; though we are disposed to think that a more comprehensive view of the whole subject would have led him to place cookery in a less subordinate situation than that of the mere handmaid of medicine.

It would seem that various food is the most wholesome for man—that he thrives best upon a proper admixture of vegetable and animal diet: the Brahmins, who feed solely upon rice, are not long lived, and are endowed with feeble constitutions; on the other hand, the Esquimaux are obliged to mix saw-dust with their train-oil. As to the practice of some tribes in South America, the Otomacs for instance, who, when they are deprived of fish (their ordinary food) by the inundations of the Orinoko, swallow, according to Humboldt, balls of a very fine and unctuous clay, of a yellowish-gray colour; or that of the quarrymen of Kiffhœuser, who spread a similar clay upon their bread instead of animal butter,—they must be regarded as analogous to that habit occasionally observed among the West India negroes, and considered as a symptom of dyspepsia, viz. of eating dirt, which is called by physicians *Pica*. All such practices have for their object the mere distention of the stomach; they can afford no nourishment whatever, but, by allaying the distressing feeling of inanition, appease for a time the cravings of nature; therefore there is one circumstance mentioned by Humboldt which we confess appears to us unaccountable, viz. that the Otomacs 'do not become lean during the long Lent of the overflow.' The late Dr. Wollaston made an observation (important as all his observations were) to this effect,—that animals fed exclusively on animal food secrete more lithic acid, in other words, are more subject to calculous complaints, than those who live on a due mixture of vegetable and animal matter. Another observation has also been made on this subject, which is now fully established by experience, viz. that, as in this class of disorders there is a great disposition to indigestion, indicated by the frequent occurrence of what is called acidity of the stomach, hard water, or that which contains a calcareous impregnation, is the best beverage which such invalids can employ. So far from increasing the disease, the natural hardwaters of Buxton, Matlock, Bath, and Bristol, serve to correct it.

Physiologists, it is to be observed, regard no substance as properly

perly nutritive unless it be an organized body, that is, derived either from the animal or vegetable kingdom. Other matters may be useful, either by rendering the substances themselves more digestible, as water, or by exciting the action of the digestive organs, as common salt, which not only does this, but, as we endeavoured to show in a recent Number,* serves other most important purposes in the animal economy.

Dr. Prout has of late clearly proved that all the chief alimentary matters employed by man may be reduced to three classes, viz., saccharine, oily, and albuminous substances, the most perfect specimens of which are respectively sugar, butter, and white of egg. The saccharine principle, in its extended sense, includes all those substances which are chiefly derived from the vegetable kingdom—means, in fact, the same thing as what we commonly call vegetable diet. It comprehends all those substances, whatever their sensible properties may be, into the composition of which the hydrogen and oxygen enter in the proportion in which they form water;—for example—what perhaps may not a little surprise the reader—the fibre of wood, which chemists call *lignin*. Much skillful manipulation and delicacy of experiment were required to establish this result; but the nutritive property of the woody fibre—in short, that a tolerably good quartern loaf can be made out of a deal board—has been proved by the recent labours of a German Professor, and may be verified by any one who will take the trouble to repeat them:—

'The following (says Dr. Prout) was the method he employed for this purpose. In the first place, everything that was soluble in water was removed by frequent maceration and boiling; the wood was then reduced to a minute state of division, that is to say, not merely into fine fibres, but actual powder; and after being repeatedly subjected to the heat of an oven, was ground in the usual manner of corn. Wood thus prepared, according to the author, acquires the smell and taste of corn-flour. It is, however, never quite white, but always of a yellowish colour. It also agrees with corn-flour in this respect, that it does not ferment without the addition of leaven, and in this case sour leaven of corn-flour is found to answer best. With this it makes a perfectly uniform and spongy bread; and when it is thoroughly baked, and has much crust, it has a much better taste of bread than what in times of scarcity is prepared from the bran and husks of corn. Wood-flour, also, boiled in water, forms a thick, tough, trembling jelly, like that of wheat-starch, and which is very nutritious.'—*Philosophical Transactions*, 1827, Part II. p. 318.

To make wood-flour in perfection, according to Professor Autenrieth, the wood, after being thoroughly stripped of its bark,

* Stevens on the Blood. No. XCVI.

is to be sawed transversely into disks of about an inch in diameter. The saw-dust is to be preserved, and the disks are to be beaten to fibres in a pounding-mill. The fibres and saw-dust, mixed together, are next to be deprived of everything harsh and bitter which is soluble in water, by boiling them, where fuel is abundant, or by subjecting them for a longer time to the action of cold water, which is easily done by enclosing them in a strong sack, which they only half fill, and beating the sack with a stick or treading it with the feet in a rivulet. The whole is then to be completely dried, either in the sun or by fire, and repeatedly ground in a flour-mill. The ground wood is next baked into small flat cakes, with water rendered slightly mucilaginous by the addition of some decoction of linseed, mallow stalks and leaves, lime-tree bark, or any other such substance. Professor Autenrieth prefers marshmallow roots, of which one ounce renders eighteen quarts of water sufficiently mucilaginous, and these serve to form four pounds and a half of wood-flour into cakes. These cakes are baked until they are brown on the surface. After this they are broken to pieces, and again ground, until the flour pass through a fine boulding-cloth; and upon the fineness of the flour does its fitness to make bread depend. The flour of a *hard wood*, such as beech, requires the process of baking and grinding to be repeated. Wood-flour does not ferment so readily as wheaten-flour, but the Professor found fifteen pounds of birch-wood flour, with three pounds of sour wheat-leaven, and two pounds of wheat-flour, mixed up with eight measures of new milk, yielded thirty-six pounds of *very good bread*. The learned Professor tried the nutritive properties of wood-flour, in the first instance, upon a young dog; afterwards he fed two pigs upon it; and then, taking courage from the success of the experiment, he attacked it himself. His family party, he says, ate it in the form of gruels or soup, dumplings and pancakes, all made with as little of any other ingredient as possible; and found them palatable and quite wholesome. Are we, then, instead of looking upon a human being stretched upon a bare plank as the picture of extreme want and wretchedness, to regard him as reposing in the lap of abundance, and consider, henceforth, the common phrase 'bed and board' as compounded of synonymous terms?

The Laplanders of Tryssild, and the mountainous part of Oesterladen, are said by Von Buch, in his Travels through Norway and Lapland, in 1806-7-8, to make a bread, called by them Barke Bröd, in the following manner:—

'When the young and vigorous fir trees are felled, to the great injury of the woods, the tree is stripped of its bark for its whole length;

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length; the outer part is carefully peeled from the bark; the deeper interior covering is then shaved off, and nothing remains but the innermost rind, which is extremely soft and white. It is then hung up several days in the air to dry, and afterwards baked in an oven; it is next beat on wooden blocks, and then pounded as finely as possible in wooden vessels. But all this is not enough: the mass is yet to be carried to the mill and ground into coarse meal like barley or oats. This meal is mixed up with threshed oat-ears, or with a few moss-seeds; and a bread of about an inch thickness is formed of this composition.'—p. 87.

In another place, the same traveller, talking of the Enare Laplanders, says,—

'In summer they scarcely eat anything but fish from the fresh-water lakes, and drink with great eagerness the water in which the fish has been boiled. In winter they must put up with dried fish, and with soups of water, fir bark, and rein-deer tallow. They peel off, in summer, the innermost bark of the fir, divide it in long strips, and hang them in their dwellings to dry for winter stores. When used, these strips of bark are minced in small pieces along with the rein-deer tallow, and boiled together for several hours with water, till they form a thick broth.'—p. 324.

It is not improbable, says Dr. Prout, when speaking of this method, that during the above processes the lignin combines with water, and forms an artificial starch; what the change may be we will not venture to decide. As for the spongy bread made by the Tubingen Professor, we should like very much to taste it; but with respect to the poor Laplander's coarse and husky variety of the *staff of life*, it can be, we greatly fear, little better than the newly-invented patent-bread of our own metropolis.

One word on this new-fangled article. It is well known that in the old established way of baking, the steam which arises during the process is allowed to escape as of no value; but accident discovered, a few years ago, that this vapour, if condensed, exhibited traces of alcohol, and the collection of it immediately became an object of cupidity and speculation; and this, together with some saving of fuel during the process of baking, suggested the patent and the formation of the Company upon a great scale. One of its recommendations was, that bread so made, though kept for any length of time, does not become sour; and this we understand is the fact; but how and at what expense is this incorruptibility procured? Sour bread is unquestionably bad; but is not bread which, if kept too long, is liable to *become* sour, the very article we want? In the new method, the distillation (for such it is in reality) is pushed as far as it can go: the whole product of the fermentation is obtained and collected, so that the residue, or loaf, may be regarded as a *caput mortuum*, incapable of undergoing further

further change; but is it not rather unuckily deprived, at the same time, of its saccharine principle—in short, of all nutritive property? For our own parts, we adhere to the old orthodox ‘bread with the gin in it.’

But enough for the present of bread.—In France, most substances are exposed, through the medium of oil or butter, to a temperature of at least 600° Fahrenheit, by the operation of frying, or some analogous process. They are then introduced into a macerating vessel with a little water, and kept for several hours at a temperature far below the boiling point (212°), not perhaps higher than 180°; and by these united processes, properly conducted, the most refractory articles, whether of animal or vegetable origin, are reduced more or less to the state of pulp, and admirably adapted for the further action of the stomach.* In the common cookery of this country, on the contrary, articles are usually put at once into a large quantity of water, and submitted, without care or attention, to the boiling temperature: the consequence is, that most animal substances, when taken out, are harder and more indigestible than in the natural state; for it is well known that albuminous substances (as, for example, *the white of an egg*) become the harder the longer they are boiled. These observations are often of the utmost importance in a medical point of view. When the powers of the stomach are weak, a hard and crude English diet (such, for example, as half-raw beef-steaks, &c., so frequently recommended) is sure to produce much discomfort by promoting acidity; while the very same articles, well cooked upon French principles, or rather the principles of common sense, can be taken with impunity, and easily assimilated, by the same individual.

It has been remarked before, on the authority of one of our ablest chemical physicians, that our principal alimentary matters may be reduced to three classes, of which sugar, butter, and white of egg, are the representatives. Now, it is a curious circumstance that milk, the only article absolutely prepared and intended by nature as an aliment, is a compound of all the three classes; and almost

* Singular as it may be thought, it is not yet determined what is the exact purpose of rumination; but looking at the deficiency in the cutting-teeth of such animals as chew the cud, and reflecting upon the fact that this peculiar function is not established till after the young animal has ceased to be nourished by the milk of its mother, we may safely conclude that it is intended in some essential way to assist the process of digestion. An ox, for instance, having filled himself with crude vegetable matter, is seen quietly to lie down, and deliberately to begin to cook his meal, which he has providently taken care to secure beforehand in his large internal store-house or larder, technically called the paunch, or venter magnus. The stomachs of ruminants *with horns* are somewhat differently constructed from those of animals of the same class, such as the camel, dromedary, and lama, which have a beautiful and curious mechanism, that fits them to live in the sandy deserts where the supplies of water are very precarious. It is said that hares and rabbits ruminate, but it must be only when they eat particular kinds of vegetables; certainly when they are fed upon meal this remarkable action is not perceptible.

all the gramineous and herbaceous matters employed as food by the lower animals contain at least two, if not all the three. The same is true of animal aliments, which consist at least of albumen and oil. In short, it is perhaps impossible to name a substance employed by the more perfect animals as food, that does not essentially constitute a natural compound of at least two, if not all three, of these great principles of alimentary matter.

Skin, it may be mentioned, is composed almost entirely of animal jelly, a substance nearly allied in its properties to *albumen*, and called by chemists *gelatine*, of which the purest example is isinglass. With the nutritive properties of this we are all familiar in a very common culinary product, *viz.*, *blanc-mange*. Now, by the process of tanning, skin attracts the tan of the liquor in which it is immersed, and forms a compound insoluble either in cold or boiling water, and not liable to putrefaction. The well-known substance, leather, is this compound, and though rather unsavoury and somewhat difficult of digestion, has on an emergency been employed as an article of food. Sir John Franklin, in the account he has given us of his journey to the shores of the Polar Sea, when describing the extremities of hunger and privation of every kind to which he was exposed, says, on one occasion,

‘Previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigue of the day’s journey.’—vol. iv. p. 58.

On another occasion the Captain

‘found some of his party halting among some willows, where they had picked up some pieces of skin and a few bones of deer that had been devoured by the wolves last spring. They had rendered the bones friable by burning, and eaten them as well as the skin, and several of them had added their old shoes to the repast.’—vol. iv. p. 33.*

Some idea may be formed of the hardships endured by these brave men, from the story of their disappointment and grief when they reached Fort Enterprise and found all perfectly desolate—no deposit of provisions—no trace of the Indians.

* But the human stomach can digest harder substances than mere skin and bone, as appears from a paper published in the *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*, vol. xii. part 1, 1822, by the late Dr. Marcet. In this memoir he relates the history of an English sailor, who, in imitation of a conjuror whose tricks he had just witnessed, and in a drunken frolic, swallowed several clasp-knives, and, ten years afterwards, died in Guy’s hospital. Several most skilful surgeons examined his body with great interest and attention: to the astonishment of all, the blades of many knives were found in his interior, ‘some of them remarkably corroded and prodigiously reduced in size, while others were comparatively in a state of tolerable preservation.’ The knives are still to be seen in the museum attached to the Hospital.

‘When

'When I arose,' writes Sir John, 'on the following morning, my body and limbs were so swollen, that I was unable to walk more than a few yards. My companions, four in number, went to collect bones (the relics of deer that had been thrown away during our former residence) and some *tripe de roche*, which supplied us with two meals. The bones were quite acrid, and the soup extracted from them excoriated the mouth if taken alone, but it was somewhat milder when boiled with *tripe de roche*.'

A regimen consisting of *tripe de roche* (a lichen of the genus *gyrophora*), dry bones, and old shoes, is, to be sure, an instance of a mixed animal and vegetable diet, though, it must be granted, not of the most inviting description. But it is in the *artificial* food of man that we see this great principle of mixture most strongly exemplified. Dissatisfied with the productions spontaneously furnished by nature, he culls from every source, and forms, in every possible manner, and under every disguise, the same great alimentary compound. This, after all his baking, roasting, stewing, &c.—how much soever he may be disinclined to believe it, is the sole end and object of his exertions. Even in the utmost refinement of his luxury the same great principle is attended to; and his sugar and flour, his eggs and butter, in all their various forms and combinations, are nothing more nor less than disguised imitations of the simple elementary prototype, *milk*.* It follows, therefore, that to say of anything, in the old homely way, that 'it is as good as mother's milk,' is in fact the highest praise we can bestow; nor is the preference here given to *mother's* milk an accidental or indifferent circumstance—for all chemists know that human milk is more nutritious and more digestible than any other, inasmuch as it contains very little curd, but abounds in cream. Here we have another instance of the good sense and sound observation couched in our old proverbial expressions.

Before we dismiss entirely this summary view of human diet, we should observe that, of the alimentary matters employed by man, two of them—viz., the oleaginous and albuminous—are animal products, or parts of other animals; and hence may be supposed capable of being at once applied to the purposes of the animal economy without undergoing any essential change. With the saccharine class, derived principally from the vegetable kingdom, the case is different; and before this can be converted either into the oleaginous or the albuminous principles, it must undergo some essential change or changes in its composition. But it has been found, that whatever be the nature of the food of man, the general composition of the *chyle*, or milky fluid, into which it is all resolved before its absorption into the system, is the same.

* Prout's Galstonian Lectures, delivered at the College of Physicians, 1831.

We all know, by our own sensations, how great an influence the stomach exercises over our daily happiness. Mrs. Hannah More says, in her quaint way, 'There are only two bad things in this world—sin and bile.' When in a perfectly healthy condition, everything goes on well—all is *couleur de rose*; on the contrary, our doctors tell us that the horrors of hypochondriasis are mainly owing to dyspepsia, or indigestion. That this is true we have no doubt, though we are not yet fully disposed to adopt the French maxim—'*mauvais cœur, bon estomac*'—as comprehending the requisites of physical enjoyment.

Our lively neighbours, however, possess such indisputable claims to be our masters in the art of cookery, that everything coming from them which relates in any way to the table is entitled to be received with attention and acknowledged with gratitude. '*Les lois, règles, applications et exemples de l'art de bien vivre*,' laid down with great exactness in the '*Code Gourmand*,' named at the head of this paper, have afforded us some amusement; and we think few of our readers could help smiling at the solemn trifling of the confirmed epicure who has here recorded the results of his gastronomical experience. It is paying him but a poor compliment, that he is worth a hundred Dr. Kitcheners.

The ceremonies to be observed, from the first sending out of an invitation to the service of the last remove of an entertainment, are described with rigorous formality:—

'CHAP. I. TITRE PREMIER.

'Art. 3.—La date de l'invitation se mesure d'après l'importance du repas. Pour plus de sûreté et de régularité, elle ne peut avoir à courir moins de quatre jours, ni plus de trente.

'Art. 4.—Quand le dîner doit être orné d'une pièce notable, on l'indique par un *post-scriptum*; on écrit, "Il y aura une carpe du Rhin," comme il y aura un violon.'

'Art. 5.—Le vaste surtout chargé de fleurs est à jamais proscrit de la table d'un vrai gourmand; valut il mille écus, il faut lui préférer le modeste hors-d'œuvre dont il envahit la place.'

'CHAP. II. TITRE SECOND.

'Art. 1.—Un convive qui sait son monde n'entamera jamais une conversation avant la fin du premier service; jusque-là le dîner est une affaire sérieuse, dont il serait imprudent de distraire l'assemblée.'

'Art. 2.—Toute phrase commencée doit être suspendue à l'arrivée d'une dinde aux truffes.

'Art. 3.—Un convive ne doit être que poli pendant le premier service; il est tenu d'être galant au second; il peut être tendre au dessert. Jusqu'au champagne'—

But the *Convive* is getting too lively for our English notions—so we must turn a new leaf, and introduce the reader to more sober company.

ART.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More.* By William Roberts, Esq. 4 vols. London, 1834.

HAD it been possible for any literator, with Mrs. Hannah More's correspondence at his command, to produce an uninteresting work under the title which we have transcribed, we are obliged to confess our belief that the task must have been accomplished by Mr. Roberts. The regard with which Mrs. More honoured him would of itself be a sufficient pledge for the purity of his intentions; and we willingly acknowledge that, in his own part of this bulky book, he has occasionally expressed amiable feelings. But the selection of him for this undertaking appears, on the whole, to have been about as unfortunate as any that could have been thought of. He writes with the facility of a practised turner of periods, but with the confusion and verbosity of one whose brain has been less exercised than his hand. He sees, and therefore describes, few things clearly; nor has he any notion what the things are concerning the history, manners, and deportment of such a person as Hannah More, that her biographer ought to have made it his business to describe. His method of compiling and arranging is so clumsy, that if any one can extract from this book a distinct notion even of the principal events and *dates* in her life, he must have bestowed more attention on the materials of which it is composed than the editor himself has thought fit to do. If year and month be not written at the top of the sheet, Mr. Roberts never even seems to think of trying to make out the date from the contents: thus, for example, he states it as doubtful whether Hannah's first visit to London was in 1773 or 1774, though a letter printed in vol. i. p. 48, distinctly settles the point in favour of the latter year; while he gives another dateless letter at p. 36, as the first she wrote from London, though that letter is full of the praises of the Journey to the Hebrides, which was not published until January, 1775. We shall not waste space in exposing more of his blunders of this class, though the book swarms with them. A more serious and equally pervading mischief is, that Mr. Roberts takes part with nothing but the peculiar views and prejudices of the religious sect, if it may be so called, to which Mrs. Hannah More, in the later years of her life, lent the distinction of her too exclusive favour. All the earlier, brighter, and we take leave to say by no means the least honourable pages of her history, have accordingly but little interest in his eyes; he seems to be throughout in the vein of apologising for her ever having been on terms of intimacy with anybody out of his own little pale; forgetting that her place within that circle

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was, in no trivial degree, the fruit of the eminence which she had previously attained to without it; unconscious that her power to serve the cause which she ultimately adopted would have been comparatively nothing, had the range of her experience been as limited as that of her biographer's sympathy.

Authoresses, as we had occasion not long ago to show in a tabular form, are, generally speaking, a long-lived race; and Mrs. More offers no exception to the rule. She died September 7th, 1833, in the 89th year of her age; having been born in 1745, at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, where her father kept a small school. One of Mr. Roberts's correspondents, however, is exceedingly anxious, more so than we should have expected in this quarter, to show that Hannah was come of a gentle race in Norfolk; and we read that her father, Jacob More, had originally been designed for the church, but laid aside this plan of life in consequence of the failure of a lawsuit, by which he was deprived of a landed estate worth in those days 8000*l.* per annum. The lady adds:—

'We who are spared to see the result of this trying dispensation of Providence, must pause to meditate a while on his infinite wisdom and mercy, more particularly when we look at the descendant of the more fortunate cousin, who enjoyed his unjustly gotten wealth but a short time. Death entered his dwelling, and his eldest son soon dissipated all the property, as he lived in the lowest state of profligacy.'—p. 9.

This is all we are told of the lawsuit and its results; and we must say it appears to us queer enough, that a lawyer like Mr. Roberts should permit his fair friend to babble thus complacently about 'unjustly gotten wealth,' which was gotten only in the usual course of the administration of English justice. Moreover, we do not exactly comprehend the lady's logic when she points out an extraordinary and memorable example of divine wisdom and mercy in the termination of the lawsuit against Mr. Jacob More. What she means probably is, that had Jacob got the estate, Hannah would never have written 'Cælebs,' &c., &c. But none of Hannah's books were written under the pressure of poverty,—when she wrote the best of them she was rich; and we can see no reason why she, though brought up in a wealthy squire's house in place of a poor schoolmaster's, might not have cultivated both religion and literature quite as zealously as she actually did. But the truth is, we feel considerable doubts as to the authenticity of this whole story. When Jacob's lawsuit was decided, if there ever was such a lawsuit, that is to say, before he settled in Gloucestershire, about *one hundred and twenty years* ago, 8000*l.* was a very large income; it was at the least equal to 16,000*l.* a year now. The family that possessed such property in Norfolk must have been well known,

known, and probably highly connected—yet here is all the trace we find of its very existence—and, to conclude, it would be satisfactory to have one instance besides of the heir to an estate of 16,000*l.*, or even 8000*l.* a year, having been ‘originally designed for the church.’ Sure we are that when any heir to a large landed estate adopts that profession, it must be under the influence of feelings too powerful to be easily baffled; and we do not understand on what principle a profoundly pious youth who married a farmer’s daughter, and sat down for life in a small village school, should have been too lofty to eschew those means of proceeding through the university to holy orders, which the piety of our ancestors placed within the reach of the poorest. One word still more seriously: who doubts that divine Providence overrules the destinies of individuals and of families? But it seems to us that they who, in the spirit of certain sectaries, are constantly ready to point out the specific objects and methods of its operation, are scarcely less presumptuous than the self-elected interpreters of unfulfilled prophecy; and this writer’s ‘Death entered his dwelling, &c.’—her *now* boldly proclaiming that such a visitation was the righteous and correcting sequel of the at worst mistaken verdict of a Norwich jury, A.D. 1720, must be allowed to be worthy of the most pitiable æra of puritanical cant.

It appears that Hannah was wonderfully precocious in her literary attainments. The biographer gravely records that ‘her nurse, a pious old woman, had lived in the family of Dryden, and the inquisitive mind of the little Hannah was continually prompting her to ask for stories about the Poet!’—p. 14. This was when little Hannah had reached her *fourth* birth-day. The pious old nurse had probably been a giddy young housemaid when she lived in the family of a man who died fifty years before this time; and how edifying must have been the reminiscences, which, after the lapse of fifty, sixty, or seventy years, rewarded from her lips the enthusiastic inquisitiveness of the little Hannah about ‘glorious John.’ What a pity that Mr. Roberts has not deigned to preserve any of them! One would have been enchanted to know on authority the exact quantity of the dose of stewed prunes. But the enthusiasm for Dryden could, after all, have been commendable only in a child. Mr. Roberts produces her as in her mature days denying almost any merit to Dryden’s Fables—a judgment in which no doubt the worthy biographer fully concurs.

But ‘at eight years old her thirst for learning became *very* conspicuous;’ and her father, having hardly any books, would have been at a loss ‘to satisfy her eager desire to learn the histories of the Greeks and Romans,’ but for his ‘very wonderful memory;’ and a wonderful memory it must indeed have been, since it ‘enabled him to relate to her while sitting on his knee, all the striking events which they contained’—in fashion following:— ‘He

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'He recited to her the speeches of his favourite heroes, *first* in their original language to gratify her ear with the sound, and then translated them into English; particularly dwelling on the parallels and wise sayings of Plutarch; and these recollections made her afterwards remark, that the conversation of an enlightened parent or preceptor constituted one of the best parts of education!"—p. 12.

Imagine the good schoolmaster spouting, from memory, to a child of eight years, the wise sayings of Solon and Lycurgus in the pure Greek of old Plutarch; and imagine who can that Hannah More had arrived at the recondite dogma about education, which she appears to have taken such pains in enforcing upon the mind of her biographer, in consequence of her grateful recollection of these cabalistical intonations. Parson Adams lecturing Joseph Andrews on the structure of the Choëphoræ was nothing to this.

We are favoured with a few more anecdotes of Hannah's juvenile years, as (happy omen!) that she used to get astride of a chair, and say she was riding to London 'to see bishops and book-sellers;' that she hoarded scraps of paper and wrote verses on them, and confessed to her sister that her highest ambition was to have a whole quire to herself,—and so on. At twelve she was sent to Bristol, where her elder sisters had some years before established a boarding-school, and there she soon attracted notice by the quickness of her parts and docility of her temper. Among the persons whose conversation in those early days served to encourage and stimulate her in her intellectual pursuits, the author names Ferguson the astronomer, and the elder Sheridan, both of whom delivered occasional lectures in Bristol, and were naturally in the habit of visiting the Miss More's establishment, but especially Mr. Peach, a linen-draper of the town, of whose abilities and knowledge she was accustomed in after days to speak with admiration. Her biographer adds:—

'He had been the friend of Hume, who had shown his confidence in his judgment, by entrusting to him the correction of his history, in which, he used to say, he had discovered more than two hundred Scotticisms. But for this man, it appears, *two years of the life of the historian might have passed into oblivion*, which were spent in a merchant's counting-house in Bristol, whence he was dismissed on account of the promptitude of his pen in the correction of the letters intrusted to him to copy. More than twenty years after the death of Mr. Peach, the subject of these Memoirs, being in company with Dr. Percy, then Bishop of Dromore, Mr. Gibbon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, who were conjecturing what might have been the cause of this *chasm of two years* in the life of Hume (of which the Bishop was then proposing to give a sketch), *she was enabled to clear up the mystery, by relating the above anecdote.*"—vol. i. pp. 16-17.

¶ We are, however, already weary of criticising Mr. Roberts—but there

there are few tracts in the world better known than David Hume's brief account of his own life, which was published very soon after his death in April, 1776; and it is not likely that Dr. Percy ever dreamt of printing a sketch of Hume's biography during his lifetime. Now in Hume's own narrative, his residence at Bristol is distinctly mentioned—he says that he went thither in 1734, 'with recommendations to some of the merchants,' but was satisfied 'in a few months' that that scene would never suit him. What then comes of Mr. Roberts's grand story of Hannah More enabling Bishop Percy to fill up a chasm of *two years* in the *Life of David Hume*? And as to Mr. Peach's correcting the English of Hume's *MS.* history during this memorable chasm, no one can ever forget Swift's wise saying—

'Always pluck a peach,
When within your reach;'

but David Hume himself happens also to have told us, that he first conceived the idea of writing history in 1752, that is to say, about seventeen years after he had left Bristol.

Miss More's first publication was the pastoral drama of the 'Search after Happiness:' this was in 1762, in the seventeenth year of her age. This well-meant effort had considerable success, more than one who now reads it will easily account for; but Mr. Roberts says nothing of what followed, in a literary way, until, after a lapse of *eleven* years, we find her in active correspondence with the poet Langhorne, who was rector of Blagdon, not far from Bristol. With him, says our ever-accurate and ever-charitable author,

'a very lively intellectual intercourse was sustained, until a habit of intemperance, in which he had vainly sought relief, under the pressure of domestic calamity, raised a barrier between him and persons of strict behaviour. Some of the letters of this spendthrift of the patrimony of genius, to Miss More, are entertaining, and exhibit a good specimen of his vigorous and vivacious pen. Alas! that nature should have so often to deplore the neglect or abuse of her best gifts. But it is Satan's proudest exploit to make the powers of man turn against himself, &c.'—vol. i. p. 18.

We are not very well informed as to the particulars of Langhorne's life; but we are of opinion that Mr. Roberts has, in this instance, neglected to read the letters published in his own book. His great anxiety is to rescue Hannah More from the suspicion of holding intercourse with Langhorne after he formed certain coarse habits, here ascribed to his grief at the loss of his wife. Now, his wife died in 1768—long before the date of any of the letters which this editor has printed. These letters come down to December, 1776. In 1777, the Poet was promoted by a most conscientious prelate, Dr. Moss, to a prebend at Wells, and he died early in 1779,

just

just after publishing his 'Owen of Carron.' What evidence have we here of the decline either of intellect or reputation? Without ascertained facts to go upon, Mr. Roberts should scarcely have stepped out of his way to hazard so broad an attack on the memory of Langhorne—an elegant, if not a great writer, and one whose poems are all on the side of virtuous feeling and principle. There seems to be no doubt that he was in some degree—according to the general fashion of his time—a man of what is called a convivial turn—but in *intemperance*, of all vices, *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*; and we take it, that if (which we much doubt) he ever deserved to be at all gravely talked of as intemperate, he must have been much the same man in this respect in 1777 and 1778, that he had been in 1776, when Hannah More and he were beslobbering each other with gross flatteries in prose and rhyme, as silly and ridiculous as those which formed the staple diet of Mr. Hayley and Miss Seward. The cessation of their correspondence may be sufficiently accounted for by the fact, that by 1777, Hannah More had established herself in the great circles of London, and found more important persons with whom to interchange the common-places of literary adulation.

We are sorry to add that we cannot agree with Mr. Roberts, even in the laudatory part of our extract. Langhorne's letters, here printed, seem to us most of them feeble, and some of them by no means over-delicate things. The following specimen will perhaps satisfy our readers—it is from one describing an illness under which the Rector of Blagdon had laboured:—

'General Bile led the whole forces of Rheumatism Bay, Scurvy Island, and Nervous Province, into the very centre and heart of my dominions. I drew up against him a body of Emetic Tartars, under the command of General Ipecacuanha. These fought with uncommon bravery for one whole day and a night, made prodigious havoc of the Biliary forces, and took their general prisoner. A truce was proclaimed for twenty-four hours; when it appearing that a large body of the Biliaries had secreted themselves in the lower parts of the country, I despatched my second battalion, consisting of foreign troops, chiefly of the provinces of Senna, Tamarind, and Crim Tartary, under the command of sub-brigadier General Cathartic, &c. &c.' —pp. 25, 26.

—And this was addressed by a widowed gentleman in the prime of life to a young unmarried lady! It must be owned that we have improved in some matters since the days of 'Owen of Carron.'

Having brought down her correspondence with Langhorne till she was in her thirty-first year, Mr. Roberts remembers that there was a little incident of an earlier period which ought not to have

been passed quite *sub silentio*; and he accordingly indulges us with some mysterious paragraphs on a love-affair with one Mr. Turner, a squire of high degree near Bristol, which occurred when Hannah was only a girl of twenty-two. 'This gentleman had some nieces at the Misses More's school, and they invited the two youngest of their governesses, Patty and Hannah, to spend a vacation with them at his seat, Belmont, where we read 'he had carriages and horses'—without which indeed the carriages would have signified little—'and everything to make a visit agreeable.'

'The consequence was natural. She was very clever and fascinating, and he was generous and sensible; he became attached, and made his offer, which was accepted. He was a *man of large fortune*, and she was young and dependent; she quitted her interest in the concern of the school, and was at great expense in preparing and fitting herself out to be the wife of a *man of large fortune*—[how graceful this repetition!] 'The day was fixed *more than once* for the marriage; and Mr. Turner each time postponed it. Her sisters and friends interfered, and would not permit her to be so *treated and trifled with*'—[apt alliteration even here!] 'He continued in the wish to marry her; but her friends, after his former conduct, and on other accounts, persevered in keeping up her determination not to renew the engagement.'

'At their last conversation together, Mr. T. proposed to settle an annuity upon her, a proposal which was with dignity and firmness rejected, and the intercourse appeared to be absolutely at an end. Let it be recorded, however, in justice to the memory of this gentleman, that his mind was ill at ease till an interview was obtained with Dr. Stonehouse, to whom he declared his intention to secure to Miss More, with whom he had considered his union as certain, an annual sum which might enable her to devote herself to her literary pursuits, and compensate, in some degree, for the robbery he had committed upon her time. Dr. Stonehouse consulted with the friends of the parties, and the consultation terminated in a common opinion that, all things considered, a *part of the sum proposed* might be accepted without the sacrifice of delicacy or propriety, and the settlement was made without the knowledge of the lady, Dr. Stonehouse consenting to become the agent and trustee. It was not, however, till some time after the affair had been thus concluded, that the consent of Miss More could be obtained by the importunity of her friends.'

'The regard and respect of Mr. T. for Miss More was continued through his life; her virtues and excellences were his favourite theme among his intimate friends, and at his death he bequeathed her *a thousand pounds*'—[a thousand pounds from a *man of large fortune*!!]

'It has been of importance to rescue this great and generous name from the imputation of inconstancy, or a calculating prudence in an affair in which truth and honour claim to be the rightful arbiters.'—vol. i, p. 34.

This

This appears to us to be a romance of which Crabbe, with the help of Cocker, might have made something. We have no doubt—in spite of those rumours to the contrary which took so preposterous a shape in the table-talk of Lord Byron—that Miss More's part in the transaction was blameless; but she certainly owes little to the dull slipslop with which Mr. Roberts has contrived to overlay—*obscurum per obscurius*—the only page in her history that really demanded elucidation. To say nothing of the rest, he does not even inform us what the annuity from Mr. Turner amounted to, nor whether it was sufficient to enable the young lady finally to give up all connexion with the drudgery of the school.

These doings occurred about 1767. We are next introduced *per saltum* to Miss Hannah on her first *debüt* in the society of London, A. D. 1774. Mr. Roberts, however, takes care to tell us nothing of the immediate circumstances that carried her to the metropolis, or of the friends whom she had there to receive her. All that appears distinctly is, that shortly after her arrival in town, she sent to some friend a description of her sensations on first seeing Garrick play *Lear*, which by some means reached the hands of the great actor himself, and so pleased him that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, who, 'nothing loath,' was presently all but domesticated beneath his roof, and through him and his affectionate wife received on terms of cordial kindness into all their wide and splendid circle—including Reynolds, Burke, and Johnson—all the *dramatis personæ*, in short, of Boswell. Miss More's lively talents for conversation, coupled with strong sense and good temper, and we must add, a lavish-enough expenditure of flattery, ere long established her as a general favourite in this brilliant society. The foundresses of the *Bas Bleu*—the Montagues, Carters, Vesey's, and Boscawens—welcomed her as a sister spirit. Stimulated in turn by their approbation, and that of better judges than them, she turned to her literature with redoubled energy; and from this time the important part of her personal history may be read with sufficient accuracy, for a long series of years together, in that of a succession of works, all in their season popular—all commendable for moral tone; almost all considerably above mediocrity in point of literary execution; and some of them well worthy to outlive their century.

It would have been interesting to have the minuter particulars of this period of Hannah's career,—the statistics, so to speak, of her earlier authorship. The number of copies printed, and the amount of profits received, ought, if possible, to be set down in every literary biography: the comparison of such things at one period and another often leads to curious and instructive deductions. But to views of this kind the present writer is quite blind;

indeed, so little interest does he feel in the merely literary part of his subject, that he has not even enumerated the more important of Mrs. More's works in the order in which they were written. As in the collective edition of 1830 the several pieces are arranged without reference to chronology—it is out of our power to supply these defects on the present occasion. We hope the intelligent bookseller, from whose house all her better treatises issued, will be induced, should another reprint be called for, to affix accurate dates, and such other illustrations as may be properly expected now that his venerable friend is no more. It appears that the tragedy of 'Percy,' which was brought out with eminent success in 1777, under Garrick's patronage, and with a prologue from his pen, brought her, of theatrical profits, 600*l.*, and from Mr. Cadell, for the copyright, 150*l.* more. This, in those days, was a considerable sum to be realized by a single piece; and Cadell published of the *first* edition, four thousand copies, a then very large impression. These details are almost the only ones of the sort which we meet with in this part of the book.

'Sir Eldred of the Bower,' a flimsy enough ballad, in the style then so much in fashion among the admirers of the 'Reliques,' was the first thing she put forth after her reception into the great world of letters. Johnson, ever a lenient critic to comely young ladies, dropped, or suppressed, his usual contempt for compositions of this school, and instead of treating her to another such stanza as—

'I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
With his hat in his hand,'

he condescended to indite a quatrain, which Hannah, accepting it no doubt as a compliment to the authoress rather than her heroine, proudly engrafted on the text of her second edition: here it is—*valeat quantum* :—

'My scorn has oft the dart repell'd
Which guileful beauty threw,
But goodness heard and grace beheld
Must every heart subdue.'

As we advance from the juvenile 'Search after Happiness,' to the '*Bas Bleu*,'—an elaborate eulogy on the club so styled—and which Johnson (therein highly extolled) calls, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, 'a great performance,' it is easy to trace the progress of both ease and strength in Hannah More's diction and versification. Johnson, in the last year of his life, is said to have told Sir William Forbes, that he considered her as 'the best versificatrix in the English language.' As most of her poetical pieces are now for-

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gotten, we might, perhaps, amuse our readers by a few specimens of them; but we can hardly afford space enough for the correspondence, which is wholly new. It strikes us that '*Percy*' is on a par with any tragedy of its day, except '*Douglas*;' and that if Hannah had persisted, she could scarcely have failed to produce very tolerable plays. The power of her expression in prose was, in her best time, admirable; and there is a great deal of very clever dramatic management in not a few of her *Tales*. But this field was soon shut to her for ever by the increasing sternness of her religious views. She arrived at the conclusion, that by contributing plays, however pure, to the existing stage, she should be heightening its *general* attraction as a place of amusement; and considering the English theatre as, on the whole, *the most profligate in the literature of the world!* (see her Works, vol. ii. p. 130), she made up her mind to abjure it, and all its concerns, for ever. After a little while she could scarcely be persuaded even to witness the representation of her own '*Percy*.' Considering that she owed so much, in every possible way, to the Garricks, continued during twenty years to be domesticated nearly six months of the twelve under that roof, and has borne most touching testimony to the amiable virtues of both the great actor and his wife, it is difficult for us to imagine a more sterling instance of self-love sacrificed to principle, than we have before us in this successful authoress's early and decided secession from the drama. In the collective edition of her Works (vol. ii.) she has inserted an apology for reprinting her tragedies, which includes a dissertation on the tendency of stage amusements, written in her happiest manner. We cannot pretend to go along with her sweeping denunciations of the whole affair; but as to the particulars on which she chiefly enlarges, she must receive the concurrence of every thinking person—certainly of every conscientious parent.

Hannah More, to her honour be it observed, is careful, in this her '*Histriomastix*,' to distinguish Shakspeare from other writers of the class she is condemning. Her eulogy of him is lofty and eloquent; but the reader perceives that she patronizes, after all, only the Bowdler Edition. If she had ever read Shakspeare in '*Bowdler*' for herself, which, of course, she had too much wit to do, she would have discovered that the expurgator has excluded only that class of impurities from which, as she justly observes, there is the least likelihood of serious mischief resulting to any pure mind. Whether from innocence or haste, Mr. Bowdler has left the more delicate poison as he found it. But, in truth, the whole notion of a mutilated Othello, or Anthony and Cleopatra—(to say nothing of Falstaff, &c.)—is absurd and ridiculous: hardly less so, we must confess, than that of the amiable young lady who walked into a certain bookseller's shop a few months ago with a blurred

blurred and blotted volume of Byron in her bag; and being asked to explain her errand, answered that she had come to treat for the publication of a 'Family Don Juan.' It seems obvious enough, that the only expurgation which is either necessary or practically useful, is that which every discreet person performs instinctively when called upon to read Shakspeare aloud in a domestic circle.

Mrs. More makes no apology of this kind for the republication of her 'Sacred Dramas.' These, too, had in their day great popularity, and perhaps they are still not without their share of favour. They appear to us, however, very dull things—so much so that we hardly wonder at Peter Pindar's frequent sarcasms upon

'The holy dramas of Miss Hannah More,
Where all the Nine with little Moses snore.'

But their literary lead is not the worst. We own that we are obliged to regard them as not entirely above some of the criticism which she herself, in the preface to 'Percy,' bestowed on the old Mysteries and Moralities; pieces 'in which events too solemn for exhibition, and subjects too awful for detail, are brought before the audience with a formal gravity more offensive than levity itself.' Not to take specimens of what we must consider as a positively injurious class, let us ask whether any good purpose can be answered by such grotesque caricaturing as we have in her *David*—who exclaims, on first sight of *Goliath*,—

'But soft!—what unknown prodigy appears?
A moving mountain cased in polished brass!'

Or in such Brobdingnag swagger as this:—

'*Gol.* By Ashdod's fane, thou ly'st!
Thou insect warrior, since thou dar'st me thus,
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,
Dissever'd each from each, ere long to feed
The fierce blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well—
Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,
And toss in air thy head, all gash'd with wounds,
Thy lip yet quiv'ring with the dire convulsion
Of recent death!—*Art thou not terrified?*' &c. &c.

Miss More's lighter poems, such as 'Bonner's Ghost,' the 'Heroic Epistle to Miss Horne,' the 'Ode to Garrick's Dog Dragon,' and so forth, had, as these letters show, a prodigious vogue. Walpole appears to have thought himself honoured by being allowed to print some of them, in the most lavish style of splendour, at the press of Strawberry Hill—in short, they were eminently the fashion. They are now immersed in Lethe—all but a few terse couplets, which have floated down to the existing race on the stream of oral citation, and are now often in the mouths of people who fancy they belong to Swift or Gay. Such are—

'He

'He thought the world to him was known,
Whereas he only knew the town.'—

'In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.'—

'Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.'—

Every one knows by heart two couplets in her *Florio*, touching
'the good old times':—

'Love could subsist on slender bounties,
And suitors galloped o'er two counties
The ball's fair partner to behold,
And humbly hope she caught no cold.'

But we have wandered too far from the biography, and must return to Hannah as mixing with the literati of the Johnsonian cycle. We already hinted that she was accused of dealing largely in flattery among the established 'lions' of the day; and nothing, certainly, can be more fulsome than the style in which the letters now published show her to have bespattered Garrick, Johnson, Mrs. Montagu, and the leading bluestockings. Boswell tells us, that when Johnson complained of her flattering him so grossly that he had been obliged to ask Miss Reynolds to give her a hint on the subject, somebody observed, that she flattered Garrick also; 'Aye,' said the doctor, 'and she is in the right there—first she has the world with her; and, secondly, Garrick rewards her. I can do nothing for her. Let her carry her praise to a better market.'—(*Croker's edition*, vol. iv. p. 152.) And Mrs. Thrale has recorded a surly enough rebuke which the doctor found it necessary to administer directly on a subsequent occasion; viz.—'Consider, madam, what your flattery is worth before you choke me with it.'—(*Ibid.*, vol. v. p. 254.) But whoever reads this 'Correspondence' will do Hannah More justice on this score, and acquit her of any very serious degree of insincerity. It is obvious that she came from Bristol to London at the age of thirty-one, with all the fresh extatic enthusiasm of a country girl of seventeen; and when, instead of having Johnson pointed out to her as he rolled along the pavement of Fleet Street, and gazing at Garrick from the side boxes, in company with Patty and Sally, and two or three of their little pupils, she found herself at once admitted to the inmost circle of the literary and theatrical magnates, it is not wonderful—we like her all the better for it—that her feelings were apt to overflow in language and gesture rather too warm for the accustomed inhabitants of the temperate zone. Once or twice she seems to have taken Dr. Johnson when he was not in a concatenation accordingly; but he, it is plain, swallowed the dose habitually with a good enough grace, and there is no evidence that Garrick or any of the other patients ever rebelled at all.

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The doctor appears to have liked Hannah from the first; and we hope Mr. Croker is quite right in discrediting the story of his having *ever* said, 'She did not gain upon him; she was an empty-headed woman.'—(*Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 413.) As for Garrick, in that house she was forthwith christened 'The Tenth Muse,' and then for shortness, and still more refinedly, 'MISS NINE.' The flattery which she received was, in fact, so extravagant, that she must have been pebble-hearted not to render what was obviously expected in return. Bishops and Judges shook their ambrosial curls at her footstool, and some of them indited encomiastic twaddle in heathen languages which their 'Pia Virgo' could not understand; the great ladies of the *blue* order were enchanted with the opportunity of mingling condescension with admiration; and Horace Walpole paid his 'Saint Hannah,' as he called her, the highest compliment in his power, that of so conducting himself towards her on all occasions as to leave her when he expired in the full belief that, though not a Christian in Mr. Roberts's sense of the word, he was as good a Christian as most of the prelates on the bench; and, wonder of wonders! 'a wit without malevolence.'

Nothing can be more amusingly unsophisticated than some of the humble and affectionate Patty More's letters to the sisterhood left at Bristol; the following passages belong to the very first chapter of Hannah's *Life in London*:—

'Since I wrote last, Hannah has been introduced by Miss Reynolds to Baretti, and to Edmund Burke (the sublime and beautiful Edmund Burke!) From a large party of literary persons assembled at Sir Joshua's, she received the most encouraging compliments; and the spirit with which she returned them was acknowledged by all present, as Miss Reynolds informed *poor us*. Miss R. repeats her little poem [Sir Eldred] by heart, with which also the great Johnson is much pleased.'

'We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds. She had sent to engage Dr. Percy (Percy's collection—now you know him), quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected. He was no sooner gone, than the most amiable and obliging of women (Miss Reynolds) ordered the coach, to take us to Dr. Johnson's *very own house*; yes, Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said, "She was a *silly thing*." When our visit was ended, he called for his hat (as it rained), to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's, Wednesday evening. What do you think of us? I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his

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his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius; when he heard it, he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat.—pp. 49, 50.

But Patty's enthusiasm is even surpassed by Hannah's—in her account of a visit to Pope's villa.

'I have visited the mansion of the tuneful Alexander. I have rambled through the immortal shades of Twickenham; I have trodden the haunts of the swan of Thames. I could not be honest for the life of me; from the grotto I stole two bits of stone, from the garden a sprig of laurel, and from one of the bed-chambers a pen.'

What follows belongs to the next year, 1775, when they again repeated their visit to London. Hannah herself writes:—

'I had yesterday the pleasure of dining in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, at a certain Mrs. Montagu's, a name not totally obscure. The party consisted of herself, Mrs. Carter, Dr. Johnson, Solander, Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Reynolds, and Sir Joshua (the idol of every company), some other persons of high rank and less wit, and your humble servant; a party that would not have disgraced the table of Lelius or of Atticus. I felt myself a worm, the more a worm for the consequence which was given me, by mixing me with such a society; but, as I told Mrs. Boscawen, and with great truth, I had an opportunity of making an experiment of my heart, by which I learnt that I was not envious, for I certainly did not repine at being the meanest person in company.'—vol. i. p. 53.

This is from a letter of Sister Patty's, in the next year again, the third of the London excursions:—

'London, 1776.—If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised,—between the mother of Sir Eldred, and the father of my much-loved Irene; nay, Mrs. Montagu says if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things; for it is nothing but "child," "little fool," "love," and "dearest." After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says, "I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies." Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence, we should have done had only our own dear Dr. Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education; showing how we were born with more desires than guineas; and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house, with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so, till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *larning*, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none: and so at last, by giving a little of this little *larning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return; but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it. "I love

love you both," cried the innamorato—"I love you all five—I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you—what! five women live happily together!—I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you; you live lives to shame duchesses." He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner.

'If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why then, I will venture to say nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter. . . . Two carriages at the door—Mrs. Boscawen and Sir Joshua!'—vol. i. p. 67.

In the summer of 1782 Mrs. More spent some time at Oxford, and here again she had the good fortune to meet the Rambler, on a spot where he seems always to have been disposed to show himself in his most agreeable colours:—

'June 13.—Who do you think is my principal Cicerone? Only Dr. Johnson! and we do so gallant it about! You cannot imagine with what delight he showed me every part of his own College. Dr. Adams, the master of Pembroke, had contrived a very pretty piece of gallantry. After dinner Johnson begged to conduct me to see the College, he would let no one show it me but himself,—"This was my room; this Shenstone's. Here we walked, there we played at cricket." When we came into the common room, we spied a fine large print of Johnson, framed and hung up that very morning, with this motto, "*And is not Johnson ours, himself a host?*" Under which stared you in the face, "*From Miss More's Sensibility.*" This little incident amused us;—but, alas! Johnson looks very ill indeed—spiritless and wan. However, he made an effort to be cheerful, and I exerted myself much to make him so.'—vol. i. pp. 261, 262.

We cannot quote these interesting lines without expressing the pleasure with which we have lately heard that the space between Pembroke College and Christ Church is about to be cleared and decorated; and suggesting that now is the time to open a subscription for a statue of Johnson to be placed in front of the gate of Pembroke.

In May, 1783, the year before Johnson died, Mrs. More, again domesticated with Mrs. Garrick, thus writes to her sister Sarah:—

'Saturday we had a dinner at home, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hamilton, the Kennicotts, and Dr. Johnson. Poor Johnson exerted himself exceedingly; but he was very ill, and looked so dreadfully that it quite grieved me. He is more mild and complacent than he used to be. His sickness seems to have softened his mind, without having at all weakened it. I was struck with the mild radiance of this setting sun.'

Mrs. More never saw him again; nor, though her subsequent correspondence contains many affectionate and respectful allusions to his character, does it afford Mr. Roberts any handle for connecting with her name—by dovetailing into this book—'an

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anonymous paper found in her desk,' in which *somebody* tells a long and circumstantial story of the Doctor's being *converted* to a full belief in, and reliance on the propitiation of our Saviour, by the oral admonitions of Mr. Latrobe, and the letters of a *young clergyman* of the name of Winstanley, who had been, through Sir John Hawkins, introduced to Johnson as of 'views and character' particularly suited to serve him in his then condition (vol. i. p. 376). We cannot think it our duty to quote at length this wholly unauthenticated record of what the biographer modestly styles 'very interesting particulars not generally known,' about the death-bed of Dr. Johnson. We do not doubt that Mr. Roberts meant well when he introduced the paper into his work; but we must be allowed to say, that in so doing he has exhibited a remarkable, and what ought to be a memorable example, of the indiscretion in which authors of his class are apt to indulge when they see or fancy the slightest opportunity of insinuating anything to the disparagement of the rational and immense majority of the religious public in this country,—their faith and their practice. The particulars of Dr. Johnson's last illness are perfectly well known to all the world, except Mr. Roberts, and those whose reading is, like his, confined to the library of a sect. We have a minute account of it, day by day and hour by hour, from the pens of the friends who watched, with affectionate reverence, over the closing scene of this great and good man. We have the full narrative of Sir John Hawkins, and the diary of one of the two well known and eminently respectable clergymen of the church, who attended him daily. We have the diary of Mr. Windham, and that of Mr. Windham's servant; and whatever his physician Dr. Brocklesby had to tell, he also has freely told. Now all Mr. *Latrobe's* part in the affair was, that he called at Dr. Johnson's three days before his death, but *did not see* the doctor. (See 'Croker's Boswell,' vol. v. p. 322.) Mr. Croker's annihilation of the Christian Observer's edition of the romance about Mr. Latrobe is complete and perfect; and as to the story of Mr. Winstanley, it is enough to say that no such person is named, either by *Sir John Hawkins*, or in *any other* of the accounts of Johnson's Life hitherto published. The whole of this circumstantial narrative is, therefore, a dream, a blunder, or more probably a bungling piece of quackery—a 'pious fraud.' In any view, this attempt to persuade us that Dr. Johnson's mind was not made up as to the great fundamental doctrine of the Christian religion, until it was enforced on him *in extremis* by sectarian or methodistical zeal, cannot redound to the credit of Mr. Roberts's understanding. If he had condescended to peruse the Doctor's own 'Prayers and Meditations,' he would have found him to have been, as far back as his religious feelings can be traced, fully convinced
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of the *propitiatory sacrifice*. In the prayer on his birthday in 1738, transcribed by himself thirty years afterwards, he expressly states his hope of salvation to be 'through the *satisfaction* of Jesus Christ.' And in this faith as he had lived, so undoubtedly he died. Almost his last words to Dr. Brocklesby were to recommend Dr. Clarke's sermons, 'because they are the fullest on the *Atonement*.'

There is, we repeat, not the shadow of reason for believing that *Mrs. More* attached any importance to the contents of the anonymous sheet in question. Had she placed credence in the document, she would, no doubt, have taken some opportunity of publishing it, in the course of her own constant intercourse with the booksellers. But enough of Dr. Johnson.

This book renders important service to the memory of Garrick, in whom the light frothy vanity, almost inseparable from his professional place and character, appears to have been combined with many solid and admirable virtues. The household of this first of players seems to have been, in every respect, that of a gentleman and a Christian; and we only regret that *Mrs. More* should have brought her parting eulogy to what we must consider as a trivial and almost ludicrous conclusion. She winds up her praises of her 'warm, steady, disinterested friend' by bearing testimony to the memorable facts, that she 'never saw a card in his house,' nor met, 'save once, a brother-actor at his table!'

There is something very touching in this account of *Mrs. Garrick's* behaviour the day after his funeral—

'On Wednesday night we came to the Adelphi—to this house! She bore it with great tranquillity; but what was my surprise to see her go alone into the chamber and bed, in which he had died that day fortnight! She had a delight in it beyond expression. I asked her the next day how she went through it? She told me very well; that she first prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure.'

After the lapse of a month, she writes from her friend's villa at Hampton:—

'February, 1779.—We have been at this sweet, and once cheerful, place near a week. Alas! it has lost its perfume, yet it is in great beauty; the weather is fine, the verdure charming; "and could we pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow," all would appear as beautiful as it used to do. Our first entrance was sad enough. Dragon looked as he used to do, and ran up to meet his master. Poor *Mrs. Garrick* went and shut herself up for half an hour. Not a sigh escapes our poor friend that she can restrain. When I expressed my surprise at her self-command, she answered, "Groans and complaints are very well for those who are to mourn for a little while, but a sorrow that is to last for life, will not be violent and romantic."

A year later *Hannah* thus writes again from Hampton—

'Poor *Mrs. Garrick* is a greater recluse than ever, and has quite a

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horror at the thoughts of mixing in the world again. On her wedding day she went to the abbey, where she staid a good while; and she said she had been to spend the morning on her husband's grave: where, for the future, she should always pass her wedding days. Yet she seems cheerful, and never indulges the least melancholy in company.'

Mrs. More's letters abound in wise and witty remarks on all sorts of subjects, out of which it would be easy for us to select an amusing and interesting chapter of *Ana*. Let a few specimens suffice:—

'Poetry is like brown bread; those who make it at home, never approve of what they meet with elsewhere.'

'Pope is the eternal embellisher of common sense, common life, and just thinking: every line is a maxim or a portrait.'

'Bristol is as bad as London, without being as good.'

'I used to wonder why people should be so fond of the company of their physician, till I recollected that he is the only person with whom one dares talk continually of oneself, without interruption, contradiction, or censure.'

In 1789, the day after Hannah witnessed the king's procession to return thanks for his recovery at St. Paul's, she says,—

'It is sometimes diverting, though sad, to see how party triumphs over probity. I was on Saturday at a very great dinner at Lord Somers's, and could find out the party principles of each one of the company, only by his saying how the king looked, and what degree of attention he gave to the service.'

Of one of what we may call the sentimental class of preachers she well says,—

'I think he very injuriously prefers complexional feeling to those right actions which are performed by people of a sober character, purely from a sense of duty. Is not this setting the virtues of the constitution above the Christian graces, and preferring that goodness which proceeds from a kindly combination of the elements, to the difficult exertion of religious principle? I do not scruple to say that such divinity revolts me. Sensibility appears to me to be neither good nor evil in itself, but in its application. Under the influence of Christian principle it makes saints and martyrs; ill directed or uncontrolled it is a snare, and the source of every temptation; besides, as people cannot get it if it is not given them, to descant on it seems to me as idle as to recommend people to have black eyes, or fair complexions.'

And, to conclude, here are her shrewd strictures on what was, even in her days, a besetting sin of the novelists:—

'That shameful fashion which our writers of this class have adopted from the French, of choosing married persons for the hero or heroine, adorning them with all the graces and accomplishments which can fascinate the fancy, bringing them into the most dangerous situations, embellished with the most pernicious descriptions, and making them
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commit the grossest crimes under the mask of sentiment, and with the apology of irresistible passion, or unsuitable alliance, or some other equally false and corrupt motive: this, I doubt not, has been one grand and leading cause of the corruption of principle which has lately so peculiarly disgraced our courts of justice, and made it almost dangerous for a lady of delicacy to look over a newspaper, for fear of having her eyes offended with one of those disgusting trials.'

She has some pleasantries which we think do her not less honour in their own way. The following excellent satire upon Frenchified English was addressed to Horace Walpole, and entitled 'A Letter from a Lady to her Friend, in the Reign of George the Fifth:—

'*Alamode Castle, June 20, 1840.*—Dear Madam,—I no sooner found myself here than I visited my new apartment, which is composed of five pieces; the small room which gives upon the garden is practised through the great one, and there is no other issue. As I was quite exceeded with fatigue, I had no sooner made my toilette than I let myself fall on a bed of repose, where sleep came to surprise me.

'My lord and I are in the intention to make good cheer, and a great expense; and this country is in possession to furnish where-withal to amuse oneself. All that England has of illustrious, all that youth has of amiable, or beauty of ravishing, sees itself in this quarter. Render yourself here then, my friend, and you shall find assembled all that there is of best, whether for letters, whether for birth.

'Yesterday I did my possible to give to eat: the dinner was of the last perfection, and the wines left nothing to desire. The repast was seasoned with a thousand rejoicing sallies, full of salt and agreement, and one more brilliant than another. Lady Frances charmed me as for the first time; she is made to paint, has a great air, and has infinitely of expression in her physiognomy; her manners have as much of natural, as her figure has of interesting.

'I had prayed Lady B. to be of this dinner, as I had heard nothing but good of her, but I am now disabused on her subject: she is past her first youth, has very little instruction, is inconsequent, and subject to caution; but having evaded with one of her pretenders, her reputation has been committed by the bad faith of a friend, on whose fidelity she reposed herself; she is therefore fallen into devotion, goes no more to spectacles, and play is defended at her house. Though she affects a mortal serious, I observed that her eyes were of intelligence with those of Sir James, near whom I had taken care to plant myself, though this is always a sacrifice with costs. Sir James is a great sayer of nothings; it is a spoilt mind; full of fatuity and pretension; his conversation is a tissue of impertinences, and the bad tone which reigns at present has put the last hand to his defects. He makes but little case of his word, but as he lends himself to whatever is proposed of amusing, the women all throw themselves at his head. Adieu.'

No one can rise from the perusal of the letters which have furnished us with these extracts, without being satisfied that Hannah

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More must have been a delightful addition to the society of London. But Mr. Roberts tells us, and the letters themselves confirm his statement, that even before Garrick died she had begun to suspect that the gay world was taking too strong a hold on her affections, and to revolve the possibility of realizing the vision of her earliest childhood, and building for herself, in some sequestered village, 'a cottage too low for a clock.' In the year 1786 she effected this long-cherished purpose, and *Cowslip Green* received her—a very tiny dwelling, with a pretty garden, at no great distance from Bristol, where her exemplary sisters were still labouring in their vocation. In due season these ladies satisfied their modest desires as to worldly wealth, and shared Hannah's retirement during the summer months, while she, in turn, joined them in the winter in a house which they built for themselves in Pulteney Street, Bath. In after time, they gave up both *Cowslip Green* and Bath, and erected a large and comfortable house at Barley Grove—a property of some extent, which they purchased and improved; but from the day that the school was given up, the existence of the whole sisterhood appears to have flowed on in one uniform current of peace and contentment, diversified only by new appearances of Hannah as an authoress, and the ups and downs which she and the others met with in the prosecution of a most brave and humane experiment—namely, their zealous effort to extend the blessings of education and religion among the inhabitants of certain villages, situated in a wild country some eight or ten miles from their abode, who, from a concurrence of unhappy local and temporary circumstances, had been left in a state of ignorance hardly conceivable at the present day.

It would be idle in us to dwell here on works so well known as the 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' the 'Essay on the Religion of the Fashionable World,' and so on, which finally established Miss More's name as a great moral writer, possessing a masterly command over the resources of our language, and devoting a keen wit and a lively fancy to the best and noblest of purposes. She seems to us to have, even at an early period, attached an undue importance to many things, and to have, in the end, seriously abridged her own field of usefulness by the needless severity of her attacks on trifles. It is, for instance, quite melancholy to find her expending a solemn diatribe on the blasphemy of a newspaper paragraph which mentioned the 'ascension' of a balloon. These were sad weaknesses—but that, in spite of them all, she was the instrument of very great good to English society, high as well as low, who dares to dispute? How many have thanked God for the hour that first made them acquainted with the writings of Hannah More!

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Whenever she visited London in her middle life, she took up her residence under the roof of Mrs. Garrick, who had now almost entirely withdrawn from mixed society; and her friends of the giddy world and the blue world appear to have gradually given place to such honoured names as Beilby Porteus, Kennicott, Horne, and Shute Barrington. It is, in many points of view, to be regretted, that her habitual residence near Bristol prevented her from seeing such friends as these so often as she and they would have desired; for the consequence certainly was, that she gradually connected herself more and more closely with persons far inferior to her and them in intellectual rank, and at length came to be, not without some show of reason, regarded by the public at large as too much the adherent of a prejudiced and rather uncharitable party in the religious republic.

The genuine liberality of her heart and conduct was never better exemplified than in the whole affair of her intercourse with Ann Yearsley, 'the Bristol milkwoman,' whose story has recently been recalled from oblivion by Mr. Southey's Essay on the Uneducated Poets. The popularity of that elegant work renders it needless for us to go into the details of the case on the present occasion. She was warned on the threshold by her friend Mrs. Montague, in these striking and beautiful words:—

'I am surprised and charmed with your account of the poetical milkwoman; but I beg of you to inform yourself, as much as you can, of her temper, disposition, and moral character. It has sometimes happened to me, that, by an endeavour to encourage talents and cherish virtue, by driving from them the terrifying spectre of pale poverty, I have introduced a legion of little demons: vanity, luxury, idleness, and pride, have entered the cottage the moment poverty vanished.'

Miss More, however, persisted; and, by her own ardent efforts, and the assistance of her friends, soon rescued 'Lactilla' from all her pecuniary distresses. The sad result we need not dwell upon. No long time has elapsed before we find Hannah thus terminating a letter to Mrs. Montague:—

'I am come to the postscript, without having found courage to tell you what I am sure you will hear with pain, at least it gives me infinite pain to write it—I mean the most open and notorious ingratitude of our milkwoman. There is hardly a species of slander the poor unhappy creature does not propagate against me, in the most public manner, because I have called her a *milkwoman*, and because I have placed the money in the funds, instead of letting her spend it. I confess my weakness—it goes to my heart, not for my own sake, but for the sake of our common nature; so much for my *inward* feelings: as to my *active* resentment, I am trying to get a place for her husband, and am endeavouring to make up the sum I have raised for her to five hundred pounds. Do not let this harden *your* heart or mine against any future object. *Fate bene per voi* is a beautiful maxim.'

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The milkwoman presently put her slander into a printed shape ; and Mrs. Montague, on reading the libel, found one thing for which Mrs. More's letter had not prepared her : here is her comment :—

'Mrs. Yearsley's conceit that *you can envy her talents* gives me comfort, for as it convinces me she is mad, I build upon it a hope that she is not guilty in the All-seeing eye.'

The last allusion Mrs. More herself makes to the behaviour of 'Lactilla' is on the occasion of a second publication of hers, in which the admirable patroness was again, after a lapse of two years, maligned and insulted with a cool bitterness that may well be called diabolical—and it is in these words—she is addressing Horace Walpole :—'Do, dear Sir, join me in sincere compassion, without one atom of resentment. If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody.' (vol. ii. p. 81.)

We think no one who has read a recent tract entitled 'Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott, by the Ettrick Shepherd,' can be at a loss for a tolerably complete parallel to the whole of this story of Hannah More and the Bristol Milkwoman. The unbounded benevolence on the side of the superior, and the festering vanity and jealousy of the inferior, at length bursting into open outrage against every good feeling and every rule of common decency, are alike in both cases : with this small difference in favour of the milkwoman, that she did not keep silence until the object of her envious spleen was no more ; and with this difference also in favour of Hannah, that she was thus enabled to assert her own dignity—as who doubts Sir Walter would, under similar circumstances, have done ?—by the tranquillity of a compassionate forgiveness.

The second and third of these volumes are chiefly occupied with details about the Sunday and other schools established at Cheddar and elsewhere by Hannah and Martha More. In September, 1796, the former says, 'I think our various schools and societies consist of about sixteen or seventeen hundred.' Some of these were fifteen miles from their residence ; and the devotion of the sisters to this wide-spread scheme of benevolence was such, that it may be said to have occupied them for many years as completely as any worldly profession occupies the most diligent and successful individual. Such conduct is above all praise. It is only to be regretted that Mr. Roberts has not followed up the most interesting series of letters in which this part of Mrs. More's history is conveyed, by something like a clear statement of the ultimate result of her exertions. He exposes, very properly, the noxious interference with which, from very small motives, a curate of one of her parishes thwarted and perplexed her ; and all that he says

about the conduct of the then Bishop of Bath and Wells, who on every occasion supported and countenanced the sisterhood, is satisfactory to the mind; but we are left in the dark as to the great practical question in how far the scheme realized in the issue Hannah More's fervent anticipations; and another scarcely less important, namely, whether the machinery she had arranged was found to be at all effective when advancing years and other circumstances made it impossible for her and her sister to continue their own daily labours in its superintendence. That much good was done it is, however, impossible for us to doubt; and we transcribe this account of the funeral of one of their humble assistants, as in itself a sufficient testimony.

'*Cheddar, August 18, 1795.*—We have just deposited the remains of our excellent Mrs. Baber, to mingle with her kindred dust. Who else has ever been so attended, so followed to the grave? Of the hundreds who attended, all had some tokens of mourning in their dress. All the black gowns in the village were exhibited, and those who had none had some broad, some little bits, of narrow black ribbon, such as their few spare pence could provide. The house, the garden, and place before the door were full. But how shall I describe it? Not one single voice or step was heard—their very silence was dreadful; but it was not the least affecting part to see their poor little ragged pocket-handkerchiefs, not half sufficient to dry their tears—some had none; and those tears that did not fall to the ground, they wiped off with some part of their dress. Though the stones were rugged, you did not hear one single foot-step. The undertaker from Bristol wept like a child, and confessed, that, without emolument, it was worth going a hundred miles to see such a sight. I forgot to mention, the children sobbed a suitable hymn over the grave. Here was no boisterous, hysterical grief, for the departed had taught them how to select suitable texts for such occasions, and when to apply the promises of Scripture. I think almost tears enough were shed to lay the dust.'

It is well known that Mrs. More, among other good works, gave a powerful support to the old constitution of these realms by various political tracts, in prose and verse, which she put forth during the revolutionary war. It is impossible to read the letters in which she adverts to the internal danger of her country at that period, without applying her language to the still more alarming condition of England at the present day. What a true picture is the following!—

'Bath, happy Bath, is as gay as if there were no war, nor sin, nor misery in the world! We run about all the morning, lamenting the calamities of the times, anticipating our ruin, and regretting the general dissipation; and every night we are running into every excess, to a degree unknown in calmer times. Yet it is the fashion to affect to be religious, and to show it by inveighing against the wickedness of France!'

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As to the revolutionary rulers of France themselves, we are sorry to say her indignant denunciation of *them* is exactly what, if she had now been among us, she could not have hesitated to utter concerning some of our own Reformers.

‘Judgment, memory, comparison, combination, and deduction, afford human sagacity but slender assistance in its endeavours to develop their future plans. We have not even the data of consistent wickedness on which to build rational conclusions. Their measures, though visibly connected by uniform depravity, are yet so surprisingly diversified by interfering absurdities,—such is their incredible eccentricity, that it is hardly extravagant to affirm that improbability is become rather an additional reason for expecting any given event to take place.’—*Remarks on the Speech of M. Dupont.*

But we must now prepare to shut these volumes. The sisterhood drop away from before us one by one, and the sterling sense and worth of every one of them are successively exhibited in the most touching manner in the details of a Christian death-bed. We have been dealing largely in quotation, but we are sure every reader will thank us for transcribing a page out of the correspondence of the late venerable Bishop of Limerick, just published, in which his lordship gives an account of a visit which he paid at Barley Wood in September, 1817, shortly after the death of Sarah More.

‘Feeling, as they do very deeply, the sad breach made in their circle, they are wisely, cheerfully, and piously submissive to this appointment of Providence; and neither their talents nor vivacity are in the least subdued. Patty is suffering, with exemplary patience, the most excruciating pain; not a murmur escapes, though, at night especially, groans and cries are inevitably extorted; and, the moment after the paroxysm, she is ready to resume, with full interest and animation, whatever may have been the subject of conversation. Hannah is still herself: she took Charles Foster and me a drive to Brockley Combe; in the course of which, her anecdotes, her wit, her powers of criticism, and her admirable talent of recitation, had ample scope. On the whole, though not unmingled with melancholy, the impression of this visit to Barley Wood is predominantly agreeable,—I might, indeed, use a stronger word: differences of opinion there do, it cannot be denied, exist; but they are differences, on their part, largely the growth of circumstances; differences, too, which will vanish before the earliest beams of eternity: I parted with them, as noble creatures, whom, in this world, I never might again behold; and while I felt some pangs, which I would not willingly have relinquished, it was with deep comfort that I looked forward in hope to an hereafter, when we might meet without any of those drawbacks, in some shape or other, inseparable, perhaps, from the intercourse of mortals.’—*Bishop Jebb's Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 333,4.

Our readers can hardly need to be reminded of the painful interest with which all orders of people heard, about 1828, rumours that pecuniary distresses were likely to trouble the closing period of Mrs. More's life. Her establishment at Barley Wood had got into sad confusion after the death of her sister Martha, who had through-life been the manager of their domestic details,—dishonest and dissolute servants had wasted her substance,—and for a season it was doubtful whether enough remained to secure her the comforts to which she had been accustomed. In the end, however, it turned out that, though she must consent once more to change her place of residence, there would be no necessity for altering, in any essential respect, the style of her household economy. She removed to Clifton; and there, as has been already mentioned, she at last 'quietly and placidly ceased to breathe' in the September of last year. The account of her latter days, contributed to Mr. Roberts's book by her friend and physician, Dr. Carrick, is so interesting, that we would willingly extract it entire; but we can only give these fragments:—

'From the time Mrs. More removed to Clifton, her health was never otherwise than in a very uncertain and precarious state, and she seldom continued beyond a few days exempt from some attack of greater or less severity. . . .

'To the friends and admirers of Mrs. Hannah More, it was painful during her latter years to see those great and brilliant talents, which had justly raised her to the highest pinnacle of celebrity, descending to the level of more ordinary persons. Yet there was this consoling circumstance in the case of this admirable woman; that while the grand and vigorous qualities of her mind submitted to decay, the good, the kind, the beneficent, suffered no diminution nor abatement, to the last moment of consciousness. Age, which of necessity shrinks and impairs the bodily powers, generally blunts sensibility, and narrows the social virtues. The soul which in youth, and in the prime of life, teemed with every liberal and benevolent quality, is not unfrequently observed to grow cold and insensible, parsimonious, and even avaricious, when sinking into the grave. With this remarkable woman it was signally the reverse. Her beneficent qualities not only suffered no abatement, but expanded with her years.

'So long as her intellectual faculties remained but moderately impaired, her wonted cheerfulness and playfulness of disposition did not forsake her; and at no period of her declining life did an impatient or querulous expression escape her lips, even in moments of painful suffering.

'It seems worthy of remark, that as it pleased the Almighty to protect this distinguished woman to a very advanced period of life, from the infirmities of temper, which often tend to render age both unamiable and unhappy, so it likewise accorded with his goodness to spare her from many of those bodily infirmities, which usually accom-

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pany length of years. To the very last her eye was not dim; she could read with ease, and without spectacles, the smallest print. Her hearing was almost unimpaired; and until very near the close of life, her features were not shrunk, nor wrinkled, nor uncomely, and her person retained to a considerable degree its wonted appearance, as at a much earlier period. Even to the last, her death-bed was attended with few of the pains and infirmities which are almost inseparable from sinking nature.—vol. iv. p. 299—304.

Our respect, nay, veneration for the memory of Mrs. More, who perhaps did as much real good in her generation as any woman that ever held the pen, has, whatever Mr. Roberts may think, made us lenient critics of his part in this work. We now leave him with respect for his motives and intentions; with regret for that narrowness of mind and feeling, which it is, we presume, too late to expand; and with a simple expression of our hope that, at some future period, the valuable letters embodied in these volumes may be printed by themselves. We are not aware that Mr. Roberts's connecting narrative has given us any one fact which is not stated in the text of the correspondence, either following or preceding the page where he has chosen to make it the subject of his circumlocutory prose.

ART. VII.—*Mémoires ou Correspondance Secrète du Père L'Enfant, Confesseur du Roi pendant les trois années de la Révolution, 1790, 1791, 1792.* 2 vols. Paris. 1834.

WE notice these volumes only to warn our readers against an imposition—not indeed so gross and shameless as the Memoirs of Louis XVIII. and Madame de Créquî, but yet very dishonest. The title-page announces this work as the *Memoirs or Secret Correspondence* of the *Confessor of the King* during three eventful years. The editor's preface adds, that the Père L'Enfant lived at court, and concludes (as he might do if his premises were but true) that these are indeed '*precious memoirs*.' Now, the truth is, that the Abbé L'Enfant was not—nor, if he really was the penman of these Memoirs, (which are not memoirs,) does he himself even pretend to have been—the king's confessor; that during the three years specified he never was at court at all, and never so much as saw either the king or the queen; that the pretended Memoirs are only a series of letters which, even if genuine, have no claim to the character of a '*secret correspondence*,' for they are chiefly and professedly mere repetitions of the journals of the day; and, finally, that, so far from being '*precious*,' they are so nearly worthless, that we shall not even do them the small honour

honour of binding them, and should think we made a good bargain if we could obtain a couple of shillings for what has cost us ten. Our readers will judge of the *interest* of such a publication by the confession of the editor, that

'We have printed the correspondence entire, *except* some mysterious and allegorical passages, which we do not understand, or at least not clearly enough to be able to afford a key to them. There was certainly a political object hidden under these enigmatical passages, which however we have thought it advisable to omit, because we have not the means of explaining their secret meaning.'—*Notice*, xi.

This is excellent—the man publishes the *whole* correspondence, *except* the passages which might be really interesting; and these curious passages are hidden from the public eye, because the individual blockhead has not the means of explaining them—as if that would not have been the best reason for publishing them, in the possibility that others better informed than he might be able to elucidate these important secrets: and, to crown the absurdity, it happens that, by a whimsical inconsistency, this editor, who thinks it right to suppress what *he* cannot fully elucidate, has not given us one note—no, not a single syllable of explanation or observation upon *any part* of the correspondence!

The utter insipidity and insignificance of these *Memoirs*, as to any purpose either of information or amusement, relieves us from the necessity of adducing our reasons for disbelieving that they were written by the Père L'Enfant at all. We shall only say that we incline to suspect that they have been lately fabricated by rummaging the files of old newspapers; or, if they were really written at the time, they must have been the *nouvelles à la main* of some asinine *quidnunc* in town, to some equally ignorant correspondent in the country, which the editor finds it convenient to attribute to a priest who fell in the massacre of the Abbaye, and whose name might therefore be usurped with impunity. As an article in the *Biographie Universelle* furnished the editor of Madame de Créquy's Memoirs with his *fictional heroine*, so we believe the editor—i. e. fabricator—of the present volumes has borrowed his hero from the same work. But however that may be, nothing can be more stupid than the result. In the 777 pages of which the two first volumes consist, (we are to have more, it seems, if the public consents to be duped,) we have been able to discover but one passage which contains anything like novelty. On the occasion of some difficulties in which the National Assembly is represented as having found itself in July 1791, after the return of the king, an *old woman* is quoted as having said, '*Voici le commencement de la fin.*' (vol. ii. p. 256.) Now, we had always heard

heard this *mot* attributed to M. de Talleyrand on the occasion of Buonaparte's invasion of Spain; and we confess that we are rather inclined to believe it of the well-known old gentleman than of the anonymous old woman. M. de Talleyrand, we know, *affected*—for reasons obvious enough—to think that the 'Mémoires of Louis XVIII.' were genuine. We suppose that this little incident will prevent *his* vouching for the authenticity and originality of the 'Mémoires du Père L'Enfant.'

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston, his Lineage, Life, and Times.* By Mark Napier, Esq. Edinburgh, 4to. 1834. pp. 535.

THIS is an elaborate work, the fruit of long-continued and varied research. That it should be the first attempt to narrate in detail the personal history of the inventor of the logarithms, reflects little honour on Scotland.

The author of such a book can afford to be told, without circumlocution, of petty mistakes and errors. He has overlaid his memoir with circumstances possessing but the thinnest and most fanciful connexion with its proper subject; he has frequently deformed a naturally plain and manly style with vicious *panni* of trope and metaphor, which have about as ridiculous an effect as a garland of roses and lilies stuck on a lawyer's wig; and he indulges in sneers and innuendos, at the expense of certain contemporary writers, in a tone wholly unsuitable to a work of grave and dignified pretensions.

If his estimate of his ancestor's merits be somewhat exaggerated, with that we are little disposed to quarrel; and at all events there is no remedy for it,—the feeling in question inspired the writer to his task, and it is inextricably interwoven with the whole texture of his performance.

We think he might have spared us the old woman's story about the first *Napier* being a second son of some antique Earl of Lenox, who in some action, place and date unspecified, did such signal service, that 'after the battle, every one setting forth his own acts, the then king [name unknown] said unto them, ye have all done valiantly, but there is one amongst you who hath NA-PEER, and calling Donald into his presence commanded him to change his name from Lenox to Napeer,' &c. &c. The only shadow of evidence in support of this legend is in the fact that the *Napiers of Merchiston* bore, as far back as their line has been traced, the ancient arms of Lenox, with such a slight variation as might

might have naturally been adopted by a cadet. But the existence and fortunes of a second son of such a house, at a period after the Scots kings had ceased to speak Gaelic, would have no doubt been traceable in the chartularies of a nation proverbially studious of pedigree; and as to the matter of *arms*, why, if the legend of the name be true, should the Merchistons have been the only Napiers that bore the coat of Lenox? They may have been originally, *as some other families of the same name certainly were*, vassals of the ancient Earls of Lenox; and in this case an adventurer, removing into another part of the country, might have chosen to set forth, with a difference, the escutcheon of his chief, whose protection he still looked to in case of need, rather than the obscurer insignia of his own immediate race. We will not chase these dreams farther; the Scrope and Grosvenor controversy * is enough to overturn all that the present writer says as to the infallibility of heraldic types as indications of descent.

The first ascertained ancestor of the philosopher is Alexander Napier, who purchased the estate of Merchiston in 1438, and was Provost of Edinburgh. He was, no doubt, a thriving trader of the town, who naturally invested his capital in lands close to its walls,—our author calls him ‘distinguished,’ but specifies nothing save his provostship, which, however, was in those days a post usually held by men of some condition. His son, Sir Alexander Napier, was also a Provost of Edinburgh—but he rose

* We allude to a magnificent book, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, of which two volumes, in folio, are already in our hands, and a third is daily expected. It contains the evidence adduced in the court of the Earl Marshal of England, in 1385-9, in a cause originating out of a grand heraldic dispute between two families, both in after time highly distinguished. Two knights, it seems, appeared in the army of Richard II., during his Scotch campaign of 1385, bearing precisely the same coat-armour, viz. *azure a bend or*: these were Sir Richard Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor. The one challenged the other's right, and four years passed before the dispute could be settled; but in the end either party brought a host of witnesses to show that the arms in debate had been carried from all memory by his ancestors, and the Marshal at length declared himself satisfied that neither had trespassed in the slightest degree against the laws and usages of heraldry. Three volumes folio on such a subject may cause the reader of 1834 to stare; but we can assure him this mass of evidence cannot be gone through without bringing out many curious traits of national manners. Among the witnesses on the part of Scrope are John of Gaunt, Hotspur, and ‘Geoffrey Chaucer, Esquire, aged forty years, armed twenty-seven years,’ who deposes to having seen Sir Richard's banner in the camp of Edward III. all through the expedition of 1359-60, until he, Geoffrey, was taken prisoner; and adds, ‘that he was once in Friday-Street, London, and walking through the street, he observed a new sign with those arms thereon, and inquired what inn this was which had hung out these arms of Scrope; but one answered him, saying, “These arms, Sir, are not hung out for the arms of Scrope, but are painted and put there by a knight of the county of Chester, called Sir Robert Grosvenor;” and this was the first time he ever heard speak of the said Sir Robert, or of any one bearing the name of Grosvenor.’—vol. ii. p. 412. The Editor promises to give us in his third volume the details of various other old causes of the like description.

to more important dignities; he was employed as ambassador to Denmark, England, and the Netherlands; and our author devotes several pages to great public scenes of which he was, or might have been, a witness,—though we are not quite sure that the sayings and doings of Charles the Bold, Louis the Eleventh, and other such personages, not forgetting one Mr. Quentin Durward, are much calculated to illustrate the invention of the logarithms. John, the third laird of Merchiston, was also a ‘merchant and magistrate’ of Edinburgh, a gentleman of the royal household, and a member of parliament. He married a lady of illustrious birth, Elizabeth Monteith, a granddaughter of the last of that primitive line of Earls of Lenox to which we have already made allusion. He was slain, fighting on the side of James III., in the battle of Sauchie, near Stirling, in 1487; and Mr. Napier concludes his chapter thus magniloquently, but to us unintelligibly:—

‘The period embraced by these successive provostships in the Merchiston family is said to have been palmy days for old Edina, who then commenced that mighty march of improvement, which has progressed from the Cowgate to the Acropolis, outstripping the admiration of the world and the patience of her taxed inhabitants.’!—p. 38.

It appears to be made out by our author that the descendants of this third Baron of Merchiston had, through Elizabeth Monteith’s blood, a legitimate claim to the earldom of Lenox,—but how, if so, they permitted that dignity to be assumed by the house of Darnley, and borne by them without challenge, until all their minor titles merged in the crown, he offers no conjecture. The subject of ancient Scotch peerage law has engaged in our days a capacity not inferior to any previously allured into this department of learning,—that of Mr. John Riddell; but it still remains exceedingly obscure. We suspect there will turn out to have been some renunciation and re-grant of the honours before the Darnleys assumed them. Such things, however on the face absurd and unjust, were common in far more modern days. The Merchistons, however, received a considerable share of the Lenox estates when the male line failed.

We have neither space nor desire to follow our author into the details he has brought together about all these lairds. The fourth and fifth fought at Flodden; the sixth fell at Pinkie; and the seventh, Sir Archibald Napier, was the philosopher’s father. He appears to have been a man of extraordinary abilities and no inconsiderable learning, both classical and mathematical; and though a bustling politician, and a leading member of the justiciary bench, the intellectual influence which he exerted

over

over the early development of his son's genius was, no doubt, such as to entitle *him* to occupy some space in these pages. By his marriage with a sister of that black villain, Adam Bothwell, the celebrated Bishop of Orkney, he acquired new connexions of the first importance; and fills a prominent place, though, rare exception! without spot or blemish on his character, in the chief transactions of a most stirring period; but he seems to have been a most careful and affectionate father, and his illustrious heir, having been born in his early manhood, was to him, through the greater part of his life, more like a brother than a son—in which one fact we have what is worth chapters of eulogy on both.

The Napier was born in the Tower of Merchiston in 1550—four years after the birth of Tycho, fourteen before Galileo, and twenty-one before Kepler—all of whom were at the summit of fame before he was ever heard of out of his native circle of connexions. But these great men, even the most unfortunate of them, had advantages far above any that fell to his share. He was born, indeed, in a distinguished family, and was the heir of opulence, and in his own house was encouraged from the first in intellectual pursuits and exertions; but his lot was cast in a remote and barbarous country, in the most melancholy period of her history; and his biographer may well say, that,

'When we regard his times, the wonder is, not that his great contemporaries of the continent became distinguished before him, but that after all he should have extricated his mind from so many toils, and placed himself by a single effort at the side of the astonished demi-gods of science.'—p. 56.

The first notice we have of him, after the date of his birth, is in the tenth year of his age, when his able but unprincipled uncle, the bishop, is found writing to 'the rycht honorable and his best beluffit bruther the Laird off Marchinstoun' in these terms:—

'I pray you, Schir, to send your sone Jhone to the schuyllis—other to France or Flandaris; for he can leyr na guid at hame, nor get na proffeit in this maist perullus worlde.'

This advice, however, was not complied with; and Napier never left the paternal roof until 1563, when he was entered at St. Salvator's College, St. Andrew's. During several winters before this the studies of that university had been cruelly disturbed—nay, for one year at least, wholly suspended, in consequence of the tumults of the Reformation; and in the only record now preserved of Napier's own academical career we have a specimen of the spirit of the times. In an address 'To the Godly and Christian Reader,' prefixed to his Scriptural Commentaries, (1593) he says—

'In

'In my tender yeares and barneage in Sanct Androis, at the schooles, having, on the one part, contracted a loving familiaritie with a certaine gentleman, a Papist; and, on the other part, being attentive to the sermons of that worthy man of God, Maister Christopher Goodman, teaching upon the Apocalyps, I was so mooved in admiration against the blindness of Papists, that could not most evidently see their seven-hilled citie Rome painted out there so lively by Saint John as the mother of all spiritual whoredom, that not onely burstit I out in continual reasoning against my said familiar, but also from thenceforth I determined with myselfe (by the assistance of God's spirit) to employ my studie and diligence to search out the remanent mysteries of that holy Book; as to this houre (praised be the Lorde) I have bin doing at al such times as conveniently I might have occasion.'—p. 86.

Hereupon the biographer says—

'A youth, under fourteen years of age, listening so intensely to an exposition of the Apocalypse from the pulpit, and bursting forth in disputation with his Papistical companion, until he conceived the daring project of leaving not a mystery of prophecy unfolded, is a trait seldom surpassed in the history of boyhood. Galileo, when a few years older, was also roused to powerful activity in the house of God. But it was his eye that was attracted,—a characteristic difference betwixt the practical and the speculative philosopher. In the cathedral of Pisa, to which city the young Italian had been sent for the benefit of an university education, he fixed his gaze upon the vibrations of a lamp. Amid the pageantry of that worship against which Napier warred, and of which Galileo was destined to be a victim, he watched, with the eye of an eaglet, the isochronal movements of the chain, and measured them by the beatings of his pulse. The result was the pendulum.'—pp. 86, 87.

This is only part of Mr. Napier's somewhat long commentary on a very short text; but having no further facts to produce respecting the juvenile studies of the great man himself, he goes off into an amusing enough but misplaced reviewal of the histories and characters of the other afterwards eminent persons who must have been educated at the same time and place with him, and were therefore probably his early friends—interweaving, moreover, as he advances, an account of the origin and primitive institutes of his university. This latter topic had been sufficiently treated in Dr. M'Crie's '*Life of Melville*;' and the biographer might as well have referred to a work so well known, and of such high authority. He introduces, too, some remarks in this chapter which we consider unfounded in substance, and rather pert in expression. As, for example:—

'In the year 1494, an act of Parliament passed in Scotland, imposing a fine of twenty pounds upon every baron and substantial freeholder who neglected to put his son and heir to school. The limited application

cation of this statute, which seemed to consider the highest class of nobility entitled to the luxury of ignorance, savours, perhaps, more of barbarity than the enactment itself does of the revival of letters.—p. 84.

It is known to every reader of Scottish history, that the titled nobility of that country were at no period educated below the standard of the gentry—quite the reverse; and if the limitation of the Statute of 1494 had *excluded* the heirs of the peerage, it would have done so only because it was notorious that their case did not require to be provided for by Act of Parliament; but the truth is, first, that the distinction between the titled lords and the others of gentle blood, was in ancient Scotland a very slender one: they considered the matter of nobility much more as the French and other continental nations did, than after the narrow fashion of England; and, secondly, that the lords *are* included in the Act in question, for though all barons were not lords, all lords were barons. Nor can we admire Mr. Napier's judgment when, in the course of his rather disparaging view of the state of literature in Scotland, before the appearance of his ancestor, he gives James I. a decided superiority over Bishop Douglas, Sir David Lyndsay, and Dunbar himself. Dunbar, at all events, possessed a genius such as never yet fell to the lot of any royal bard. He is in serious poetry and in comic, in mystic allegory and ludicrous narration, in elegy, and, above all, in satire, one of the great masters of the middle ages—a greater poet in all the high requisites of the art, than any that intervened in England between Chaucer and the era of Elizabeth.*

Still more uncalled for is an *excursus* concerning George Buchanan, at p. 99, &c.; the only excuse for it being, that Buchanan became Principal of another college at St. Andrews four years after Napier matriculated at St. Salvator's. There is not the slightest evidence that Buchanan ever had any intercourse or connexion with the young laird of Merchiston, or with any of his family; but the biographer lets his real object escape him, and this

* We are happy to see that Scotland has at length produced an edition of Dunbar's collective works worthy of his high genius. It was published a few months ago by a learned antiquarian and bookseller of Edinburgh, Mr. David Laing, in two volumes 8vo.; and the biographical preface and notes are as creditable to him in one of his capacities, as the very beautiful typographical execution of the whole work is in another. This book ought to have a place in every library of English poetry: the difference of dialect was in those days inconsiderable, and no reader of Chaucer will find any difficulty in mastering Dunbar, who, in addition to his other merits, has that of furnishing most extraordinary details of ecclesiastical life before the Reformation. He was himself in orders, and boasts, in one of his productions, that he had preached his way from Edinburgh all through England to Calais; but in spite of all the beauty of his sacred poems, his personal manners seem to have been such, that, even in those unscrupulous days, neither prince nor prelate could venture on giving him a benefice.

is no other than to denounce the gross injustice of his countrymen in being more mindful of the poet and historian, than of the profound mathematician and elaborate interpreter of the Apocalypse. As to the mere populace, he spurns them for having invested Merchiston with the character of a *warlock*, i. e. a sorcerer:* but does he not know that the estimation of Buchanan among the same classes is, at this hour, that of an incarnate Joe Millar? With respect to the more educated orders of the people, does Mr. Napier *not* expect, in any country, to find the fame, either living or dead, of a great star of literature, properly so called, infinitely more wide-spread than that of even the most remarkable genius who shall have devoted himself to the abstruse departments in which his ancestor excelled? Every boy of good education in Scotland has the beautiful verses of Buchanan by heart, and has been taught to consider with pride, on account of the consummate grace of its execution, that history which, on the score of authority, is by all admitted to be worthless—embalming in its earlier part all the dreams of Sennachie tradition—and in the latter, reflecting real and momentous persons and events only as they were seen through the densest mists of religious and political partisanship—by one whom, nevertheless, we will not, like Mr. Napier, dare to pronounce a bad man, and designedly a false witness. Literature and science must be contented each with its own peculiar triumphs and rewards.

We ought, however, to beg our biographer's pardon. Merchiston, it seems, was a poet also. He quotes some of his vernacular verses—all, we suppose, that he has been able to discover—and he appends to them, what is no doubt meant for eulogy—'I have seen worse in an Oxford prize poem!'

Our author, on the sole authority of Crawford the peerage writer, assumes that Napier spent some time in foreign parts after he terminated his residence at St. Andrews; and hereupon we are favoured with a view of the then condition of the University of Paris, to which the young Scots of the day unquestionably were accustomed to resort. We pass over all this chapter. If Napier had studied at Paris, we should probably have found some allusion in his religious writings to the actual manners of the Catholic continent; and, at all events, he could have tarried but a little while beyond seas, since he appears as married and settled for life in Scotland immediately after he had attained his majority. It, therefore, could have signified little whether he ever sat at the

* The popular tradition, that Napier had a familiar spirit which continually attended him in the shape of a *black cock*, is referred by our author to the fact, that he held under the crown some fat acres called the *Poultry Lands*, and was bound, by his tenure, to supply the *cuisine* of Holyrood House, on certain solemn occasions, with what the Code Gourmand delicately terms an *Abelard de la basse-cour*.

feet of Ramus or Regiomontanus at all. The only doubt is, whether the like might not be affirmed of any man of Napier's calibre and energy.

The biographer presumes that Napier's 'return from the Continent' was hastened by 'that state of affairs which led to the massacre of St. Bartholomew.' He espoused, at *Merchiston*, on the 2nd of April, 1572, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Stirling of Keir in Stirlingshire—a family second to few below the rank of peerage for antiquity, opulence, and historical distinction. But his must have been a hot honeymoon for a philosopher. The 'Douglas wars,' as they were called, from the stern Earl of Morton's share in them, and which ravaged the Scotch metropolis and its vicinity for some years after the assassination of the Regent Murray, were then at their height; Edinburgh Castle formed the head-quarters of Mary's party—Leith of the other; and Merchiston, from its position one of the keys of the capital, was often the scene of conflict. Within a fortnight after the wedding, the 'old war and weather beaten fortalice' was besieged by the queen's troops, who speedily, according to the contemporary journalist, 'won all the pairtis thereof except the donjon.' A detachment from Leith, and the guns of Edinburgh Castle, relieved the inhabitants of Merchiston at the moment when the queen's soldiers were setting fire to the outworks, 'thinking to have smokit the men out of the donjon.' This scene appears anything but *Marian*. The biographer, however, says:—

'Sir Archibald Napier and his illustrious son were too earnest in the Protestant cause to be devoted to a Catholic queen. But the relics and reminiscences of poor Mary, which are preserved in the family of Merchiston,—the little quaint pannelled closet there with its vast depth of window, still called Queen Mary's bed-room,—and above all, the long-cherished portrait, taken before sorrow had reached her,—are all touching indications that the house of Merchiston contained none of those factious rebels who dared to tell their sovereign that her "life was the death of the church, as her death would be its life,"'—p. 140.

All this is prettily said—and we wish it were true—but it sadly 'wants confirmation.' Neither father nor son had any turn for battles and sieges, for 'clearings of the causeway,' or being 'smokit out of their donjon;' but although many of their near relations were immediate followers and tried friends* of the queen, they had others equally zealous on the opposite side. The old laird was certainly a keen and determined Protestant: here, *de facto*, we

* Mr. Napier talks of two cousins-german of his hero, who were maids of honour to the queen before and during her captivity in England, as 'the *Misses* Mowbray of Barnbouggall.' *Miss* was not a style in which these ladies would have at all rejoiced.

have his 'fortalice' garrisoned and defended against the queen's party; and the son, as we shall see, adhered with fervour through life to the principles of 'his barneage at Sant Androis.' As for the relics and reminiscences preserved in the family, 'the little quaint pannelled closet' and 'the long-cherished portrait,' Mr. Napier must permit us to say that there is hardly an old house in Scotland which does not boast of its *queen's chamber* and authentic original Mary Stuart. If one were to believe half the 'long-cherished' stories of this order, the poor lady could never have slept two nights in one place during her brief reign, and must have spent most of her mornings in sitting for her picture.

Napier lost his first wife in 1579, and soon afterwards re-married to Agnes Chisholm, of the ancient family of Cromlix, who had the honour to be great-granddaughter of King James IV. He had one son and one daughter by his first wife, and ten children by the second. But of his middle life we find few *domestic* anecdotes in these pages. A letter, dated 1580, shows him to have been then diligently employed in the superintendence of his father's estate in the Lennox. He appears to have loved and well understood both agriculture and horticulture. Indeed, we may apply to him, from youth to age, as far as the circumstances of his time and country, and one pitiable weakness, would allow, Cowley's eulogy of Evelyn,—that he

'In books and gardens placed aright

His noble, innocent delight.'

The father was at this time one of the supreme judges, and appears, like other ornaments of the Bench, to have often been brought into *cummer*, i.e., trouble, in consequence of his decisions. The philosopher, in one of his letters to the old gentleman, alludes to these affairs, and makes special mention of one of the knight's legal colleagues, John Graham of Hallyards, who shortly after determined a case in which Sir James Sandilands was interested, in a way displeasing to that powerful baron. Next day Sandilands had Graham shot when riding to Leith; and another of the judges was about the same time seized when ambling on his pony for the benefit of his constitution and appetite, in the same neighbourhood—muffled in a cloak—mounted on a tall steed behind a moss-trooper—and conveyed, without more words, to the dungeon of a border laird, who had reason to apprehend that his lordship's opinion was unfavourable to his interests in a cause about to be argued before 'The Fifteen.' Amidst such scenes of civil disturbance and feudal violence were the intense studies of this philosopher pursued; and we ought not to omit that his comforts during his residence in Lennox, were occasionally improved by a visit of the Clan Gregor, against whom
he

he found it necessary to enter into an alliance defensive with—or, in other words, to pay 'black mail' to—some of the outlying Campbells of Strath Earn. Towards the close of his life his estates in that district shared in the desolation of the 'Raid of Glenfruin,' made famous in the *Lady of the Lake*.

'Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen-Fruin,

And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied :

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu they are smoking in ruin,

And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;

Lennox and Leven-Glen

Shake when they hear agen

"Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

But it does not seem that the mathematical agriculturist was on the spot when these picturesque savages enacted *Swing* among his barns, and 'spulzeit his bestiall.'

Napier must have been a singularly prudent person to avoid any dangerous entanglement in the *religious* feuds of his day. In 1584 James VI. began to deal sharply with the Presbyterian establishment on points Napier's attachment to which was well known ; and yet, though two of the philosopher's neighbours and intimate friends, Pont and Dalglish, appear in the list of sufferers, and the latter barely escaped *martyrdom*, the storm appears to have passed harmless over the Donjon of Merchiston. Perhaps the reputation which Napier had by this time attained as an astrologer may have served him in good stead with the British Solomon. Four years afterwards, this hurricane over, and the exiled religionists restored, we find Napier returned as ruling elder to the General Assembly, and thenceforth he appears as taking a prominent part in many ecclesiastical transactions of importance.

'The Marvellous Napier' made his first appearance in the Assembly in 'the marvellous year'—so called beforehand, says Archbishop Spottiswood, 'by the astrologues,' and which certainly did produce many wonderful events : among others, the death of Catherine de Medicis, 'bludie Jezabell to the sancts of God,' as James Melville the minister calls her in his *Diary*—the murders of the Duke and Cardinal of Guise, at the instigation of Henry III.—the assassination of Henry himself—and, above all, the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

"Terrible was the feir, persing were the pretchings, earnest, zealus, and fervent war the prayers, sounding war the siches and sobbes, and abounding war the teares at that fast and Generale Assemblie keipet at Edinbruche, when the newes war credible tauld, sum tymes of thair landing at Dumbar, sum tymes at St. Andros, and in

Tay,

Tay, and now and then at Aberdein and Cromertie.”—*J. Melville's Diary.*

The dangers with which this island was in those days threatened by the powers of Catholic Spain, appear to have roused anew the early zeal of Napier for the study and exposition of the Book of Revelations. ‘He had long,’ says his biographer, ‘been brooding over its depths, and now began to perceive a divine light breaking in upon his hitherto obscure lucubrations.’ In his own dedication of his *Plain Discovery*, not published however until 1593, he says to King James :—

‘Then, greatly rejoycing in the Lord, I began to write thereof in Latin; yet I purposed not to have set out the same suddenly, and far lesse to have written the same also in English, til that of late, this new insolencie of Papists, arising about the 1588 year of God, and dayly incresing within this iland, doth so pitie our hearts, seeing them put more trust in Jesuites and seminarie priests than in the true Scriptures of God, and in the Pope and King of Spaine than in the King of kings, that to prevent the same, I was constrained of compassion, leaving the Latin, to haste out in English this present worke, almost unripe, that thereby the simple of this iland may be instructed, the godly confirmed, and the proud and foolish expectations of the wicked beaten downe; purposing hereafter, God willing, to publish shortly the other Latin edition hereof, to the publike utilitie of the whole church.’

The Latin original never appeared; but, even before the English edition came forth, Napier had found opportunity to signalize his Protestant ardour by word and by deed. It is well known that in those days the High Calvinist party (to which he always adhered) considered James as almost an outcast in Israel on account of the reluctance which his Majesty manifested to allow the Kirk's vengeance full sway upon the persons and properties of the Romanists.

‘It was insisted, that as the reformed religion had been constitutionally established, all who professed the Roman Catholic faith should be compelled either to embrace the Protestant doctrines, or suffer the pains of rigorous excommunication; and that, after such delinquents had continued for a whole year thus cast off from Christian society, their property should be forfeited to the crown.’—p. 158.

Our philosopher appears, on more than one occasion, to have been among the chosen organs of the Assembly in their efforts to overcome the ‘weake scruples’ of their prince, who only hesitated to confiscate half the soil of his *paupera regna*, that it might not be ‘polluted with idolatry, and overrun by bloody Papists.’ (p. 161.) Napier's father-in-law, Sir James Chisholm, was one of the foremost of the Papists, and was especially denounced in a proclamation of the Ecclesiastical Senate. Nevertheless, when on the 17th October, 1592, a select committee was appointed to follow the king wherever he might be found,

found, 'and lay before him, in a personal interview, certain well-digested instructions for the punishment of the rebels,' &c. Napier was one of the two barons intrusted with this 'extraordinary and perilous mission,' Maxwell of Calderwood being the other. With Melville, the Moderator—whose diary has been quoted above—another minister, and a couple of burgesses—for colleagues, these two bold barons forthwith girded their loins, and arrived, by no means welcome, at Jedburgh where King Jamie was then reposing himself.

Mr. Napier says,—

'His timorous heart must have quaked at the sight of the unflinching moderator of the church, and the majestic Merchiston; but he kept his trepidation to himself, and his rolling eyes shed no tears. James commenced with a violent invective against the synod of Fife, which had presumed to excommunicate beyond the bounds of its jurisdiction in the case of Sir James Chisholm; and spoke bitterly against the moderator's uncle Andrew Melville, and Mr. David Black. The representative of the church replied to this tirade, "as it pleasit God to gif; and efter the king's coler appeasit, we dischargit our commission in maist humble and fectful manner."—p. 165."

We suggest, that timorous as the king may have been, and majestically as the beard of 'the marvellous' may have floated, there is nothing in our author's own narrative to show that James quailed before its awful amplitude. He commenced with a 'violent invective'—he 'spoke bitterly,'—and though he gave the party smoother words next morning, they returned *re infectâ*.

Next year, 1593, appeared 'A Plain Discovery of the whole Revelation of St. John, set foorth by John Napier, laird of Merchistoun, younger; whereunto are annexed certaine Oracles of Sibylla, agreeing with the Revelation, and other places of Scripture.' This book is dedicated to James in an epistle already quoted, and in which his sacred majesty is boldly counselled to 'purge his own country and his own house from all apparent spot of Antichristianism,' and then to—

'stand reformed in the feare of God, ready waiting for that great day, in the which it shall please God to call your M. or yours after you, among other reformed princes, to that great and universall reformation, and destruction of that Antichristian seat and citie Rome, according to the wordes prophecied, Apoc. 17, saying,—the ten horns are ten kings, &c.; these are they that shall hate that harlot, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eate up her flesh, and burne herselfe with fire;—beside also a warrant and commaund generally given to all men, Apoc. 18, saying,—rewarde her even as shee hath rewarded you, and give her double according to her workes, and in the cup that shee hath filled to you, fill her the double.'—p. 171.

It is on this treatise that Mr. Napier founds Merchiston's claim to be honoured as 'the first of Scottish theologians'—a title of which

which many readers may be easily induced to make him a present. There is no doubt that he was the first in Christendom who promulgated a detailed exposition of the Apocalypse—none that his exposition shows great ingenuity and research, and is full of proofs that he had mastered both the original tongues of holy writ, and could bring to their illustration all the resources of an excellent classical scholar. He appears also modest and humble in his vein, when compared with most of those who have since caricatured and travestied his scheme of interpretation; but still we believe his descendant will hardly persuade the world to class this production with the invention of the logarithms; and for our own part, we are rather inclined to think that Scaliger was not far wrong when he said ‘Calvinus sapit, quod in Apocalypsin non scripsit.’ Our author complains that little is generally known, in these days, of the ‘Plain Discovery,’ except that it fixed the day of judgment for some time ‘betwixt the yeares of God 1688 and 1770;’ and is wroth with Sir Walter Scott for saying—‘The sublime genius which marked, by the logarithmic canon, the correspondence between arithmetical and geometrical progression, had his weak point’—without having made himself minutely acquainted with the text of the ‘Plain Discovery.’ We must, however, refer those who feel more curiosity than Sir Walter appears to have done on this subject, to the ‘Discovery’ itself, or, what may perhaps satisfy a majority of them, the very full account of it embodied in this ‘Life of Napier.’

This interpretation of the Apocalypse had, however, high fame in its day. A French translation being published during the siege of Rochelle, its decided identifications and prognostics are said to have greatly encouraged the beleaguered Huguenots. The book was also rendered into Latin and German; and often reprinted in England down to the middle of the seventeenth century, when perhaps it began to be rather disagreeable to consider it as a ruled point that the world was to come to an end between 1688 and 1700. Our author does not enumerate the London editions: we have seen several of them, and one, an octavo, dated as low as 1645.

Passing this matter, in which, if Napier showed weakness, he showed no more than Newton did a hundred years after him, we arrive at a transaction in which all the zeal of our biographer will hardly allow him to deny the manifestation of ‘a weak point.’ It was alluded to in Sir Walter Scott’s short account of Merchiston Castle in the ‘Provincial Antiquities of Scotland,’* but the particulars were reserved for the diligent inquirer now before us. Every reader of the history of those times is well acquainted with the dark and daring character of Logan of Restalrig, whose re-

* Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. vii. p. 362.

mains—nine years after a life of cabals and conspiracies, and every species of violence and treachery, had closed—were exhumed and gibbeted, in consequence of the discovery then made that he had had a principal hand in the to this hour mysterious ‘Gowrie Plot.’ For the furtherance of his audacious designs at the period when he was close linked with the profligate Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, Logan contrived to get into his possession that gloomy and inaccessible fastness, on the wildest coast of the German Ocean, near St. Abb’s Head, which has since been celebrated under the name of Wolfscrag, in the ‘Bride of Lammermoor.’ Here Bothwell found, on many occasions, a safe and needful shelter; and hither Logan himself retreated as often as his patrimonial seat at Restalrig was, from its vicinity to Edinburgh, too hot to hold him. To this grim stronghold of Fastcastle, in July, 1594, the philosophic Napier went, or had nearly gone, upon a very strange errand; and one which will not seem the less strange because, as our author shows, Logan had been *outlawed* on the 13th of June preceding, in consequence of his declining to appear at the bar upon an indictment for *highway robbery*. Outlawed as he was, however, he had dared to visit Edinburgh, and the ‘majestic’ sage of Merchiston, the ‘Marvellous Napier,’ placed hand and seal along with this desperado to the extraordinary document which our biographer now exhibits:—

“At Edinbruch the day of Julij, yeir of God i^m v^e foirscoir fourteen yeiris—It is apointit, contractit, and agreit, betwix the personis ondirwrettin; that is to say, Robert Logane of Restalrige on the ane pairt, and Jhone Neper of Merchistoun on the uther pairt, in maner, forme, and effect as followis:—To wit, forsamikle as ther is dywerss ald reportis motiffis and appirancis, that their suld be within the said Robertis dwellinge place of Fascastell a soun of monie and poiss, hid and hurdit up seeritlie, quilk as yit is onfund be ony man: The said Jhone sall do his utter and exact diligens to serche and seek out, and be al craft and ingyne that he dow, i. e. [can exert], to tempt, trye, and find out the sam, and be the grace of God, ather sall find the sam, or than mak it suir that na sik thing hes been thair; sa far as his utter trawell diligens and ingyne may reach. For the quilk the said Robert sall giff, as be the tenour heirof, he giffis and grantis unto the said Jhone the just third pairt of *quhalsoeair poiss or hid treasour* the said Jhone sall find, or beis fund be his moyan and ingyn, within or abut the said place of Fascastell, and that to be partit be just wecht and balance betwix thaim but [without] ony fraud, stryff, debait, and contention, on sik maner as the said Robert sall heff the just twa partis, and the said Jhone the just third pairt thereof upone thair fayth, truth, and consciens. And for the said Jhonis suir return and saiff bakcumming tharwith to Edinbruch, on beand [without being] spulzeit of his said thrid pairt, or urtherways hairmit in body, or geir, the said

Robert

Robert sall mak the said Jhone saiff convoy, and accompanie him saiffle in maner forsaid bak to Edinburgh, quher the said Jhone, beand saiffle returnit, sall, in presens of the said Robert, cancell and destroy this present contract, as a full discherg of ather of thair pairtis honestlie satisfiet and performat to utheris; and ordanis that na uther discharge heiroy but the destroying of this present contract sal be of ony awaill, forse, or effect. And incaiss the said Jhone sal find na poiss to be thair eftir all tryall and utter diligens tane, he referris the satisfactioun of his trawell and painis to the discretione of the said Robert.—In wites of thir presens, and of al honestie, fideletie, fayth, and uprycht doing to be observit and keipit be bayth the saidis pairtis to uther, thei heff subscrywit thir presentis with thair handis at Edinburgh, day and yeir forsaid.

‘ROBERT LOGANE of Restalrige.

‘JHONE NEPER of Merchistoun.’

This deed, all but Logan's signature, is in the hand-writing of Merchiston himself; and there is every reason to suppose that he suffered some grievous injury from his outlawed ally in connexion with this business. In a lease granted by him in 1596, he allows his vassal to have any sub-tenants he may please, ‘allenarlie nocht of the surname of Logan.’ Here our information ends; and the biographer enters into a long dissertation, of which we can only give one paragraph.

‘We are prepared by the history of that age, by the lives of the most illustrious ornaments, from Cardan to Kepler, for any absurdity, however wild and baseless, proceeding from any intellect, however powerful and profound. But there is something in this little quiet Scotch contract, entered into betwixt the *best* man and the *worst* man whom Scotland then held, more startling than the Harmonices Mundi of the imaginative German philosopher, or the folly of Tycho Brahé and his prophetic idiot. Most of these instances of superstition create disgust from their extravagance, or doubt from the vagueness of the record; but here is a page of such chastened and decent magic, so authentically recorded, and soberly set down by the same hand that set down the *Canon Mirificus Logarithmorum*, that common sense herself must pause to consider it.’—pp. 224, 5.

It is, indeed, a very complete specimen of ‘chastened and decent magic.’ Napier is careful to mark that all his ‘ingyne and craft’ are to be exerted under ‘the grace of God;’ in this respect he is as guarded as Sidrophel himself, who, when Hudibras hints something about the potent help of Satan, answers indignantly, that the knight ‘has the wrong sow by the ear’—

‘For I assure you, for my part,

I only deal by Rules of Art,

Such as are lawful, and judge by

Conclusions of astrology;

But for the Devil, know nothing by him,

But only this, that I defy him.’

The

The idea of having such a piece of business put into regular legal form, and the exact stipulations about the *third part* of the *pose*, are, however, as far as we have seen, peculiar to the magic shop of Merchiston Castle, and must be allowed to savour strongly of its *canny* locality.

In his Descriptive Essay already quoted, Sir W. Scott says it is curious to observe that contemporary with our hero, was a noted astrologer in England, by name *Napper*, and signifies his suspicion that this may have been a scion of the Scottish Napiers. The Rev. Dr. Richard Napper, of Sandford, Bucks, the chosen ally of Sidrophel—i. e. Lilly—was, it is now shown, a cousin-german of the philosopher—the son of his father's younger brother, who had married and settled in the south; and every one must see a strong family resemblance between the portraits of the astrological kinsmen with which this volume is embellished; that of Richard Napper here engraved is in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. He also has a majestic beard, as might well beseeem the favoured mortal, that, if old Aubrey is to be trusted, 'did daily converse with the angel Raphael, who gave him the responses whereon he wrote *R. Ris*; that is, *Responsum Raphaelis*. . . . Raphael did resolve him in 1619, that Mr. Booth, of Cheshire, should, within three years, have a son to inherit; and Sir George Booth (the first Lord Delamere) was born, accordingly, December 18, anno 1622. 'This,' adds Aubrey, 'I did extract out of Doctor Napper's Original Diary. He was a good astrologer.'

To return to old 'Marvellous'—Mr. Napier conjectures, and plausibly too, that the *pose* was not the only thing the lord of Fastcastle had a fancy to, when he contracted for a visit of the wise man. The Popish chiefs, against whom Merchiston had taken so strenuous a part, were ultimately declared guilty of high treason, and their possessions confiscated by act of parliament in June, 1594, whereupon these men, driven to despair, began forthwith to muster their forces, with the view of trying one campaign more against the predominant Calvinists. They took the field accordingly, with the concurrence and secret aid of Bothwell and Restalrig, and the opposing general, the Earl of Argyle, received a signal defeat at Glenlivet in the October ensuing. Now, it was in the intervening July that the Fastcastle contract was executed; and the biographer intimates his suspicion, that the design of the outlawed bandit was to make prize of the seer of Merchiston, and compel him to be present in the Romish camp, there, by his superior skill, to neutralize the wiles and machinations of a famous sorceress, whom the pious Protestant Argyle had enlisted, and who really attended him through the campaign. That precisely about this time Napier attracted general attention, in consequence of his
announcing

announcing himself to be in possession of some most extraordinary secrets, likely to bring any campaign in which he took part to a speedy conclusion, there can, indeed, be no doubt. One of these is thus blazoned by Sir Thomas Urquhart, the author of our admirable old translation of 'Rabelais.'

'He had the skill (as is commonly reported) to frame an engine which, by vertue of some secret springs, inward resorts, with other implements and materials fit for the purpose, inclosed within the bowels thereof, had the power (if proportionable in bulk to the action required of it, for he could have made it of all sizes) to clear a field of four miles circumference, of all the living creatures exceeding a foot of height, that should be found thereon, how near soever they might be to one another; by which means he made it appear, that he was able, with the help of this machine alone, to kill thirty thousand Turks, without the hazard of one Christian. Of this it is said, that (upon a wager) he gave proof upon a large plain in Scotland, to the destruction of a great many herds of cattel, and flocks of sheep, whereof some were distant from other a whole mile. To continue the thread of the story, as I have it, I must not forget that, when he was most earnestly desired by an old friend of his, even about the time of his contracting that disease whereof he dyed, he would be pleased, for the honour of his family, and his own everlasting memory, to reveal unto him the manner of the contrivance of so ingenious a mystery; his answer was, That for the ruin and overthrow of man there were too many devices already framed, which if he could make to be fewer, he would with all his might endeavour to do; and that by any new conceit of his the number of them should never be increased. Divinely spoken, truly.'

This was long considered as one of Urquhart's wildest romances; but Mr. Napier gives us a document from the manuscripts in Lambeth Palace, which vindicates to a great extent the Knight of Cromarty's account of this miraculous machine. In July, 1596, his hero, still inflamed with the old zeal against Spain and the pope, transmitted to King James's ambassador at London, a list of 'secret inventions profitable and necessary for defence of this island, and withstanding of strangers—enemies of God's truth and religion,'—in which the third item is thus by himself described:—

'A piece of artillery, which, shott, passeth not linallie through the enemy, destroying onlie those that stand on the random thereof, and fra them forth flying idly, as utheris do; but passeth superficially, ranging abroad within the whole appointed place, and not departing furth of the place till it hath executed his whole strength, by destroying those that be within the boundes of the said place.'—p. 247.

This is clearly what Urquhart alluded to; and we only wonder that he did not consider some of the other devices in the same paper

paper as equally worthy of celebration. The Armada was, no doubt, discomfited without the assistance of Merchiston's 'profitable inventions ;' and this, such as it is, must serve as our consolation.

To be serious, however, we have no desire to insinuate that Napier's fancy may not have anticipated something like the steam-gun of Mr. Perkins, which probably will be found, whenever there is another great war among civilized nations, a most efficacious instrument in the defence of fortified places : still less are we at all disposed to question that, in another of the articles of Napier's catalogue, his descendant is entitled to recognize the germ of some of the most remarkable of modern discoveries in the science of catoptrics. His observations on this subject are extremely well worthy of attention, but they are drawn out (necessarily and properly) to such a length, that we must be contented with referring our readers to pp. 250—269.

In the next chapter we are thrown back from science—or the dreams of science—to the barbarous state of society in the country where Merchiston's lot had been cast. His father's sons by a second marriage were so much younger than him, that they always considered him also as standing to them *in loco parentis*, while, on the other hand, in their letters to his son, their nephew, this gentleman is uniformly addressed as 'loving brother.' This is a trait well worth preserving. These cadets were, however, separated otherwise, and more effectually than by disparity of years, from the philosopher, who painfully constructed their 'celestial themes,' as they successively came into the world : they were all hot, head-strong gallants, continually engaged in broils and duellings, the perfect plague and sorrow of the ancient judge Sir Archibald, and his great heir, who was by this time a man of fifty. One of them having slain a gentleman of the clan of Scott, in the course of an excursion to Ettrick Forest, in 1600, was shortly afterwards beset and murdered under the very walls of Holyrood House, by six avengers of the same name and kindred ; and it was with the utmost difficulty that Sir Archibald Napier and the philosopher prevented two more of the younger brothers from pursuing this fatal feud. The reader of this story can hardly need to be reminded that the old border manners were still in a fine state of preservation. The 'Bold Buccleuch's' splendid exploit of storming Carlisle Castle at midnight, and rescuing from thence that king of thieves 'Kinmont Willie,' had, for example, occurred so recently as 1596 ; nor was the situation of the Scotch monarch such as to enable him, however anxious on the subject, to offer Queen Elizabeth any sort of reparation for this outrageous insult.

The fiercest of these refractory prodigals, the reader will *not* be surprised

surprised to hear, became in the sequel the rival both of his brother in astrology, and of his father as one of the lights of the Scottish bench. Our author says—

‘In those times, we can imagine a full exhibition of “the fifteen” to have resembled a menagerie at feeding hours, and well worth double price to have witnessed. A full attendance, however, was rarely to be counted on. A judge in his place one day was gone the next. It might be “auld Durie,” the President, carried off in his walks as if by demons, and concealed no one could tell where; or Hallyards murdered on the shore of Leith; or Edzell sent to Dumbarton Castle for his share in a desperate feudal combat fought on the High Street during the previous night; or the whole court adjourned to make room for the criminal trial of their brother Cliftonhall’s only daughter and heiress, who was “takin to the Castel-hill of Edinburgh, and there bund to ane staik, and burnt in assis, quick, to the death,” for witchcraft. Among these, or such like, sat Alexander Napier, whose dictum, so encouraging to litigation, was “niver imbrace dishonorabell agriement, for all is dishonorabell quhair thair is not eie for eie, and tuith for tuith;” and who moreover read his session-papers in the stars, and wrote his interlocutors in the twelve houses of Heaven, being a most learned judicial astrologer.’—p. 320.

The philosopher had violent quarrels with his younger brothers at the time of his father’s death; but eventually succeeded in vindicating his right to some property of which they undutifully strained every nerve to despoil him. He appears to have had comfort, however, in the behaviour of his own children, especially in that of his eldest son. Scaliger said, that if he had twenty sons he would make none of them a scholar, and Merchiston seems to have had much the same fancy. His heir was in early youth attached to the personal service of the king, accompanied him to England in 1603, and was in the sequel elevated to the peerage, now possessed by his representative through the female line, the eighth Lord Napier. The first who bore the title appears to have been a man of high talents and character.*

We must not exactly rival the manager who left out the part of Hamlet, and conclude our article without saying anything about the Logarithms; but what we do say on that subject must be short: our object has been to trace our author through his strictly biographical pages—and we well know that those who are capable

* The male representative of Merchiston is Sir William Napier, of Milliken, in Renfrewshire, Bart.: he comes from the third son of the philosopher. The Portuguese Count of Cape St. Vincent,—Colonel William Napier, the author of ‘The History of the Peninsular War,’—Colonel Charles Napier, the governor of the new Australasian colony,—and the learned author of the work before us, are all younger shoots of the noble branch. It must be allowed that the blood of Merchiston, in Spanish phrase, has been a strong blood,

of entering with real interest on the very laborious scientific department of his work would not thank us for a compendium. We expected, perhaps foolishly at such a distance of time, some account of the inventor's modes of study, and of the steps by which he worked out the grand problem which must ever entitle his name to be placed between those of Archimedes and Sir Isaac Newton; but we find nothing of the sort, except a vague tradition that in his latter years he was much afflicted with the gout, and, shutting himself out from general society, pursued his mathematics in a small room, situated above the battlements of Merchiston Castle, which has ever since continued to be visited by the venerated pilgrims of science. It appears, however, that it had cost Napier nearly half his lifetime to bring his invention to a state fit for publication: Tycho had certainly received from a Scotch gentleman of the name of Baillie some hints of the discovery full twenty years before the *Canon Mirificus* issued from the press of Andrew Hart, of Edinburgh—

'With the exception of those little episodes we have noticed, of battle, murder, and sudden death, Popish plots, pestilence, and famine, ever and anon demanding more or less of our philosopher's time and attention; together with the whole charge of his own twelve children, and more than half the charge of his unruly brothers—besides farming operations, extending from the shores of the Forth to the banks of the Teith, and the islands on Lochlomond; mingled with occasional demands upon his "singular judgment," from the General Assembly of the church, to the dark outlaw who indulged in magic, and the courtly lawyer who sought a lesson in mensuration: with the exception, we say, of these inevitable interruptions, our philosopher had lived the life of an intellectual hermit, entirely devoted to his theological and mathematical speculations.'—p. 323.

'The destiny of Napier was now about to be fulfilled. Scarcely conscious himself of the magnitude of the achievement, and while he was seeking his immortality in other speculations even more unapproachable, he had broken the spell which through all ages had bound the genius of numbers in her mysterious labyrinths,—which, invincible to the schools of Greece, and undisturbed by the revival of letters, had baffled Archimedes and tortured Kepler. In the year 1614, when his mind had exhausted the body, and, to use his own expressions to Charles I., "now almost spent with sickness!" Napier published his *Mirificæ Canonis Descriptio Logarithmorum*.'—p. 327.

Our author's ninth chapter is entirely devoted to this great achievement, and he certainly works out his exposition of its details, and compares and contrasts it with the leading discoveries of other masters of the mathematics, ancient and modern, in a style which reflects much credit on his enthusiastic diligence. We must, however, limit ourselves to the opening paragraphs:—

'That

‘That our own estimate may not seem hyperbolic to those who (with Pinkerton) may imagine the logarithms to be “but an useful abbreviation of a particular branch of the mathematics,” we shall commence this chapter with the words of a philosopher who knew what he was writing about. “The life of the great Napier,” says Sir John Leslie, “devoted to the improvement of the science of calculation, was crowned by the invention of logarithms, *the noblest conquest ever achieved by man.*” * He who wrote this sentence was no granter of propositions, or one very widely awake to excellence in others; but he was deeply imbued with the powers of numbers, and knew, if any man did, the relative value of every conquest in the mathematics.

‘Unquestionably, the author of the modern analysis, the discoverer of the composition of light, the prophet of universal gravitation, is “immortal by so many titles,” that no country and no age can point to his equal. But (without taking into account many peculiar disadvantages under which Napier laboured) if we consider what really constitutes the magnitude of any conquest which an individual can claim, we will be inclined to admit, that the expressions used by Leslie are not the loose and exaggerated utterance of admiration.

‘In respect of its indications of abstract mental power, his invention or discovery (for it combines the characteristics of both) must, it is true, undergo a comparison with the fluxionary calculus of Newton; and by an authority at least as high as what we have quoted, that wonderful analysis was pronounced to be “the greatest discovery ever made in the mathematical sciences.” But the same author, in the same work, had previously declared, after a minute inspection of the intellectual order of the logarithms, “Of Napier, if of any man, it may safely be pronounced, that his name will never be eclipsed by any one more conspicuous, or his invention superseded by anything more valuable.” † Nor are these eulogies of Napier and Newton inconsistent with each other. The higher calculus was not so much an individual conquest, as the grand result of a succession of victories under separate leaders, and during distinct campaigns. Euclid, Cavalieri, and Descartes paved the way directly to that calculus. The torch that fired the pile had been passed from hand to hand through a succession of ages; and while a series of the most illustrious names in the annals of speculative power mark a constant progress to the point where Newton and Leibnitz *simultaneously* conquered, that gradual approach was latterly covered and fortified by a cloud of skirmishers, whose collateral aid, illustrated by such names as Torricelli, Roberval, Fermat, Huygens, and Barrow, well deserves to be remembered. The invention of logarithms presents a different aspect. They were the result of an unaided, isolated speculation, and unlooked for when they appeared: a victory, in short, in defiance of all established rules of progressive knowledge and systematic conquest. What right had a philosopher of the *sixteenth* century, born and bred, too, among the savages of Scotland,—“*Scotus Baro, cujus nomen*

* ‘Leslie’s Philosophy of Arithmetic.’

† ‘Professor Playfair’s Dissertation.’

mihi extitit," as Kepler at first designed him,—to anticipate triumphs which, in the order of things, belonged to the close of the *seventeenth* ? What had he to do with so powerful a command of the doctrine of series, and the theory of indices, before that department of mathematical science was evolved,—or with the fruit of a tree before it was planted ?

On the other hand, so far as regards practical utility, what may compete with his invention ? A modern astronomer could better spare his telescope than his tables of calculation ; and almost miraculous as is the power of the infinitesimal analysis, the finest steps in the working of that exhaustless instrument of human investigation are dependent upon the aid of logarithms. When Newton attained the analysis, he had been already gifted with that engine, which ultimately afforded his calculus "many of the most refined and most valuable of its resources."* He had, it is true, only to contemplate the logarithms through the medium of his own analysis in order to obtain a far simpler view and easier command of the former invention than its author could possess ; but it must ever be remembered, that, although Newton had the logarithms when he discovered the calculus, Napier had not the calculus, nor the steps which led to the calculus, when he conceived, discovered, and computed the logarithms. While, even in the comparison of practical utility, Napier's invention claims a sublime fellowship with Newton's, the latter does not descend in like manner to mere mortal necessities. Logarithms are so useful and prevalent in the ordinary arts of life, that many a practical man is most efficient with those tables, who neither knows nor cares about the mystery of their construction, and would sooner think of mastering the craft of his own spectacles than the fine theory of that invention. The practical application is familiar to the anti-philosophical midshipman at sea ; yet, so uncertain was the art of navigation until this aid raised it to the sciences, that the scriptural prophecy, "*Multi pertransibunt et augebitur scientia*," may be said only to have been fulfilled when the logarithms were published. High, then, and indisputable as is the throne of Newton, Professor Leslie was right, and used no exaggerated expressions, when he called Napier's invention *the noblest conquest ever achieved by man* ; and, the more closely the mathematical achievements of all ages are examined, the more just will this eulogy appear.—pp. 328-331.

Mr. Napier next devotes a very amusing and interesting chapter to the reception which the invention of logarithms met with at home and abroad. The *Canon* was instantly appreciated by Kepler, whose enthusiastic letters to the Baron of Merchiston reflect honour on his name, and would of themselves be sufficient to put to silence all those cavillers, such as Hutton, who have ever ventured to dispute the entire originality of the discovery. Mr. Napier shows, not less distinctly, that the subsequent improvement of the

* Playfair.

Canon,

Canon, put forth in London by Henry Briggs, had been anticipated by the author himself, with whom the great English mathematician spent a whole month at Merchiston Castle, in the summer of 1615. Such was the Savilian professor's enthusiasm and veneration, that he made a second progress to Scotland for the sole purpose of renewing his intercourse with the Baron in 1616; but this was their last meeting. Briggs was preparing for a third visit to the romantic old tower when he received intelligence that the great inventor of logarithms, worn out by his vigils, had expired at Merchiston on the 4th of April, 1617.

His intellectual activity had continued almost to the last unabated, for the original publication of his *Rabdologia* is dated in 1617.

In the progress of his great work, mechanical contrivances for relieving the difficulties of computing had not escaped him. From his extensive reading (in an age when books and those who loved them were rare in Scotland,) he gathered, that in Greece, and elsewhere, the *abacus* and other modes of palpable arithmetic had been in use for practical purposes. He saw that such contrivances were far beneath the dignity and power of intellectual operations, but his genius neglected nothing, so in passing he remodelled that chapter too, and enriched it with new stores. Both during the progress of the Canon Mirificus, and afterwards, he had contrived a variety of these methods, of which the most important was *RABDOLOGIA*, or the art of computing by means of figured rods, better known by the name of *Neper's bones*. These inventions he had not at first considered worthy of publication, but having communicated them to his friends, they were beginning to be known both in this country and abroad, and of course in danger of being pirated.—p. 413.

Neper's Bones are, as most of our readers may remember, celebrated in *Hudibras*; they are not now in use; but we were surprised to find them confounded, in a late popular work, with the logarithms themselves.

Merchiston's last will is dated the fourth day before his death. He was buried in the old parish church of St. Cuthbert; but that edifice has disappeared; and if ever he had any other monument but his own works, there is none such now; except indeed this elaborate biography, which will henceforth hand down the name of one of his gifted descendants in honourable connexion with his own.

The effect of this book is certainly on the whole most extraordinary and most interesting. That such an invention as Napier's should have been the crowning triumph of a life almost entirely devoted to the most noble pursuits of science and learning, amidst the scenes of tumult and havoc here described, will ever be one of the most remarkable facts in the history of human intellect. The
astrological

astrological and mechanical dreams on which we have had occasion to dilate are characteristic not of the man, but of an age 'when the chrysolis of the adept was still hanging on the brilliant wings of science.' His theological labours, prompted by the external circumstances of his time, and darkened by its prejudices, are valuable as illustrating the extent of his acquirements in fields remote from mathematics, and as containing abundant evidence of the profound piety of this great mind. In every private relation of life he appears to have been a model of prudence and rectitude; and he neglected no public duties incident to his station in the world, but rescued, with equal decision, from the seductions of opulence and the convulsions of civic strife, the time requisite for completing one of the sublimest monuments of scientific genius.

This book may be advantageously cut down in preparing another edition, which we hope will assume a less expensive form; but the execution is, in all serious respects, honourable to the writer. There is a freshness and buoyancy of spirit about it which sustains the reader's attention throughout, and is well worth a century of tame elegancies.

ART. IX.—1. *Speech of Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter, on occasion of a Petition from certain Members of the Senate of Cambridge, on Monday, April 21, 1834.* London.

2. *Thoughts on the Admission of Persons, without regard to their Religious Opinions, to certain Degrees in the Universities of England.* By Thomas Turton, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, and Dean of Peterborough. Cambridge, 1834.

3. *The Danger of Abrogating the Religious Tests and Subscriptions which are at present required from persons proceeding to Degrees in the Universities, considered in a Letter to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.* By George Pearson, B.D., Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, &c.

4. *The Admission of Dissenters to graduate in the University of Cambridge.* A Letter to the Right Honourable Viscount Althorp, M.P., by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

5. *A Letter to the Rev. Thomas Turton, D.D., &c.* By Connop Thirlwall, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

'I APPREHEND,' said the admirable prelate whose speech stands at the head of these pamphlets, 'that the application which has been made to Parliament to force Dissenters into the Universities is not so much an application to remove disabilities

abilities from the Dissenters, as an application to persecute the Church of England.—

‘The word’—continued his lordship—‘is not too strong for the occasion. For, what does this application amount to? That it shall not be in the power of the wisdom and munificence of any individual, or bodies of individuals, to establish any institution which shall give to the members of the Church of England the best possible education and instruction in the principles of their religion; because, when established, and when its success is most signally manifested, it must of necessity be such as shall exclude those who do not belong to the Church; but who, from envy, or from whatever other motive, may be anxious to intrude themselves into it.

‘My Lords, I scruple not to call this measure, if it be adopted, direct persecution; I will further venture to say, that such a proceeding would be contrary to every principle of law and equity, which the jurisprudence of this country has hitherto recognized. I affirm, in short, that Parliament has not the right, however it may have the power, to order it. It is, I apprehend, an admitted principle, that where a corporation has received its charter for a specific purpose, the law of England repels, and the Legislature of England has hitherto repelled, every attempt to break in upon that corporation, except on an allegation, either that its members have omitted to perform the duties for which they were incorporated, or that the purposes for which they were incorporated were originally, or have been declared by subsequent enactments to be illegal, immoral, or superstitious. Such, I will venture to say, is the principle of the law of England in respect to corporations; and even if a lawyer could devise any plea in derogation of it, I am quite sure that there is no Englishman, of plain understanding, who would not proclaim his assent to the reasonableness of that principle.’

A bill for the admission of Dissenters to degrees in the Universities was in the sequel rejected in the Lords by a large majority; so that the Church of England has received a respite—but that is probably all. Already Lord Brougham has been candid enough to tell us, that the attack upon these chartered bodies is to be renewed. We hope, however, that the nation, which has already shown some instinctive alarm at the danger which thus threatened the establishment, and through it, religion itself, will be still better informed of the nature and extent of that danger before another session, and, therefore, still better prepared to interpose for the preservation of both. In order to contribute our mite to this consummation, and believing that our pages are read by many whom the disputation which has been carried on at head-quarters may not have reached, we propose to draw the attention of the *uninitiated*, and those only, to a few arguments which may serve to show them the magnitude of the matter at issue; that the question is not to be regarded by the public as a mere struggle for and against

against privilege between certain interested corporations and certain disinterested politicians; but is a great national question—one in which every father and mother in England who have sons to bring up, nay, in which even the very poorest of our people, have a very deep stake.

We shall not spend or waste much time on the mere historical question, whether Dissenters were excluded from degrees before the time of James I. However, as the appeal has been made in this instance to antiquity, by a party from whom it would have scarcely been expected, a word may be said to show that it is not here, as indeed it seldom is, on their side.* The royal mandates of James might, and did, serve to render the exclusion more clear and imperative, but it obtained already; though the insignificance of Dissenters up to that time (the Roman Catholics excepted), and the laxity of church discipline under Archbishop Grindal, caused it to be a matter of no great notoriety. For it must be remembered that the Dissenters had not taken a shape much before the time of James. They owed their origin to the ultra-reformers, to such men as Hooper and Bradford; cherished indeed, by intercourse with Geneva; and were for many years merely the extravagant antagonists of the Church of Rome. But they were as yet no seceders from the Reformed Church; they

* We discover, by a paper in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, which we had not seen till this article was in type, that the advocates of the Dissenters' claims have retreated further back into time, and are for decomposing, to a certain extent, the Universities into those original elements out of which their present construction arose—*occulto velut arbor ævo*—and to which latter, the inconveniences which subsisted under the old plan probably gave occasion. We may remark, in passing, that it is something like an acknowledgment that their case breaks down under them, when they can find no position for their argument which it suits them to occupy, short of a period when colleges were not yet in existence, and when a Dissenter (to make provision for whom we are thus labouring, and for nothing whatever else) was altogether unknown. But if facility be given for the formation of *Halls*, as it is proposed, once more on the primitive plan, for the reception of Dissenters, and which should go on concurrently with the colleges, the boom, we apprehend, would not be at all satisfactory to the parties for whose convenience it is devised. Such *Halls*, without endowment, consisting almost exclusively of poor and plebeian students (we do not use the word in any offensive sense), and who would come up to the University for the most part from very inferior schools, would present a most galling contrast (brought, as they thus would be, into close comparison with their rivals) to the opulent colleges, adorned by men of the highest rank in the land, and whose station gives dignity to the whole body, and filled with sound scholars educated at the best schools in England. Add to all this, that the intercourse between the colleges and halls, which might serve to qualify these invidious distinctions, would assuredly be next to nothing; the internal economy of the halls having little in it which would assimilate with that of the colleges, and no school-friendships, in all probability, having been formed between the members of the two institutions, which might be continued at the University, and brace them together. The inmates of the halls would thus find themselves a strange and inferior caste, and whatever generous spirits they contained would feel the position in which their ill-judging friends had placed them, one of great mortification and annoyance.

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received its orders, subscribed its articles, read its liturgy, occupied its pulpits; though they would have been glad to carry their opposition to everything papal farther than the more moderate party who prevailed approved. From enemies of the Church of Rome, they did not slide into enemies of the Church of England, at least not into open enemies, till towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth. The first demonstration they made seems to have been in 1572, when a Presbytery was erected at Wandsworth in Surrey, for as yet they had confined themselves to private meetings in London; this, however, was stealthy. In 1583, a Book of Discipline was drawn up, calculated, no doubt, to disturb the economy of the Church—for it insisted that no man should present himself to the bishop for ordination, till he had received a call from a congregation, and till the class to which he belonged had been made acquainted with the call, who should order his farther proceedings at their pleasure—together with some other provisions of a similar tendency—but still it was to the Bishop that he was to apply. The authority of the Church was still, therefore, recognised. The party, however, crept on; and the country was by degrees divided into sections and organised,—the details of which are given in Archbishop Bancroft's book, entitled '*Dangerous Positions*,' &c. County classes, provincial synods, and a national synod, were the machinery of this confederacy. But all was done clandestinely; nor were the proceedings discovered, till some intercepted letters, in 1590, put the queen's ecclesiastical commissioners in possession of the secret, who took their measures accordingly to suppress them. The party do not, however, at this time, appear to have exceeded a hundred thousand persons; such being the number of names which a leader of their own thought it possible to collect throughout England for a puritan petition of grievances*—an estimate of their forces, if we consider the quarter from which it came, probably not understated. They evidently were not as yet a marked body; for Shakspeare barely alludes to them, who would have been likely to do more had the character been quotidian; and though Ben Jonson, in the '*Alchemist*,' sketches one or two of them off with a very graphic and caustic pen, introducing in a few strokes most of those features for which they were afterwards remarkable, yet his was a picture of them under James I., (for he has frequent allusions to the exiles at Amsterdam,) by which time nobody denies that they were conspicuous; that they had formally arrayed themselves against the Church; and, accordingly, mandates of a precise and stringent nature were passed by that prince for Cambridge, in order to

* *Dangerous Positions*, p. 137.

exclude them still more explicitly from that learned body. The remedy, therefore, was prescribed, as soon as the disease had sufficiently manifested itself to call for the doctor.

We come to the same conclusions, from a consideration of the internal evidence yielded by the *ecclesiastical* literature of the country during this period. Jewel's 'Apology,' published in 1562, was clearly the work of an author not having such a party as the Puritans in his thoughts, or at least the lengths they would go, or the line of reasoning they would adopt; otherwise, probably, he would have guarded his arguments more carefully than he has done, which are often such as the Puritans might, and afterwards did, employ against the Establishment itself. But his mind was full of the Pope, and he did not foresee, sagacious as he was, that some of the weapons with which he beats him down, might in turn be wielded against the Church of which he himself was a bishop—otherwise he would have sometimes trod more delicately; for though Jewel was liberal, he never meant to be lax. After him came Hooker, by whose time we perceive that the subject of ecclesiastical controversy had shifted from the Roman Catholic to the Puritan question. He did not publish till towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, and the progress which the Puritan cause had made during the thirty years which had elapsed since the 'Apology' is manifest. He does not wage war, as we have said, with the Roman Catholic, rather the contrary, but with the Precisian. And what is more, the fifth book of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' published in 1597, which was not written till some years after the four first books, gives token, we suspect, that even in that interval non-conformity had advanced—for whereas he appears to have thought, when composing his former books, that it was possible the controversy might be brought to a peaceable issue,* in the latter he predicts the probable downfall of the Church, and within the space allotted to the age of man:—'The time thereof may peradventure fall out to be *threescore and ten years*, or if strength do serve unto fourscore, what followeth is *likely to be small joy for them whosoever they be that behold it.*'† The event did come to pass even as he foreboded from the signs of his own times, and in twenty years less than the shorter period he had assigned for it.

James, therefore, like Hooker, took the alarm, and gave protection to Cambridge, now that he saw the nonconformist was likely to prove formidable to the peace of that society. Not that he did much more by his mandates than express at a critical moment his own determination to stand by the exclusive prin-

* Eccles. Pol. b. i. § 16. and b. ii. init.

† Eccl. Pol. b. v. § 79.

ciples which his predecessor had sanctioned for the government of the universities—for other statutes there were, both national and academical, already passed since the Reformation, which, though chiefly directed against the Roman Catholics, incidentally touched the Puritans too. The Act of Uniformity was one of these, which, inasmuch as it was binding upon the whole country, was binding upon the universities: by this, the use of any other service besides that of the Common-Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments was forbid, and attendance on the same every Sunday enjoined, under penalties and pains. Then, by one of the university statutes, Queen Elizabeth required ‘the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper to be administered in every college on the first day of term;’* and by another, she prohibited ‘all persons from preaching or teaching publicly or otherwise within the university, anything whatever against the religion received and established by public authority in her kingdom, or against any part of the same.’† And still we find her legislating in the same spirit for a particular college (Trinity), where she required ‘the deans to see that all the fellows, scholars, pensioners, and sizars, attended on Sundays, and holidays, morning and evening prayers, the *holy communion* and the sermon;‡ and ordaining, that ‘if any one of the fellows, scholars, or others, living within the college, be convicted of heresy, or of a probable suspicion of heresy, &c., he be ejected from the college without previous notice.’§ Yet we are assured by the member for Cambridge town (Mr. Pryme), says Mr. Wordsworth, who makes these triumphant quotations from the university and college statutes, that ‘in the time of Elizabeth and Edward VI., as it had been remarked by his honourable colleague, there was no exclusion of any class!’ On the contrary, it appears that rigid conformity to the Church of England was exacted of every member of the university under Elizabeth—that laws both public and private were provided adequate to enforce such conformity—and

* ‘Primo uniuscujusque Termini die fractio panis et sacrosancta communio celebratur in singulis collegiis.’—Statuta Reg. Eliz. c. 50. Univ. Stat.

† ‘Prohibemus ne quisquam in concione aliquâ, in loco communi tractando, in lectionibus publicis, seu aliter publicè intra universitatem nostram quicquam doceat, tractet vel defendat contra Religionem seu ejusdem aliquam partem in regno nostro publicâ auctoritate receptam et stabilitam.’—Stat. Reg. Eliz. c. 45. Univ. Stat.

‡ ‘Decani videant ut omnes socii, discipuli, pensionarii, sisatores, et subsisatores diebus festis et Dominicis precibus matutinis et vespertinis supplicationibus, *sacrae communioni* et concionibus . . . intersint.’—Stat. Eliz. c. 5. Trin. Coll. Stat.

§ ‘Statuimus et ordinamus, siquis sociorum aut discipulorum aliorumve intra collegium vitam degentium hæreseos aut probabilis suspicionis hæreseos convictus sit, sine ullâ monitione collegio omnino privetur.’—Stat. Eliz. c. 38. Trin. Coll.

that if they sometimes slumbered, so that Cartwright, for instance, and his followers, were permitted to make head, (though he was at length expelled, a proof that there was already law enough to reach him,) it was probably by reason of that general relaxation of discipline which obtained, as we have said, under the primate of those days—rather than from any positive want of legal control; whilst, at the same time, as the Puritan spirit more distinctly developed itself, James might well consider it consistent with sound policy to back the decrees of Elizabeth by a word of his own.

We have written at greater length than we intended, on a part of the question which we do not after all think of much consequence; the main point for our determination being, whether the restrictions, even supposing them to have had their origin with James, were not at first imposed for a good reason, and ought not for the same good reason still to be retained. We now, therefore, turn to the practical view of the subject, as the one in which we are concerned.

If you unchurch your universities you must unchristianize them—is the country prepared to do this? The Dissenters have scruples against our doctrine and discipline—their consciences must be relieved. But the mere exemption from signing the articles cannot suffice for this purpose, whilst there are *theological lectures* delivered by churchmen, which they must attend, and *daily services* of the Church, in which they must partake. Conceive a lecturer engaged in expounding the Gospel of St. John—a Gospel expressly written to refute erroneous notions of the nature of Christ, and to teach that he was ‘very God of very God’—a Gospel, to the interpretation of which, according to us, this is the very key—how is he to proceed with his Socinian pupils? for he must not for the world wound their consciences by compelling them to listen to a doctrine which they abhor. Is he to adopt the text of the ‘Improved Version of the New Testament,’ and cast a suspicion upon the genuineness of every passage too stubborn to be mistranslated? Is he, with that version, to render John i. 10,—ὁ κόσμος δι’ αὐτοῦ ἐγενετο—‘the world was *enlightened* by him;’ or this quotation, which is repeatedly made from the Psalms in other parts of Scripture,—ὁὶός μου εἶ σύ, ἐγὼ σήμερον γενένηκα σε—‘Thou art my Son, this day have I *adopted* thee?’ How is he to deal with St. Paul’s Epistles, and yet observe due complaisance to the same auditors, believing as he does from his heart that they teach as plainly as words can the doctrines of original sin, justification by faith in Christ, and the influence of the Holy Spirit? Is he to be ever on the look-out, and blink such chapters and verses as he may conceive to be offensive to one or other

other of his class? What if he be taken by surprise, and suddenly come upon the text, 'I suffer not a woman to teach,' and then bethinks him that he has at his elbow a young Ranter or Quaker? Or upon the passage which represents the man who speaks and prays in an unknown tongue in the church, as a 'barbarian,' and then observes by his side a Roman Catholic—perhaps an Irishman too—who might consider the appellation personal? What if he has convinced himself by an accurate study of the internal testimony which Scripture bears to the point, as well as by the writings of Ignatius and other early fathers, that the Episcopal form of Church government is the Apostolical form, and then undertakes to explain the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, without offence, to a bench of juvenile Presbyterians?

And if it be contended that, in point of fact, the lectures delivered in our colleges (at least in Cambridge) do not take so ample a range through the New Testament as we here suppose, it is obvious to reply that it is next to impossible for a lecturer to handle even the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, without passing in review the several articles both of doctrine and ecclesiastical polity, which Scripture, as a whole, is thought to establish, seeing that the germ of them all, perhaps without exception, is discoverable in those portions of Scripture, however they may be more fully developed in the Epistles. And, indeed, that such has been the practice of Mr. Evans, the tutor of Trinity College, to whom this department of instruction has been confided, appears from the detail of his own lectures which he has felt himself called upon to state by the turn the controversy has taken. Whilst his text was only the Diatesseron and the Acts, he fetched a compass and gave dissertations, amongst other subjects, upon the Canon of Scripture, the Logos, the Lamb of God, the Son of God, the Sons of God, Justification, Sanctification, Election with reference to the several articles of the Church, Baptism, Regeneration, Confirmation, the Eucharist, Prophecy, Miracles, the Lord's Day, Church Government. Nor is it to be believed that he or any man could throw the same spirit into any one of these lectures, if he had composed it under a sense that there were certain parts of Scripture put under ban; and that the restraints of his position, whether actually prescribed, or only dictated by delicacy towards the hearers he was addressing, deprived him of the use of either of his hands.

Or suppose that the subject of the lecture is not Scripture, but some work on the evidences—where is the unhappy tutor to find one to his purpose? It is not easy to meet with a book written in a more catholic spirit than Bishop Butler's 'Analogy,' as it is impossible to find one so well fitted to settle the faith of intelligent

gent youths whose studies may lay their minds open to sceptical objections—but then, suggests Mr. Wordsworth, how is the chapter, perhaps the most convincing of all, ‘On the Appointment of a Mediator and Redeemer,’ to be handled, meant as it is to uphold such a dispensation? Will not the Socinian again have reason to complain that he is made to listen to one-sided arguments, on a subject which is an abomination to him? Or if ‘Paley’s Evidences’ be taken up by the lecturer,—for again we choose for our illustration the work of a man of a very catholic spirit, and one whose authority is often appealed to by liberal thinkers—there will be found a great deal in it which it must be a grievance to a great many to hear. His remarks on the Canon of Scripture, on the Apocryphal books, on the miracles of the Apostles, as contrasted with those reputed to have been wrought in a later age, would not, for example, be satisfactory to the Romanist—nor yet his quotations which go to prove the inspiration of Scripture, to the Rationalist. It must be remembered that the parties concerned have already given token of the highly sensitive state of their consciences, by their conscientious, not pecuniary, objections to the payment of church-rates; to living in the same island (for that is all they are required to do) with a Church establishment; and to receiving the blessing of a minister in the marriage service, because he professes his own belief in the Trinity. It is obvious that men whose moral sensibilities are thus keen cannot feel otherwise than painfully alive to the least shock of orthodoxy, which might be even inadvertently imparted to them by the unwary lecturer.

But it is said that these non-conformists will be few; that the usual lectures of orthodox divinity might be still continued for the benefit of the great body of the students, who will be still, it is presumed, members of the Church of England—and that a special lecture of a less exclusive character might be devoted to the rest. We should like to see the kind of dissertation which it is proposed that some liberal-minded doctor should draw up for a group of stripling Socinians, Roman Catholics, and Jews—one which, although duly conveying to them his notions of Revelation, shall not violate the conscience of a man amongst them all. We do not envy the recollections which that person would be laying up for himself, who, holding deliberate opinions upon what he believed the most vital of all questions, could reconcile it to himself to suppress those opinions, and let the youth of a Christian country depart from his lecture-room, with as much religious edification as they would have received, if Jupiter were yet God, and Socrates in the professor’s chair. We apprehend, indeed, that after a trial or two the task would be abandoned in despair, and the

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motley class be left to themselves, and spared the infliction of lectures that must be so worthless. But then we tremble for the orthodoxy of the more numerous division of students, who, upon finding that a man had only to profess dissent in order to evade the lecture, would be likely to start scruples as sincere as many others now afloat; and when next admonished by their tutor for absenting themselves from his chambers, would be each provided with the unanswerable defence; 'Sir, I have scruples; I lay revolving them in my bed this morning whilst you were lecturing; but all to no purpose; they were stubborn.'

All *divinity lectures*, therefore, must soon cease. But how would it fare with the daily *services* of the Church? What public form of worship for the college chapel could be devised, in which this strange congregation could participate? Could a devout believer in the Godhead of the Saviour, who most thankfully remembered his Cross and Passion, and had no other hope for himself than what it yielded, consent to take a share in devotions from which these cardinal doctrines were excluded; and must not the simple Humanitarian demand their exclusion, being, as they would be to him, mere fictions? How could Protestant and Roman Catholic kneel at the same altar, when the latter would not allow the minister (if he were of the former persuasion) to be a priest, nor the communion of the body and blood of Christ at his hands to be a sacrament, nor his fellow-worshipper to be within the pale of salvation? Possibly a service might be devised such as would not positively exasperate either party, and such a service, it is singular enough, Sir T. More does sketch out in his Utopia—*nullæ concipiuntur preces, quas non pronuntiare quivis inoffensâ suâ sectâ possit*;* but, by assigning it to a commonwealth where silver and gold were to be reduced to contempt, by serving for hand-cuffs and the vilest utensils; precious stones to be disparaged in like manner, by being made children's toys; and where it was to be the special duty of magistrates and priests to exhort the aged and infirm members of the community to deliver society of an incumbance by self-destruction—the chancellor shows how practicable he thought his own ritual.

Upon the whole, therefore, the opinion of the London University, to be found in the Introduction to the Calendar of that learned body for the year 1832, is sound and good; and we thank Mr. Goulburn for teaching us that word; for in his speech, we believe, on the Cambridge petition, it was first exhumed. 'It is manifestly impossible,' we there read, 'to provide a course of professional education for the ministers of religion of those con-

* Lib. ii. sub. fin.

gregations who do not belong to the Established Church. It is equally impossible to institute *theological lectures* for the instruction of lay students of different religious persuasions, which would not be liable to grave objections. Still less is it practicable to introduce *any religious observances* that would be generally complied with. We will not weaken such authority by a syllable of comment.

The college chapel, therefore, must be closed. But this is considered no evil, and by Mr.—now Lord—Stanley too, who is reported to have ‘unhesitatingly expressed his dissent from the compulsory attendance of students, morning and evening, in the chapel of the college.’ There are many persons in the House of Commons from whom we should have expected such a sentiment, but this statesman was not of the number. If attendance were not compulsory we all know it would soon cease, as it has ceased in all parish churches where prayers were once daily. Young men, and old men too, need urging to the discharge of duties, the obligation of which is fully acknowledged nevertheless. Such is human nature, the corruption of which is overlooked in so many of the civil, political, and above all, ecclesiastical speculations of the day, which usually proceed upon the supposition that we have only to be convinced of what is right, to do it—as though there was no indolence to retard, or passion to disturb us. Whatever may be the motives, and they are probably of a mixed kind, (as they are upon most occasions,) by which youths in a college chapel are gathered together, this we must say, that we do not observe more reverential behaviour in any place of worship than there. God only can search the heart; but as far as man can judge, the undergraduates are as much under the impression, that they are met in God’s house to render to him an offering of prayer and praise, as any congregation elsewhere—and a more interesting spectacle we do not know, which it could not be if there was in it any tincture of irreverence, than that presented to the eye of a casual visiter of our universities, in the chapel of a great college—the flower of the land before him—the hope of England—coupled with the reflection which the place where they are assembled suggests, that the generation to whom the chief interests of the country in every department are to be soon confided, are thus taught betimes to have the fear of God before their eyes. We know no parish church where a greater proportion of the congregation partakes of the communion than in the college chapel, though this is altogether a voluntary act—nor any parish church where the benches are better filled than in the university church, though attendance there, again, is altogether voluntary—to say nothing of the number of under-

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graduates dispersed through the several places of worship in the town, in some of which, indeed, they form a substantial part of the assembly. These are facts which bespeak that the young men in general, whatever may be the case with a few of Mr. Beverley's friends, do attend the chapels of their respective colleges, with such feelings as the founders of those colleges hoped to cherish in them; and yet, for all that, it may be necessary, in order to the establishment of the habit and its continuance, to adopt the practice which has Scripture for its warrant, though statesmen may dissent from it, 'and *compel* them to come in;' and these are facts, we will add, which plead very strongly for leaving a system which works so well, alone.

And after all, who or what are the great majority of the young men who are to be relieved from this compulsory resort to the house of God? They are not men of fashion or the sons of such; they are not to be loungers in London, or politicians who will circumvent God, but they are the children of that middle class in which so much of the hardy virtue of the country abides, who have kneeled at their mothers' knees to pray—and sat at their fathers' feet to learn—and been accustomed to offer up, under their own roof, the morning and evening sacrifice, in common with their kindred—and carried with them to college a parent's advice and blessing—and had their good resolutions recruited by communications from their home—and on their return to it have to fall again into the habits of a Christian household—and in very many instances are to end all by becoming themselves the appointed ministers of God's word and sacraments. Such men—and of such a large proportion of the members of the university consists—would still probably yield to the natural indolence, 'the syren sloth' which besets us, and by degrees abandon chapel, if the matter were left entirely to their own option; but they would feel all the while that a *fence* of virtue had been removed when the coercion was withdrawn, and in their riper years most reasonably reproach the authors of its abandonment. If however it be proposed with respect to chapel, as it was with respect to theological lectures, that attendance shall be required of churchmen, whilst another service shall be prepared for nonconformists, the same difficulties present themselves as before. The impossibility of framing a service—as the impossibility of framing a lecture—which shall suit all palates, from the Romanist to the Jew, must cause the relinquishment of the attempt, and the consequent exemption of the Dissenter from compulsory attendance at any form of worship whatever; and then, as before, when an idler is summoned by the dean for absence from chapel, he will be at liberty to plead, especially on winter mornings, that he has again discovered in
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himself scruples, and can no longer consent to do violence to his conscience. We may have stated the case somewhat broadly; but, state it how we will, it must be perceived that no discipline can be maintained where there are such loop-holes for a breach of it.

It has, however, been said that the Dissenters will still be few in number—that they will continue to bear so insignificant a proportion to the whole body of students, that they may be safely thrown out of the reckoning, as a disturbing force, in contemplating a great experiment like the present. We have shown the practical evils which would accrue from a recognition of any number of them as students, however small. But is it so sure that they will not thrive under encouragement? They are to be admitted to degrees—therefore, to votes in the Senate-House; for it would be invidious, indeed, to pass a law for their special exclusion from privileges to which a degree naturally entitles. Now a clause in the Act of Uniformity might perhaps serve to keep them out of the field as candidates for professorships; but would they long acquiesce in this bar to their pretensions? Would they be long satisfied with being permitted to confer their suffrages upon churchmen for such offices of academical trust, distinction, and influence? Will it not be a hardship at least as substantial as many a one against which they have clamoured so loudly, that they must be compelled to elect a man whose sentiments they abominate? Having once granted them degrees you have stamped them with your approval; and with what show of justice can you shut them out from your professorships, at least from such as laymen are qualified to hold, which are many? For will not the stock-arguments be again set in array? ‘What! exclude a man from the chair of Botany or Astronomy, because he rejects the Articles! What has a confession of faith to do with the management of a telescope or the dissection of a dandelion? Really such antiquated notions are a little too bad for the nineteenth century!’ Such sentiments, started by a liberal party in the University, if there happened to be one, echoed by their liberal mouth-pieces in parliament, and enforced by their liberal friends in London, who might be ready to fill the Cambridge and Oxford coaches at a day’s warning, and swamp the opposition of the resident members—might eventually lift the Nonconformist into the chair of the professor, and give him an opportunity, if he pleased, of distilling much leprous heterodoxy into the secure ear of his auditors even whilst descanting on matters the most foreign.

Mr. Mühlensfels, a German professor in the London University, delivers a course of lectures to the students of that institution, in the

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the year 1829. The 'Introduction' to these lectures (forming in itself a part of the course) he has published; and our attention has been drawn to it by the well-argued pamphlet of Mr. Pearson, in which it is examined at some length. The subject, we should inform our readers, on which the professor proposes to hold forth, is 'German Literature.' What can be more innocent? The scene of the lectures, we may add, a university professing not infidelity, but the absence of religion—and the audience, a number of beardless boys.

We should be very sorry to misrepresent Professor Mühlenfels—and really his dissertation is so hazy, that it is possible we may discover objects of alarm in it which do not in truth exist. It will be found, however, that these lectures on *German Literature* involve a sketch of the Reformation, and even of the character of the Mosaic writings. Now, certain it is that he speaks of Luther as even inspired by the Divine Spirit (131)—as an instrument of Providence—as under a Divine impulse (138). Yet the inference we might have drawn from such expressions becomes qualified, when we perceive it hinted, that, in adopting and stamping with his authority High German as a language, Luther was *also* led by 'a certain inspiration' (145); and when the proof of the Divine Spirit being in a man is made to consist in its leaving traces which endure through all eternity (151),—a test which would apply to Homer just as well as to St. Paul. We know not, therefore, in what sense we are to consider the Sacred Volume as 'inspired' (146), whilst we meet with such passages in Professor Mühlenfels' as the following:—

'If we trace the history of mankind to its earliest dawn, where it disengages itself from *mythology*—if we inquire into the historical documents of each separate people which by language and literature has transmitted its records to posterity—we find *mythology and tales* to be the dark commencement of *all* history; with which, indeed, they are so interwoven, that the criticism of modern commentators was requisite, in order properly to distinguish between mythology and actual history. Witness the Roman, Jewish, and northern histories, where this process has been successfully pursued by such eminent scholars as Niebuhr, De Wytte, Gesenius, and Geijer.'—p. 6.

Again,—

'It is an undeniable fact that the Jewish people became, in the hands of Providence, the means of sustaining that pure and genuine creed of a single and omnipotent God, which had been gradually lost in the other nations of the world, amidst the increase of immorality. But it is equally certain that they soon fashioned their God after their own idea. In their rude stubbornness, their pride and contempt for other nations, the Jews wanted a national god, and they formed one for themselves. The hierarchy of the Levites was gradually confirmed by

by laws EMANATING FROM SACERDOTAL INFLUENCE; and the Almighty Jehovah, strong, powerful, and severe in his punishments, seemed in the eyes of the priests a necessary authority, in order to bridle the stubborn and selfish people.'—p. 9.

Once more—the professor is illustrating the history of mankind by the history of an individual:—

'I may here allude to the fact,' he observes, 'as forming a characteristic feature of the boyhood of mankind, that all those nations of antiquity which are mentioned in history were distinguished by their disregard, or rather contempt, for other nations: A child cannot establish the worth of others—reflection never leads it from self-application; but, in consequence of the predominance of its sensual nature, it seeks for the exclusive possession of enjoyments, praises its received and self-acquired advantages, and longs for those pertaining to others. With the exception of the Romans, this egotism is more perceptible in the Jews than in any other people. They regarded the Pagans as the rejected children of Jehovah; and it is remarkable how similar national feeling and mythology are upon this point.'—p. 10.

According to the same conceit, the literature of the Hindoos is said to betray the child; that of the Jews (whereby is meant the Old Testament) the boy, 'though bordering more on the juvenile' (11); but that of the Greeks, the beauty and vigour of youth. Then, it seems, 'the first poets are priests; the premisses (?) of poetry, in all nations, are *Epic songs* celebrating the deeds of gods, as fancy and feeling prompt the poet' (92). Whereupon the poetry of the Hindoos, Hebrews, and Greeks, is passed in review, and of the second in this order it is said,—

'In the literature of the Israelites this Epic character is likewise preponderating. The Pentateuch, at least the first book, and the greater part of the second, is a grand *epos* of the loftiest character, in the style in which a child would speak of the exploits of his ancestors—of the love and of the anger of his fathers. The character of objectiveness is everywhere apparent. The descriptions of the plagues in Egypt; of the passage through the Red Sea; of the journey through the deserts; are all related in the highest epic style,' &c.—p. 101.

And this is lecturing upon German literature! Surely, the old universities may be excused if they look with some jealousy upon national education conducted in such a spirit—the youth of the country kidnapped into scepticism, under the mask of the belles lettres.

But to return to the question before us. Other inroads of the Dissenters may be easily foreseen. The Cambridge petitioners do not advocate any interference with the statutes of the colleges—colleges, therefore, are for the present to be allowed to close the door against the admission of nonconformists to fellowships.

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Mr. Wordsworth, indeed, makes it matter of some doubt whether a liberal interpretation of the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, would not already render a graduated Dissenter eligible in that society. But, however that may be, must not this barrier, whatever it is, like that by which the professorships are protected, give way before the spirit they are creating? Suppose a Dissenter to take the highest honours; let him be senior wrangler and medalist, or double first class-man; with what grace can his college turn him adrift on the world without a provision, whilst it is at the same moment admitting to its preferments persons altogether his inferiors—persons whom, in fact, he has distanced in the race of academical renown? Here you have a youth, it will be said, who has satisfied all your own tests of merit to the uttermost—his talents rare, his industry unwearied, his acquirements vast, his character spotless; but because, in addition to these his many virtues, he has the misfortune to have a conscience and will not strain it by subscription, you expel him from your body as an unclean thing, and bid him seek his fortune where he can. It is easy to imagine the blasts of Alecto which will be sounded upon this subject by all the popular organs of the day—from the hustings—from the House of Commons—from the newspaper office. Now we ask of those who, whilst they advocate the Dissenters' claims to degrees in the university, profess to be altogether opposed to their invasion of college patronage, where is the wisdom of thus driving the colleges into a corner—placing them in a position which cannot fail of exposing them to public obloquy—and putting arguments into your adversaries' hands, which they must be clumsy, indeed, if they cannot wield so as soon to batter your selfish and prejudiced ordinances (as they will be called) about your ears? Oh! but you will then have set yourselves on the vantage-ground, will be the reply—you will have made all the concessions which can in reason be demanded; and if the Dissenters will not be satisfied with these, but still cry 'give, give,' you will unite all parties against them, and down they will be put with a strong hand. Alas! and just so were we coaxed into Catholic emancipation. Give the Catholics seats in Parliament, it was contended, which is nothing but an act of justice, and if they shall dare to abuse their power to work the downfall of the Establishment, wo be to them! then will you find us rise up indignantly in its defence as one man. Was the danger overrated, and has the pledge been redeemed?

Besides—the students being exempted from all subscription, the conventional standard of orthodoxy will be lowered—those peculiar sentiments which characterize the Church of England, and which are believed to have Scripture for their warrant, will be relaxed,

relaxed. A change will pass over the spirit of the universities, which will materially affect churchmen—they will be no longer what is called sound churchmen, and out of these will you have to draft your fellows and professors. Will the cause of dissent reap no advantage from the lukewarm character of the men opposed to it—champions of the church neither cold nor hot—and who might mistake the feelings of a Gallio for those of a philosopher?

It is our belief, therefore, that after the concessions proposed, not a great many years would elapse before the universities would be made up of a multitude of sects, amongst which the Church of England would be but as one. Time was when it would have been at once acknowledged an evil that things should come to this pass—as it would have been acknowledged an evil that circumstances should compel the discontinuance of daily prayers in the chapel—and having brought our argument to such a point, in either case, it would have been regarded as a *reductio ad absurdum*, and there would have been no need to proceed with it farther. Now things are altered; and there are many, perhaps a majority, of our present representatives, who would see no great harm in the condition of the universities being what we have described—that they should be the receptacles of all manner of rival sects, and should accordingly possess all manner of rival lecturers. But we are afraid that the practical working of such a system (if it deserves the name) would be fatal both to *literature* and *religion*. Lord Bacon, in a passage quoted by Mr. Wordsworth, containing a happy application of a classical image, professes to be of the opinion that the cause of *learning* is promoted by peace rather than contention.

‘The works which concern the learned,’ says that great man, ‘are foundations and buildings, endowments with revenues, franchises and privileges, institutions and ordinances for government, *all tending to quietness and privateness of life*, and discharge of cares and troubles, much like the stations which Virgil prescribes for the hiving of bees—

“Principio sedes apibus statioque petenda
Quo neque sit ventis aditus; nam pabula venti
Ferre domum prohibent.”

Nothing can be more propitious to the advancement of literature and science than the present construction of the universities. There exists an amicable but most stimulating rivalry amongst the members of each college individually, and collectively amongst the colleges themselves; there is a common consent touching the object proposed for the attainment of students, the means of attaining it, and the value of it when attained; and there is an implicit

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implicit reliance on the impartiality of the judges, who are known indeed to feel a deep interest in the candidates, but are utterly exempt from all imputation of acting under party prejudice or in heat of blood. Would it be favourable to the cause of literature to convert this peaceable scene into an arena on which factions might fight, and intrigues wriggle themselves out, and all the angry and rancorous passions of sectaries explode? Would you sow your Universities with seeds of mutual suspicion, jealousy, or distrust, and promote an everlasting struggle above ground and under ground amongst a score confederacies for the precedence of their members; so that the very fountain of your honours should be poisoned, and wranglers, and medalists, and class-men, be made, or be supposed to be made, which would be almost as bad, under the predominant influence of an Independent, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian star?

With respect to *religion*—how that would fare under such a system—what would be the declension of faith in the leading doctrines of the Gospel—we are not left to determine by mere conjecture. The Regius Professor of Divinity in Cambridge, himself habituated to that philosophy which builds its conclusions on experiment, and distrustful of theories which he thinks must be bad indeed not to become plausible when recommended by ingenious and eloquent men, has put forth a clear, calm, and temperate pamphlet, of which the words are weighed, wherein the whole question is reduced to the test of actual experience. Accordingly, he traces with great care through a period of sixty years, and with Dissenters for his authorities, that there may be no room to charge him with misrepresentation of facts, the working of an establishment conducted upon this liberal plan, and on a large scale, in the academy instituted by Dr. Doddridge at Northampton, and removed after his death to Daventry. Dr. Doddridge, the founder, was himself in the main orthodox—a believer in the Trinity and the Atonement—and the will of Mr. Coward, of whose bequest for the education of dissenting ministers this academy availed itself, seeming, as it did, to meet the views of the testator, actually required that they should be instructed in the doctrines of the Gospel, according as the same are explained in *the Assembly's Catechism*. Nothing, therefore, could be farther from Socinian than the institution in its origin. But it was open to all comers—no subscription was required; and many Arian and Socinian pupils did resort to it—a fact of which Dr. Doddridge was aware, and a fact which told upon his lectures; for though his own views were to a considerable degree Calvinistic, he never assumed, we are informed by Dr. Kippis, himself an Unitarian, the character of a dogmatist, but represented the arguments and referred

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to the authorities on both sides, and left the students to judge for themselves. After a while assistants are wanted; the same liberality which admitted students of all creeds was extended to the teachers—indeed, the supply was accommodated, as it was natural it should be, to the demand, and the assistants were Arians, at the least. Thus did Dr. Doddridge, himself, as we have said, a believer in the Trinity and Atonement, and Mr. Coward's trustees, instructed to promote the principles of the Assembly's Catechism, contrive by their liberality to send out of their academy a number of young ministers, respecting whom it was a matter of uncertainty whether they really had any positive opinions at all on some of the most momentous points that can occupy the attention of mankind, at no small danger to the faith of entire congregations committed to their charge. The same lax principles continued to operate after the death of Dr. Doddridge. There was a Trinitarian tutor in Dr. Ashworth, and an Arian sub-tutor in Mr. Clark; and Dr. Priestley, himself a student there for three years during this period, describes the beneficial effects of their plan of proceeding in the following glowing terms. The passage occurs in the memoirs of his own life.

'In my time the academy was in a state peculiarly favourable to the serious pursuit of truth, as the students were about equally divided upon every question of much importance—such as liberty and necessity, the sleep of the soul, and all the articles of theological orthodoxy and heresy; in consequence of which all these topics were the subjects of continual discussion. Our tutors also were of different opinions; Dr. Ashworth taking the orthodox side of every question, and Mr. Clark, the sub-tutor, that of heresy, though always with great modesty.'

Dr. Priestley was himself a believer, in his own way, and peace be to his memory! but we apprehend he made more sceptics than most men of his time, and for that result, probably, this academy was in a great measure answerable. To Mr. Clark succeeded a Mr. Robins as sub-tutor, who is spoken of as an able man, but his peculiar religious sentiments do not fully appear. They were probably, however, like those of Mr. Clark, for in a memoir of Mr. Thomas Toller, a dissenting minister, a student at Daventry in his time, and much attached to Mr. Robins, we are told, by Robert Hall, that as he grew riper in years, 'that generality in his statements of revealed truth which was the consequence of his education at Daventry, and which almost invariably characterised the pupils of that seminary, totally disappeared, and he attained to all the riches of the full assurance of the mystery of God the Father and of Christ.'

From assistant, Mr. Robins was promoted to principal tutor in

1775,

1775, an office which he retained to 1781, and then made way for Mr. Belsham, who had already been a student there, and who turned out at last a complete Unitarian of the modern school; so much so, that having some misgivings as to his fitness for executing Mr. Coward's will, which required the doctrines of the Assembly's Catechism to be taught, he in his turn abandoned this ill-fated academy; not, however, before his mode of conducting the lectures—which was to give the comments of Trinitarian, Arian, and Unitarian expositors, upon each controverted text, and leave them to make their own impression—had caused 'many of his pupils, and of those some of the best talents, and closest application, and the most serious dispositions, who had been educated in all the habits and prepossessions of Trinitarian doctrine, to become Unitarians,'—a result at which he professes his surprise and mortification.—Such was the progress of the Northampton and Daventry academy (university, it would in these days be called) during the period we have said; and the review of its operations on the whole, the Regius Professor prefers giving in the words of the memoir to which we have already referred. Hall there says:—

'At the time of Mr. Toller's admission into the Daventry Academy, the literary reputation of this seminary was higher than that of any other among the Dissenters; but partly owing to a laxness in the terms of admission, and partly to the admixture of lay and divinity students, combined with the mode in which theology was taught, erroneous principles prevailed much; and the majority of such as were educated there, became more distinguished for their learning, than for the fervour of their piety, or the purity of their doctrine. . . . The celebrated Priestley speaks of the state of the academy while he resided there, with great complacency: nothing, he assures us, could be more favourable to the progress of free inquiry, since both the tutors and the students were about equally divided between the Orthodox and Arian systems. The arguments, by which every possible modification of error is attempted to be supported were carefully marshalled in hostile array against the principles generally embraced; while the theological professor prided himself on the steady impartiality with which he held the balance betwixt the contending systems, seldom or never interposing his own opinion, and still less betraying the slightest emotion—of antipathy to error, or predilection to truth. Thus a spirit of indifference to all religious principles was generated in the first instance, which naturally paved the way for the prompt reception of doctrines indulgent to the corruption, and flattering to the pride, of a depraved and fallen nature. To affirm that Mr. Toller sustained no injury from being exposed at so tender an age to this vortex of unsanctified speculation and debate would be affirming too much, since it probably gave rise to a certain general manner of stating the peculiar doctrines of the gospel which attached chiefly to the

earlier part of his ministry; though it is equally certain that his mind, even when he left the academy, was so far imbued with the grand peculiarities of the gospel, that he never allowed himself to lose sight of the doctrine of the cross, as the only basis of human life.*

In our opinion, this precedent of the regius professor stands fast, notwithstanding the effort that has been made by an able antagonist to set it aside, chiefly on the score that Cambridge is no theological seminary, nor its lectures deserving the name of theological lectures. For as, on the one hand, the academy of Northampton and Daventry was not, as Mr. Thirlwall's argument would seem to require, an exclusively theological seminary—since it had lay as well as clerical students; very copious lectures on what Dr. Doddridge calls pneumatology and ethics—(including, of course, those subjects which Mr. Thirlwall rebukes the Fellow of St. John's, for classing under the head of religious instruction); on the classics for the two first years;† and on mathematics and experimental philosophy;‡ insomuch that Robert Hall, we have seen, speaks of its 'literary reputation' being higher than that of any other of the dissenting academies, at the very time when he is disparaging its theology, and saying that those who were educated there proved rather learned than devout; §—So, on the other hand, Cambridge is not exclusively devoted to letters and science, for it has clerical as well as lay students, and theology forms a much more considerable ingredient in its pursuits than Mr. Thirlwall seems to have been aware. For his statement has been keenly resented by the tutors of many of the colleges, and by none so effectually, though in language extremely temperate, as by the tutor of his own college, to whose counter-statement we have already had occasion to refer. No doubt the study of divinity in Cambridge has of late years increased—is now increasing—and we believe it is the opinion of few, indeed, that it ought to be diminished—the wholesome impulse having been received, not through 'the base arts of a miserable priestcraft,' which has suddenly bestirred itself to perpetuate the exclusion of Dissenters;—though, had this been the case, animated as the Dissenters profess themselves to be by the spirit of the apostle, they would of course have rejoiced that Christ was preached though it were 'even of envy and strife;'—but rather through a conviction which has been gaining strength in the country, that, whilst we have advanced beyond our forefathers in refinement, we have fallen far behind them in Christian knowledge; and that as this ignorance has begun to make itself felt by the bitter waters which have flowed and are flowing from it on all sides, it was high time for the clergy

* See Dr. Kippis's *Life of Dr. Doddridge*, p. 55.

† See Job Orton's *Life of Dr. Doddridge*, ch. vi.

‡ *Works*, iv. 307.

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(through whose hands almost every person of influence in this land passes) to cast the branch into that fountain-head of public opinion, our universities and schools;—for in these latter too the subject of religion has been seriously taken up—here, at least, it will be allowed, under no fear of intrusion from Dissenters—and to make them, what every particular in their construction declares to have been the intention of their founders that they should be—nurseries for men duly qualified to serve God in Church and State. This attempt at national regeneration we trust nothing will occur to frustrate—much less that a dereliction of duty in past times will now be pleaded in bar of all return to it for the future. We know not where we are to stop in our road to ruin, if we make every breach, which culpable neglect may have occasioned, an argument for pulling utterly and altogether down.

We think we have now said enough to justify the assertion with which we set out—that the question before us is one in which every parent in England, who has sons to educate, has a deep stake. Surely, he would not desire to have them sent, at the most critical period of their lives, to a place where religion could not be maintained in its integrity—where religious services and religious instructions must be either altogether suppressed or greatly modified—or where religious peace must give way to the polemical disputations of angry boys, who will learn to be sophists first, and sceptics afterwards. Nor is it to parents only that the appeal may be made, but to all; for when it is considered that such is to be the preparation for *sacred orders* too—and that out of these schools—whether of mere secular learning, or of the most *jejune* natural theology, or of wild ‘unsanctified debate,’ according as one system or another might finally happen to prevail—the *parish priest* is to go forth—the question becomes one of great concern to every householder of England, however humble.

We believe that this matter was taken up without due consideration—and that the discussion which it has provoked will open the eyes of many who, at first sight, might have been disposed to abet the measure: Nay, we do not despair of such being the case with many of the Dissenters themselves:—Not indeed with that political and factious body who have of late disgraced the name, and fought with Papists and Infidels a carnal warfare under a tri-colour flag—but with conscientious men amongst them who cleave to the doctrinal articles of our own church as strongly as we do ourselves—and who can scarcely, therefore, wish to see Oxford and Cambridge—the nurseries of the Reformers, and the strongholds ever since of opinions which both they and we consider vital—sink into such spectacles as the academy of Northampton and Daventry.

ART. X.—1. *Dacre, a Novel.* Edited by the Countess of Morley. 3 vols. 8vo., 1834.

2. *Two Old Men's Tales.* 2 vols. 8vo., 1834.

‘OH! YE, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides.’—

—So exclaims the purest and greatest of our living poets. But were it ours to summon the libraries of Herculeaneum to render up their dead, we could conceive ourselves hesitating for a moment between love for the works of art of the ancients and curiosity as to their common life—and doubting whether to raise up again some record stamped with the universality of genius, or preferably some fugitive scrap, or excerpt from a young lady's correspondence, showing what Lyce had to say to Næra touching the new chlamys of Varus, or the toga virilis of Telephus, or telling how Septimius had detected Lydia, and pronounced against her the ‘*Res tuas tibi habeto*,’ and the ‘*Exi ociùs ociùs*’ with which a Roman flirt was rejected upon the wide world. We should doubt whether not to bring to life, in preference to the precious scroll from the pen of Simonides, a Roman novel, if such there were,—a reflection of the volatile peculiarities of the age, which by setting forth the details of the lives of private men, their social transactions, their relations with each other, their talk, their sports, their feelings, might lighten up for us those ancient modes of existence of which our knowledge is so indistinct, and be as it were a torch carried before us amongst the ruins of Time. We can conjure up something like a picture of the senator, the military commander, or the demagogue; but we stand greatly in need of a sort of knowledge which is gone past redemption, to make us feel that we can conceive anything vividly and with the sense of reality concerning the private gentleman, the commonplace member of society, the average man of antiquity; or concerning what may be called the hero of private life—the De Vere, the Trevelyan, or the Dacre of the days of old.

When the present time shall be ancient, will its fashionable novels have wholly perished? Will its newspapers altogether escape the researches of the antiquary? Will the common life of our age be no more distinctly perceived in a remote retrospect than that of older times is by us? The ‘hireling print devoted to the Court’ in which Puddingfield read the announcement of the signature of Magna Charta, ‘when messengers were instantly
dispatched

dispatched to Cardinal Pandulfo, and their Majesties, after partaking of a cold collation, returned to Windsor, and the extract of a letter from Egham, which Beefington found in the same journal, are, alas! the only things of the kind which remain to us from the middle ages; and though hireling prints and letters from Egham might not be so plentiful in those days as they are at present, yet there must have been an abundance of scattered writings connected with private life, and giving token of the times, of which, so far as the earlier of the middle ages is concerned, hardly a specimen remains. We are apprehensive, therefore, that despite the press and all the efforts which it makes—

‘To give

To fluent operations a fixed shape,’

the every-day life that we are now leading will flow on and lose itself in the past, without leaving any much more durable records of what it was, than those which are written in the running stream. If, however, any of these chronicles of fugitive manners and customs were to be built up like a coin or medal at the foundation of some edifice, so to transmit a memorial of our manners to a later time, those manners could not be found in any more vividly or more faithfully portrayed than in ‘Dacre.’

Before we go farther, we have a trifling matter of controversy to adjust with the accomplished person to whom this book is attributed. In an article upon fashionable novels in a former number, we ventured to allege that fashionable life does not present a very interesting aspect of human nature, and that the stronger affections and profounder passions of men are to be found more abundantly in rural retirement; and we quoted Dr. Johnson and the shepherd in Virgil in support of the assertion, that Love is a native of the rocks. We are thus contradicted:—

‘There have been some who think that love is a native of the rocks; but its birth-place matters little, when once it is called into being, for it can thrive alike wherever it is transplanted. It shrouds itself in an atmosphere of its own creation, and sees the surrounding objects through the medium of its own fanciful halo. The existence of colour depends not more on the rays of the sun, than depends the hue which is lent to all that is external, upon the internal feelings of the mind. The bustling scenes of gaiety may appear ill suited to the indulgence of deep feeling; yet the mind which is preoccupied by one absorbing thought has not only an inward attraction that bids defiance to the intrusions of others, but has even the power of converting into aliment all that should tend to destroy its force. The crowds that pass before the eyes of a lover seem but as a procession of which his mistress is the queen. If he talks to another, it is to listen to the welcome

welcome theme of her praise from the voice of partial friendship; and if the actions of others ever attract his attention, it is to observe, with the jealous watchfulness of a lover, the manner and reception of those whom he regards as rivals.'—*Dacre*, vol. i. pp. 120-1.

And elsewhere we are informed, that under the smooth varnish of social politeness, and in the unromantic scenes of gay frivolity which the nineteenth century yearly exhibits in a luxurious and civilized metropolis, every variety of human passion is to be found in the same force as in the age of chivalry itself; 'for though that age is past,' says the authoress, 'the age of nature and of feeling remains.'

From the time when we first took a pen in our hands, we have never felt a pleasure in being contradicted; and now that we have grown old and rigid in our ways of thinking, we cannot get over these passages. When we said that other times and places were more favourable for the growth of the feelings than a fashionable drawing-room of our days, we spoke expressly of the more fixed affections and the profounder passions. Now it is not to the maxim which affirms the perennial character of nature and feeling that we will yield this opinion. We do not deny—never meant to deny—that there may be animating hopes, sentimental sorrows, outbreaks of passion, smiles, tears, hysterics, in as large a proportion amongst sofas and ottomans, as in any 'antre vast or desert wild' that ever existed. Moreover, they may be as lively and passionate while they last—but it is not in the nature of things that they should be as fixed and profound. A rapid presentation of new objects will of necessity accelerate the succession of the feelings. It is impossible that, under such circumstances, the character should acquire the strength which is imparted to it by uninterrupted, undivided, habitual and rooted affections. It is impossible that the affections should acquire the stability which strength of character can alone impart. The despair of May 1834, suffered by Lady Emmeline Errant of Curzon Street, because Lord Thistledown left her off, may be as great perhaps as that of Mistress Milicent Mowbray, whose lover was killed in a tournament of 1434;—but Mistress Milicent's would be an affair of two or three years, whereas in Lady Emmeline's case, *sal volatile* and a new object would usher her into the 'genial month of June' in a genial frame of mind, bearing no marks of the casualty.

Human nature, it is commonly said, is the same in all ages and places. In these current sayings there is generally much truth *involved*, and but little discrimination. It might be said with as much of truth (both dogmata being partially true), that human nature is different in all ages and places—

Once

'Once in the flight of ages past
There lived a man: and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.'

That is, the universal elements of humanity (so exquisitely touched and summed up in the beautiful poem from which we quote) did as certainly exist in that man as in any.

'Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth—
This truth survives alone:

'That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast:
His bliss and woe—a smile—a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

'The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

'He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

'He loved—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb.
Oh! she was fair—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

'He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

'The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

'The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

'The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this—THERE LIVED A MAN!'

These

* 'The Common Lot,' by the poet Montgomery. We mean, of course, the individual

These stanzas, which, with some little allowance for poetical license in the seventh, are as true as they are beautiful, go far to exhaust the generic attributes of man. But when we pass to the different species and classes, though in none is any elementary quality absolutely extinct, yet do we assuredly find some, even of the *most* elementary qualities, sensibly modified and subdued. The human nature of Mayfair is still human nature no doubt, and passions will come of it as the sparks fly upward; but the form which is there given to the element is more that of the fireworks than of the furnace.

The authoress of 'Dacre' deals with humanity under these forms—imparting, however, to the lovers of her creation, the constancy and ardour, which she insists upon extending to fashionable life. Though we dissent from the general opinion, we do not object, of course, to individuals in the class being supposed to be exceptions, or to the endowment of those individuals, in order to make heroes and heroines of them, with qualities which, though not characteristic of their class, are not certainly *absolutely* incompatible with such a situation in life.

The hero and heroine of this novel—along with their ardour and constancy, and their other virtues—have each a conspicuous failing; and the masculine and feminine fault alternately operate to the creation of the perplexities with which the course of their true love is troubled. Dacre is proud; Lady Emily Somers carries the principle of filial duty to a weak excess.

The pride which shrinks from pressing a suit or declaring a passion, lest a refusal should follow, is very properly represented as belonging to the character of a man who has been brought up in fashionable society, and continues to move in it. Love and self-love are pretty fairly matched in such men, and the most amorous of them are, perhaps, less vulnerable through their affections than through their vanity. In every class of life it may be expected that a man who is in love and in doubt will be slow to bring his case to an open issue, so long as he conceives that he may steal a march upon his object by delay. It may also be expected that the fear of a wound to his affections may make a timid man slow; and if he were generously in love, he might be of the same mind with the unfortunate lover of Fair Helen of Kirconnel, and think the time was 'a' weel spent,' whatever the issue might be; but when no further progress can be made in a woman's good graces, and when the lover is sufficiently assured that further time must be spent to no purpose, the reasonable course

vidual properly designated Montgomery, and, properly also, designated a poet; not the Mr. Gomery who assumed the affix of 'Mont,' and, through the aid of certain newspapers, has coupled his name with divers other additions not less facetious.

would

would seem to be, to clear up the question, and make an end of it. Whether a man takes the lingering course, however, or the resolute one, his love may be equally the prevailing impulse; but when, as in the case of *Dacre*, he abandons the pursuit, and retires from the field, it cannot be the fear of a defeat to his affection that deters him from declaring himself, because he could not be in a worse position upon that point than the one to which he withdraws; and it must be the discomfiture of his pride, therefore, which he fears,—the wound to his vanity which would be inflicted by his defeat becoming known to society. This is the natural weakness of a man of the world, and is dexterously made use of to torment the hearts of these fashionable lovers.

The weakness of Lady Emily Somers is not so characteristic of the time and class as that of the hero. We are not addicted in these days to the *superstitions* of filial duty, yet there may be found amongst us, though rarely, views of that duty which deserve the name,—such sentiments as were felt in their full force in the days of *Clarissa Harlowe*. The principles which were commonly inculcated in those days seemed to assume the infallibility of parents—to forget that fathers and mothers might happen to be villains or fools, and to exact the same blind obedience on the part of any given offspring to any given individuals standing to them in the parental relation. ‘We would obey her, though she were ten times our mother,’ says *Hamlet*, thrown upon the reverse of the natural sentiment, by a sense of the ridicule of making that sentiment irrespective of persons, and binding under all circumstances. The just view of the filial obligation in the case of adult offspring—the view which, being just, is therefore of the highest morality,—would never fail to take into account the comparative reasoning powers and virtuous dispositions of the parties. Habit will produce in the well-disposed as much of a leaning towards a coincidence of judgment with their parents, as is right or desirable in such persons; and if to habit be added a prejudice and a superstition, the effect will be to cramp the energies of independent minds, and to tempt others with the offer of an easy escape from the duties and difficulties of life. This world would not be the world of trial it is said to be—trial to the understanding as well as the heart—if we could be acquitted of our responsibility by simple submission—if we were not bound to think and act for ourselves even against the will or judgment of the best of parents. Even when submission implies the greatest self-sacrifice, it is not necessarily on that account the highest act of duty. Our highest duty is to keep our minds free, our hearts fresh, our spirits healthy, our energies alive—to let no fortitude be misemployed, no sufferings be wasted. In respect to the real
duty

duty of self-sacrifice, to the question when it is a duty and when not, Simeon Stilites did not fall into a greater mistake than Lady Emily Somers. It was a mistake, however, not unbecoming a heroine, and it is turned to good account in sustaining the interest of the novel.

We will extract another incidental passage, because it contains an opinion to which we cannot assent:—

‘There are, perhaps, not more than two things in this world in which women can be even supposed to have an advantage over men: they are not expected to fight duels, and they are allowed the enjoyment of an endless variety of finger work. They are never obliged to give their friends and acquaintance, who have had the pleasure of saying an ill-natured thing, the still further satisfaction of shooting them through the heart on a cold winter’s morning; and when they have nothing to think about, or wish to get rid of the thoughts they have, down they sit, and resigning their whole souls to the cares of cross-stitch and tent-stitch, embroidery and tambour, bead-work and braiding, knitting and netting, chain-stitch and gobble-stitch, hemming and sewing, they beguile in busy idleness the tedium of vacuity or depression. Far other is the case of men. Drawing and cherry-nets are their only resource—for the former, there too often lacks the needful supply of talent—for the latter, alas! the encouragement of a sufficient demand; and then they are reduced to conscious idleness.’—vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

This statement appears to us to be rather plausible than correct. Without affecting to speak as practical men concerning knitting and netting, or to have at any time given our minds to chain-stitch and gobble-stitch, we must, nevertheless, hazard an opinion upon them; and our theory is, that these manual and sedentary occupations tend more than anything else to abandon the mind to desultory musings—if in a state of indifference—or if otherwise, to the domination of a ruling subject of thought, whether pleasurable or painful. Boccaccio has compared the condition of men with that of women in a state of love-melancholy, and considers, as we do, that men have greatly the advantage.

‘Ed se per quegli alcuna malinconia mossa da fuoco disio sopravviene nelle lor menti, in quelle conviene che con grave noia si dimori . . . ilche degl’namorati huomini non aviene, si come noi possiamo apertamente vedere. Essi, se alcuna malinconia o gravezza di pensieri gli affligge, hanno molti modi da alleggiare, o da passar quella, percio, che allor, volendo essi, non manca l’andar atorno, udire ed vedere molte cose, uccellare, cacciare, pescare, cavalcare, giucare, o mercatare. De quali modi ciascuno ha forza di trarre, o in tutta o in parte, l’animo a se, e dal noioso pensiero rimuoverlo almeno per alcuno spatio di tempo; appresso il quale, con un modo o con altro, o consolation sopravviene, o diventa la noia minore.’—*Prohem. al Dec.*

In

In these latter days, however, one change has taken place which tends to redress the balance. The resource of the needle was as open to love-lorn woman in the fourteenth century as it is at present; but there is one resource—that of reading, which was not; and it is our belief that the women of the present age have the advantage in this particular, not only over the women of preceding generations, but over the men of their own. We believe that there are at present far more men than women who are not readers, and that many men are driven to read chiefly because, for the sake of conversing with women, they find it necessary to make themselves acquainted with the books which are their topics. As to the kind and quality of this female reading, we have every disposition to preserve a courteous silence; but speaking of the *extent*, we have no hesitation in saying that the average of female reading has outgrown the average of male.

If the light remark, to which we have been taking an exception, be not altogether correct, there are many in these volumes more seriously made, which are just and pregnant, and afford evidence of a thoughtful insight into the feelings and ways of mankind.

‘Whether I shall ever succeed in being useful, is, I fear, very doubtful,’ says Dacre; ‘but I have determined not to be idle. A lonely man, like me, cannot afford to despise himself.’

In these few words how much is said, and how much more is suggested, concerning some of the best uses of adversity!

Before we quit the subject, we ought to observe, that there is a faultlessness in point of taste, and an ease and lightness of style in this novel, which are well suited to represent the agreeable gracefulness of the society in which its scenes are laid. The characters are numerous and life-like, and, without being violently contrasted, are diversified and stand in free relief from each other; and there is a knowledge of the component parts of society in high life, and an insight into the working of that complex machine, which could only be the result of an acute and discriminating faculty of observation, exercised upon the largest specimen of a society—say rather of a cluster of interpenetrated societies—which the world affords,—the metropolitan society of England; those of its circles, that is, which are considered to constitute what is commonly called ‘good society’—*ista colluvies vitiorum!*

The ‘TWO OLD MEN’S TALES’ are likewise by a Lady; though, after much controversy, the belief seems to have prevailed, almost universally, that the book was masculine. These stories are of a totally different class and design from those which have been so plentifully produced of late years—the representation of
manners

manners being here merely incidental, the representation of feelings essential and predominant. The authoress has courage enough and a sufficiently ardent imagination to plunge deep into romance, with the assurance that a glowing fancy and the energy of passion will carry her through all difficulties. The romantic colouring does not consist in the manners, customs, and costume of either of her stories being other than those of the age we live in; but is thrown over them by the representation of highly-wrought sensibilities and of tragic or extraordinary events. Upon us the impression of these tales was such as we recollect to have received from the novels which we stole and secretly read in the days of our boyhood; we found them interesting and affecting to a degree which made us begin again to think that the serious occupations of life were weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, compared with that of reading novels. With that power by which a writer can reach the heart of a reader, it is plain that this authoress is eminently endowed.

For the rest, her characters are few and distinct, her conceptions, though free, compact; and there is a clear decisiveness of purpose in the conduct of her narratives, which makes the reader feel that there is nothing for him to do but to go along with her. As to style there is some want of art, but none of vigour; devices are prodigally employed, which practice and consideration would teach her to employ sparingly; but this is evidently not from any defect of resources, but because she has not been led to perceive that certain favourite forms of rhetorical or colloquial phraseology (that of emphasis by iteration, for instance) require to be taken care of, with a view to preserve their force and freshness. But these faults are few and immaterial; they would hardly be perceived on the first perusal; and the novel which obtains a second must have merits by which any such faults of style are amply redeemed.

ART. XI.—*Origines Biblicæ; or Researches on Primeval History.* By Charles Tiltstone Beke. London. 1834.

THE author of this volume has, we doubt not, wrought himself into a serious belief in the truth of his theories; nor, considering the suspended state of biblical learning, as concerns the Old Testament, in this country, are we at all surprised that they should have made some impression upon 'the reading public.' But we must express our own honest conviction that, where these subjects have been more fully investigated, and command more interest among scholars, if Mr. Beke should obtain a hearing, he is little likely to acquire converts. The system of

of our author is altogether subversive of the established notions of early, indeed of later Scriptural geography. As a religious question, this is unimportant. Though we acknowledge our unwillingness to dis sever the very remarkable connexion which has always appeared to us to subsist between the earliest profane history, or tradition, particularly that of ancient Egypt, with the sacred records, we trust that we have no prejudice which may not be wrested from us by the strong arm of truth; and we should be ready to surrender this deep-rooted feeling to solid and sufficient argument. On such subjects we can apprehend no danger from the freest inquiry, or even the most paradoxical novelty of opinion. It is purely a question of the *interpretation* (we wish this distinction were constantly kept in view during the discussion of such matters), not of the *authority* of the sacred writings; an examination into the real meaning, not into the credibility of the sacred writer. To those who have read the work of Mr. Beke, this declaration would be quite unnecessary: we have made it in order to guard him *in limine* from being the victim of that jealous sensitiveness which trembles at the slightest departure from the prevailing opinion, even on points totally disconnected with religious doctrine; and to disclaim, on our own part, the slightest participation in these illiberal and unworthy arts of controversy. He asserts, and the whole tone of his volume confirms, his sincere reverence for the sacred writings, to the truth and authority of which he is persuaded that he is rendering valuable service by his own new, and, as it seems to us, fantastic arrangement of the early geography of the world. His views concerning the inspiration of the Scriptures, although he believes the Book of Genesis to have been compiled, in part, from pre-existing documents, might satisfy the most rigid orthodoxy; and he disclaims with great earnestness not merely all connexion with, but even all knowledge of the Rationalist School of Germany.

Now we may respect the prudent timidity with which Mr. Beke has scrupled to venture his faith in the inspiration of the Scriptures in such dangerous society—yet we cannot but think that he would have conducted his argument, if indeed he had written his book at all, much more to the satisfaction of well-informed and scholar-like readers, if he had enlarged the sphere of his reading in that quarter. We do not urge Milton's bold and characteristic argument, not merely for unlicensed printing, but for the indiscriminate reading of all works, whatever their tendency:—'I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where the immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.' Still for an author, and an author

author on a subject of pure erudition, to refuse all communion with one great class of writers who have discussed the subjects on which he treats with most penetrating sagacity, with unwearied diligence, with the full command of all the sources of information, and an intimate acquaintance not with one but with the whole family of Eastern languages, because their theological system is erroneous or imperfect, betrays a pusillanimity of faith somewhat mistrustful of the power and stability of divine truth. Nor is there less ignorance than timidity in this indiscriminate proscription of German biblical learning. If the cautious inquirer will scruple to commune with Bauer or with Eichhorn—if he denies himself the rich treasures of the one great philological and critical commentary on the Old Testament, that of Rosenmüller—the writings of Michaelis, however in some respects more free and curious than suits our present rigid tone of writing on such subjects, might have been consulted by the most diffident and scrupulous Christian writer. To such an inquiry the ‘*Spicilegium Geographiæ exteriæ Hebræorum post Bochartum*,’ with the *Epistles* of J. Reinhold Forster, is indispensable. From the more learned German writers Mr. Beke would have derived another most essential advantage; he would have seen the necessity of a much more profound and laborious preparation for such a work, of more copious and general reading, of a more critical and extensive acquaintance with the genius and the structure of the Eastern languages. We are constrained to observe, that on many important points, vitally connected with his whole system, he has contented himself with very hasty and second-hand information. His learning is too much that of modern compilations, and derived from the elementary books with which our recent literature swarms. He has seldom consulted, and still more seldom deliberately investigated, the original authorities. The whole theory of hieroglyphic interpretation, as commenced by Dr. Young, followed out with such apparently brilliant success by Champollion, by his scholar Rosellini, by our own countrymen Messrs. Burton and Wilkinson, and which involves the whole of his extraordinary hypothesis of the situation of the Scriptural Mizraim, is dismissed by Mr. Beke with a reference to one single *English review* of M. Klaproth’s hostile essay. That every opinion of M. Klaproth deserves the most serious consideration,—that all his doubts as to the reality and extent of the modern discoveries demand the most patient hearing, we fully admit; but among the claims which the system of phonetic interpretation advances upon our attention, by no means the least remarkable is the manner in which the monumental history of Egypt, which it traces, harmonizes with and illustrates the history of the Old Testament.

tament. Mr. Beke may intend to discuss these matters at greater length, and with more profound inquiry, in a second volume; but we must fairly warn him, that unless he succeeds, not merely in detecting inaccuracies and contradictions among the hieroglyphic interpreters—a task by no means difficult as respects a writer so much too rapid and brilliant for the laborious career of antiquarianship as Champollion himself—but in disproving—in utterly razing to the ground—the whole series of facts developed in that most curious volume, the ‘*Monumenti Storici*’ of Rosellini, he will still find us hardened unbelievers. To Rosellini's work we shall probably, before long, direct our readers' attention; in the mean time we cannot but suspect that Mr. Beke will find it difficult to elude the very curious coincidences between the words and titles decyphered in the least doubtful hieroglyphic inscriptions, and those in the Hebrew text: he will find more serious impediments than he has contemplated, to the establishment of his original indeed, but in our opinion monstrous, hypothesis of a new kingdom of the Mitzraim in the barren and waterless desert between the two arms of the Red Sea, and occupying the space between Egypt and Palestine.

The following statement of Mr. Beke comprehends the chief points in which he differs materially from the earlier writers on the Geography of the Old Testament. The Jews, according to our author—and, no doubt, so far he is in the right—during the later distracted periods of their kingdom, and the Babylonian captivity, with their reverence for the sacred volume, had lost much of their knowledge of its true meaning. ‘At this time (he broadly says) the geographical information of the Israelites must, like *all other* knowledge retained by them, have been reduced to the *lowest ebb*.’ On the return from the captivity, when the vigour of the ancient religion revived, and the study of their Scriptures became more zealous and profound, the Jews—

‘Assumed the authority of determining the sites of the countries and places which were so interesting to them, as recorded in or connected with their national history. In doing so they were aided, no doubt, in many instances by the natural localities, by architectural remains, and by other distinguishing marks; but in the far greater number of cases they must have been left to their own deductions from the Sacred Writings; which deductions would have been founded, in great measure, upon the perverted and erroneous notions of history and geography which they had either acquired in the countries of their captivity, or adopted from the Egyptians and Greeks with whom they were now brought into immediate contact.

‘The following remarkable instances of this process of error may be adduced to illustrate the position thus asserted:—The national vanity of the Babylonians having led them, by a corruption and perversion

version of the only true history, to attribute the foundation of their capital to Nimrod, and to assert that the tower of Babel was erected in the place where Babylon stood—the Jews adopted this erroneous notion during their captivity, and retained and perpetuated it after their return from Babylon into their native country: So the name of Syria, which in the first instance was applied to Aram or Cœlosyria alone, having under the Greeks received so extensive a signification as to include Mesopotamia also, the Jews in like manner extended the application of the name of Aram; and hence Mesopotamia was conceived to represent the country of Padan Aram, in which was situate Haran the dwelling-place of the family of Terah, the father of Abraham.—The Scriptural country of Mitzraim, also, having by the fulfilment of prophecy become “the basest of the kingdoms,” and being in fact merged in its powerful neighbour the *Egypt* of profane history, the Jews of Alexandria, who knew of no other kingdom in that direction than the mighty monarchy of the *Ptolemies*, regarded those princes as the successors and representatives of the *Pharaohs*, and Egypt itself as the country which had been “the land of bondage” of their forefathers.—pp. 9, 10.

Now, the first thing that strikes us in this bold statement is the utter inadequacy of the hypothesis to account for the facts, as well as the extreme improbability of the facts themselves. What valid authority have we that the Babylonians *did* attribute the foundation of their capital to Nimrod?—that the name of Nimrod appeared in their accredited authorities, or *was* identified with any of their famous ancestors? Did they derive all their knowledge of the ‘Mighty Hunter’ from the records of their oppressed and despised slaves? ‘Themselves soaring in their monstrous astronomical fictions, to an antiquity which would make them look on Nimrod as a man of yesterday, and reduce the longest chronology of the Jewish Scriptures to a narrow and contemptible fragment of one of their immense cycles, did their ‘national vanity’ condescend to derive honour from the supposed accordance of their own traditions with those of the Israelites? The same links of evidence are wanting as to the Tower of Babel. Had the Babylonians any original tradition of this event?—was it floating among the mythic legends disseminated throughout the whole East, and in which, though of doubtful date, yet apparently of very high antiquity, we trace, as in those of the Flood, a dim resemblance to those recorded in the Old Testament? Did they derive all their belief on the subject from their intercourse with the Jews during the captivity? If the tradition was of ancient date, already incorporated into the national annals, its locality already fixed, it is quite conceivable that it should have gained full possession of the popular belief; and even that some vast mass of shapeless ruin—some *Birs Nimrud*, like that

that in which, to the present day, the superstitious Arab beholds the immemorial vestige of divine wrath—should have been invested with the awful and mysterious majesty of the heaven-blasted Tower of Babel. But unless the tradition was thus domiciliated, and had gained 'a local habitation'—if it was only borrowed at a later period from the Jewish annals,—an event so inseparably connected with the divine displeasure was not that which national vanity, in its wildest and most fantastic mood, would choose forcibly to enshrine in the annals of the country; the pride of ancestry would not have been flattered by a descent from forefathers of such awful impiety. We think that we could help Mr. Beke to a much more rational hypothesis on his own side of the question. It is well known to scholars, who have investigated the later opinions on this subject, that Eichhorn called in question the derivation of Babel (Babylon) from the Hebrew word signifying 'confusion,' an etymology which requires the addition of an *l*. He suggested rather its origin in two Arabic words, signifying the 'gate or city of Bel,' the first monarch, or the god of the Babylonian empire. The Jews of the captivity, from the similarity, or rather the identity of the name of the city of the great Bel with the Babel of Nimrod in their own sacred writings, might naturally suppose the identity of the cities themselves. Nothing, according to the writer of the recent '*History of the Jews*,' could present a more striking and overpowering contrast than

'their national Temple—a small but highly-finished and richly-adorned fabric, standing in the midst of its courts on the brow of a lofty precipice, and the colossal temple of the Chaldean Bel rising from the plain, with its eight stupendous stories or towers, one above the other, to the perpendicular height of a furlong.'—*Hist. of Jews*, vol. ii. p. 1. In their mighty conquerors, therefore, the awe-struck imagination of the Jews would recognize, as it were, the lineal descendants of the giants which 'were in those days;' and in the structures of such stupendous, such oppressive, such hitherto unconceived vastness and height, raised, as they were, to idolatrous worship, they would trace, if not the completion of that impious edifice, which was built, that its 'top might reach to heaven,' at least works planned and executed in the same gigantic spirit of defiance and rivalry against the Most High. To this conjecture, in our judgment far less improbable than his own, Mr. Beke is welcome; for our own part, we see no reason for departing from the common opinion.

The manner in which our author accounts for the extension of the name of Aram to Mesopotamia is equally unsatisfactory with

this first part of his Babylonian hypothesis. Because the Greeks extended the name of Syria from a district to a province, (if indeed they did so,) the Jews who, at least those of Palestine, had little connexion till a late period with the Greeks, gave a similar extent to another name! With regard to the Egypt of the Scripture, as from the days of their father Abraham, down to the present, in which Cairo and Alexandria swarm with Jews, there seems to have been a constant, and in general, intimate connexion between the two countries, interrupted only by short periods; as the learned Jews of Alexandria were engaged in the fiercest antiquarian disputes with the Græco-Egyptians—in which the Egyptian polemics accused the Jews of being descended from a race of filthy lepers, whom their ancestors were glad to cast forth from amongst them—while the Jews retorted, by boasting the manner in which their God had led them out 'with a high hand:' it is somewhat unaccountable, that it never occurred to either party that the Jews never had been in *Egypt* at all, and that the real kingdom of the *Egyptian Pharaohs* is scarcely mentioned in the Old Testament.

We shall confine our observations chiefly to these main points, without detaining our reader with Mr. Beke's theory of the dispersion of the nations during the flood. But even in this, an axiom which we venture to lay down, has been constantly present to our minds. Next to the accurate knowledge of what is contained in the Scripture, the most valuable is that of what is not. There is a kind of cabalism constantly at work, which is discovering not mysteries in the letters, but a whole series of historical facts in the simplest and plainest sentence; while, at the same time, those who are fond of framing such theories, possess a singular facility of overlooking clear and indisputable circumstances which are adverse or fatal to their views. Take the following passage as an example:—

'First, then, the place where the ark rested on the mountains of Ararat must have been at or near the highest point of them; for it was two months and fourteen days, i.e. from the seventh'—[*lege* seventeenth]—'day of the seventh month to the first day of the tenth month after the ark had so rested, before the tops of the mountains were seen by Noah. We may further reasonably assume, that the descent from the ark to the valley below was easy and without difficulties or impediments, since we may rest satisfied that through the goodness of God it could not have been otherwise. That the resting-place was not in the pent-up valley of any lateral stream may also, I think, not unfairly be assumed. Notwithstanding the resignation of the righteous Noah, and his implicit confidence in that Almighty Providence which had so miraculously preserved him from the destruction which had overwhelmed the rest of the human race, we may yet conceive

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ceive that the weakness of human nature would not have permitted his faith and resignation to be at all times entirely perfect. How deep, then, must have been his despair, if, on leaving the ark, he had found himself in the valley of some secondary stream, surrounded by mountains, with the prospect confined, and nothing cheering to direct him as to the course he was to take! But if we assume the place of the ark's stranding to have been upon a mountain within view of the open and wide-spreading valley of the Euphrates, then indeed might the patriarch and his family have had reason to rejoice; for their confidence in that Almighty Power which had so long preserved them would have been confirmed, and they would have been encouraged unhesitatingly to descend, and to take possession of the earth which had been restored to them. It is not, however, absolutely necessary to suppose that the ark rested on an eminence commanding the valley of the Euphrates itself, since the valley of some principal branch of that river would probably have answered the purpose equally well with that of the main stream.

‘It may be asserted with still greater confidence, that the ark must have rested on the western side of the mountain, or, at least, that the descent from it took place in that direction. The time when God commanded Noah and his family “to go forth of the ark,” could only have been in the early morning; and the first act of the patriarch was to build an altar unto the Lord, and to offer burnt offerings, which he doubtless accompanied with thanksgivings for his deliverance, and prayers for his future protection. *From the Ark*—that is, towards the west—would the faces of Noah and his sons have been turned in thus offering their sacrifice to the Almighty; and in that direction, whilst the morning sun threw its enlivening beams over the smiling face of the regenerated world, would they have beheld the beauteous token of the “everlasting covenant [then made] between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth.”’—pp. 37, 38.

On what intimation, either direct or indirect, in the narrative in the Book of Genesis, rests half this most circumstantial and not unfanciful detail? Why is all the unlading of the ark, with all its animals, as well as human inhabitants, crowded into a few hours? Why *must* Noah have left the ark early in the morning? Why must he have looked toward the west? Why must the sign of the rainbow have appeared on the day when, or even within many days after, Noah left the ark? The first impression from the narrative in Genesis is certainly that it was not immediate. As to the patriarch's despair at finding himself imprisoned in a narrow, pent-up valley, our author has overlooked two material points. The world was not new to Noah, however its face might be altered. Mr. Beke himself has argued with considerable plausibility against the *philosophical* notion that man rose progressively from a state of the

lowest barbarism. Those who admit, with the sacred volume, that Noah was the second parent of the human race, must likewise acknowledge that the patriarch and his family must have been well acquainted with the arts, inventions, and general civilization, whatever it might be, of the antediluvian period. If 'Noah, then, and the seven other persons saved in the ark, were members of an artificial, and, most probably, a highly advanced state of society,' were they likely to be alarmed at finding themselves in a confined valley, even if this valley was to all appearance as completely mountain-locked as that of Prince Rasselas in Abyssinia? And would not the wild animals, bounding away, or speeding about in the lightsome joy of freedom from their long confinement, or in search of fresh pasture, by their rapid disappearance have shown at once that the boundaries were not insuperable?

We revert to the first of the three questions which we proposed to examine—the position of the Tower of Babel, as described in the Book of Genesis, on the site of the Babylon of Oriental history. Mr. Beke advances an argument, certainly conclusive, if supported by satisfactory evidence. The plain of Babylon, according to this theory, was not even an unwholesome swamp, unsuited to the habitation of man, and unlikely therefore to be chosen as a dwelling place by the new founders of the human race, but *actually covered by the Persian Gulf*. Mr. Beke adduces, to support this hypothesis, the authority of some modern geologists, a very doubtful passage of Nearchus, and a statement of Pliny, in our opinion so extravagant as to labour under strong suspicion either of corruption in the text or inaccuracy in the author. There is every probability that, as in all the rivers which flow from Central Asia towards the Indian Ocean, vast accretions of land have taken place at the embouchures of those streams which discharge themselves into the head of the Persian Gulf. In the opinion of Mr. Lyell adduced by Mr. Beke, the union of the Tigris and Euphrates must undoubtedly have been one of the comparatively modern geographical changes on our earth. But Mr. Lyell always tempers his boldness of speculation with the caution of a philosopher; and for those *vaster changes* which have taken place upon the surface of our planet, however he may trace their progressive development to existing causes, he would require, we suspect, periods not merely extending far above any historical era, but even far above the existence of the human race. Mr. Beke's is the first attempt to reconstruct history on the principles of the young science of geology: but if historical speculation allies itself with science, it must submit to all the severe rules of scientific disquisition. It must take nothing for granted; it must not be content with sketching on a map the probable

probable line of coast which it may choose to assign to the Persian Gulf or any other body of water. It must not only enlarge, if necessary, the borders of the received chronology, but be in possession of accurate geological information as to the nature of the dry land which it thus converts into sea. When Mr. Lyell, or some other equally observant and highly gifted geologist, shall have surveyed the whole of this tract, and, on his geological responsibility, shall have—established we will not say—but found reasonable grounds for conjecture, that at the date assumed by Mr. Beke the sea did advance so far inland, we shall bow to *his* authority.

Let us then examine the passages adduced from ancient writers in favour of this theory, which would carry the Persian Gulf, according to our author's map, not only above the conflux of the Euphrates and the Tigris, but at least 300 miles in a straight line inland. Nearchus states the distance from Babylon to the sea, at the time of his voyage, as 3300 stadia, or little more than 200 miles, while the actual distance from Hillah is at least 300. From hence Mr. Beke would infer that, since the time of Alexander, the sea has receded 100 miles. 'But,' observes Dr. Vincent, '3300 stadia (of sixteen to a mile) make little more than 200 miles English; the real distance by the river is more than 400 miles. But may not Nearchus calculate this distance in stadia of *eight* to a mile?' On this doubt of a most erudite geographer, so fatal to his theory, Mr. Beke observes, that 'the accuracy of the mode thus adopted by the learned translator, and by geographers generally, of reconciling apparent discrepancies in the works of ancient writers, by varying the standard of measurement, may legitimately be questioned.' Is then Mr. Beke prepared to show that one uniform stadium was adopted by ancient writers? or to solve upon any other hypothesis the countless contradictions which are found in the writings not merely of the Greek and Roman historians, but of the geographers themselves, and which have perplexed and often baffled the D'Anvilles, the Gosselins, the Rennells, and the Maupertuis of modern days?

The passage of Pliny relates to the site of the city of Charax, on the confluence of the Tigris and the Eulæus; and it observes Mr. Beke, not merely establishes the fact, that 'nowhere were new lands formed more quickly, or in greater quantities,' but would also seem to determine the actual rate at which the Persian Gulf had been filled up during the four hundred years immediately preceding Pliny's own time. 'Alexandria (on the site of which Charax afterwards stood), having been built by Alexander the Great, at the distance of ten stadia only from the sea, on which it

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had a maritime port—whilst in *Juba's time* it was but 50,000 paces, or about fifty miles—was in Pliny's own time as much as 120,000 paces, or about 120 miles, from the sea.' This is a remarkable passage: let us investigate it a little more closely. Between the time of Juba and that of the elder Pliny, we cannot allow more than seventy years. Juba, when quite a boy, was led in the triumph of Julius Cæsar upon the defeat of his father, and exchanged the wild freedom of a barbaric Numidian prince for the happier station of literary ease and distinction in Italy: he may be said to have flourished as an author during the reign of Augustus. The date of Pliny's death is well known, the second year of the reign of Titus, in which Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed. The sea, then, according to this statement, must have receded seventy miles in seventy years—a mile in the year. But Mr. Beke is, no doubt, wrong in translating *Jubâ prodente*, 'in Juba's time.' Juba wrote his great work from various authorities, chiefly Carthaginian. It was, as related to the history of Africa, esteemed of the highest authority, and would have been of inestimable value if preserved to modern times. But the Numidian prince appears to have been a very industrious and indefatigable collector. Pliny seems to have known the voyage of Onesicritus and Nearchus only from his report. From which, then, of Juba's various authorities—for there is no reason for supposing that Juba could have possessed any local knowledge of these countries—did he assume the distance of Charax from the sea? Of what date was that authority? Most modern geographers have placed Charax about the distance assigned by Juba from the sea, and have either neglected or mistrusted this passage in Pliny. Some of the authorities adduced by the great naturalist might seem, indeed, to be of no slight weight, particularly the latter; they were ambassadors from Arabia, and merchants trading to those parts. But a most competent judge on such questions has expressed the following opinion on the general trustworthiness of Pliny's geography:—

'To great merits Pliny adds the usual faults of those ardent spirits who would embrace the whole sphere of human knowledge; he often copies instead of analysing, and does not always understand what he copies. Little informed on the comparative length of the different Greek, Egyptian, Babylonian, and other stadia, he calculates all the measures which he finds in his authors at eight stadia to the Roman mile. Hence, for instance, he assigns to Babylon a circuit of sixty Roman miles: these are the Babylonian stadia of Herodotus, reckoned as if they had been Olympic stadia.'—Malte Brun, *Géographie*, vol. i., p. 219.

But Mr. Beke has altogether omitted the strongest argument for

for the identity of the Shinar of the Old Testament, with the plain of Babylon—the nature of the soil, and the abundant supply of those peculiar building materials, which, according to the account in Genesis, may have suggested the notion of erecting a vast and lofty edifice with comparatively slight labour and expense. These we know, both from ancient history, and from the enormous masses of ruins which cover the whole district, formed the immense wall and colossal structure of Babylon. It is impossible to read the verses in the book of Genesis, and then turn to the description of Babylon in Herodotus, and not to feel convinced that they relate to the same site. ‘They found a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there. And they said one to another, Go to, let us make bricks, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar.’* ‘Babylon,’ says Herodotus, ‘is situated in a *great plain*.’ Strabo,† we would here further observe, compares the plain of Babylon to the sea;—‘As to those who travel over vast plains such as that of Babylon, or over the sea, all that is before, and behind, and on every side, is one level.’ The brick walls, the ‘*muri coctiles*,’ of Babylon, may be found in almost every historian, and many of the poets of antiquity; but the two sentences of Herodotus, relating to the building of her walls, might seem almost a paraphrase on Genesis. ‘And when they had drawn out sufficient bricks (from the trench), they baked them in furnaces, and afterwards using for mortar warm *asphaltus*, &c. (bitumen—the word translated *slime*),’ &c., Herod. i. 179. To us, accustomed to dwell in *urbe lateritiâ*, the coincidence is less striking; but both the writer of the book of Genesis and the Grecian historian seem to imply that the extensive use of brick in the Babylonian buildings was something rare and remarkable. The bitumen mortar was no less celebrated and peculiar to the Babylonian structures, though it was probably used subsequently in other cities of the East. Diodorus Siculus describes the supply of bitumen as inexhaustible—not merely sufficient for the enormous edifices of Babylon, but burned for fuel by all classes.

As to the second point upon which Mr. Beke departs from the received geography of the Old Testament—the situation of Padan Aram, or Aram Naharaim, Aram of the two rivers—his arguments are more plausible; as the subject, it has long been admitted, is embarrassed with considerable difficulty. On the whole, however, we are by no means disposed to recede from the usual interpre-

* Genesis xi. 2, 3.

† “Ὅστις διὰ πιδίων ἰούσι μεγάλων, οἷον τῶν Βαβυλωνίων, ἢ διὰ πιδάγων, παρίσταται τὰ πρῶτον πάντα, καὶ τὰ κατόπιον, καὶ ἐκ πλαγίων, ἐπίπιδον.—L. ii. p. 209.

tation, which we think may be maintained with less violence to the text of the Scripture, and harmonizes better with the whole history. Padan Aram has been hitherto considered to be Mesopotamia; the Naharaim, the Euphrates and Tigris. With regard to the latter, it may be admitted, with Mr. Beke, that the term, like the Doab of India, might be applied to any county inclosed within the course of two rivers. Still it would be little likely to be conferred on a district between two such insignificant streams as the Wady Kanoudi and the Wady Lowa, or even that between the Abana and the Pharphar. Mr. Beke must, however, state his own argument.

* How the site of Haran could have continued during so many ages to be placed within the Mesopotamia of the Greeks is really inconceivable, when we consider the clear and unequivocal distinction between them, which is established by the narration of the proto-martyr Stephen. His words are, "The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham, *when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charran*, and said unto him, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall show thee. Then came he out of the land of the Chaldeans, and dwelt in Charran: and from thence, when his father was dead, he removed him into this land, wherein ye now dwell." It is manifest from this emphatic statement that Haran was not *within* the land of the Chaldees, or Mesopotamia, and consequently that the latter cannot, by any possibility, be identical with Padan Aram.—p. 124.

This apparent discrepancy between the speech of Stephen and the text of Genesis has been amply discussed by biblical critics. Yet, for our own part, if their discrepancy were still greater and more evident, it would not in the least perplex our faith. The whole speech of Stephen—the whole view of the history of his forefathers, which it relates with such pregnant brevity, is obviously framed according to the accredited and received notions then prevalent among the Jews.* It abounds in traditional allusions, which more rigid commentators have employed much unprofitable ingenuity in explaining away. It could not, indeed, in common sense or in real wisdom be otherwise. Had Stephen departed in the least particular from the established views of the early history, as taught by the wise men, the scribes and lawyers of the day, he would have given unnecessary offence; the solemn, all-important, all-absorbing question of the divine mission of Jesus, and the truth of Christianity, would have been in danger of degenerating into, or might have been interrupted by, idle and antiquarian disputes

* For instance, the Egyptian learning of Moses, and the delivery of the law through 'the dispensation of angels'—a common tenet among the later Jews,

on the interpretation of the text of Genesis. The statement of Stephen strictly harmonizes with the prevailing notions of the time, and, indeed, with no great difficulty, may be brought into accordance with the older Scriptures, and this without removing Haran beyond the boundaries of Mesopotamia; though, in fact, the situation of Haran is a question of very slight importance.

The Jews supposed the first call of Abraham to have taken place, not in Haran, but in Ur of the Chaldees. They rested that belief on Genesis xv. 7. So in Nehemiah ix. 7; and though the general course of the narrative in Genesis would lead to the opinion that no call took place till after the first migration to Charran and the death of Terah, yet the description of the call begins, in our version, with the words, 'Now the Lord *had* said unto Abraham,' leaving the date of the transaction indefinite;—and Rosenmüller observes on the Hebrew word—'Dixitque, vel potius, dixerat autem, nempe quum esset in Chaldæâ, priusquam Carras venisset.' That this was the established opinion we have the authority of Philo de Abrahamo, v. ii. p. 11; and of Josephus Antiq. i. 7, 1. But the most remarkable evidence that the Jews of the later times, at least, drew a distinction between the land of the Chaldeans and Mesopotamia, though the former must have been comprehended within the latter, is to be found in the Book of Judith* :—

'This people are descended of the Chaldeans; and they sojourned heretofore in *Mesopotamia*, because they would not follow the gods of their fathers, which are in *Chaldea*. For they left the way of their ancestors and worshipped the God of Heaven, the God whom they knew: so they cast them out from the face of their gods, and they fled into *Mesopotamia*, and sojourned there many days.'—Judith v. 6-8.

Mr. Beke is thus mistaken in supposing Mesopotamia and the land of the Chaldeans to be equivalent terms; and the passage in the Book of Judith furnishes the most satisfactory commentary on that in the Acts. Eastern tradition, as preserved by Nicolaus of Damascus, has certainly established Abraham in the neighbourhood of that city: and although there is no direct authority for this, unless with Mr. Beke we make the Damascena Regio, Padan Aram, yet it is by no means inconsistent with the narrative. Abraham, when he began his migratory course towards Canaan, may have rested for a considerable period on his way: the rapid narrative in Genesis may have omitted that and other intermediate stages. Nor does Mr. Beke extricate himself with success from the passages in Numbers which describe Balaam as summoned

* Mr. Beke may mistrust the Greek of the Book of Judith, the only existing original, but he has himself, in another part, laid great stress upon its authority.
from

from 'Pethor, which is by the river of the land of the children of this people,' (Numbers xxii. 5,) and 'brought from Aram, out of the mountains of the East.' It is true that the different reading, 'the river of the land of the children of Ammon,' is not without respectable authority; but the Djebel Haouran will hardly answer to the 'mountains of the East.'

'But the account given of Jacob's flight from his father-in-law Laban will enable us to determine yet more exactly the site of Haran. We are told,* that Jacob "fled with all that he had; and he rose up, and passed over the river, and set his face towards the mount Gilead. And it was told Laban on the third day that Jacob was fled. And he took his brethren with him, and pursued after him seven days' journey; and they overtook him in the mount Gilead." The usual acceptation of the words of the text דָּרַךְ שִׁבְעַת יָמִים (*dcrehh shibhdth yamim*), is, *a journey of or during seven days*; the meaning of the passage being accordingly considered to be, that during the space of seven days Laban pursued after Jacob, who, as his flight was not discovered until the third day, had thus two days start of him. Considering Haran to be identical with Charraë, or Carrhæ, in Mesopotamia, (the scene of the defeat of Crassus by the Parthians,) the rate at which Laban must have travelled so as to overtake Jacob in Mount Gilead, (a distance of nearly, if not quite 400 miles,) must consequently have been about 60 miles per day.'—p. 128.

Though Laban might have travelled at that rate, proceeds Mr. Beke, in the ardour of pursuit, Jacob, encumbered with his cattle and family, could not have fled with the same expedition. We suspect that there is a great mistake, which lies at the bottom of this difficulty, in taking Haran as the name of a town; it ought to be considered a pastoral district, probably, of considerable extent, and reaching to the Euphrates. Abraham and his Mesopotamian kindred were a nomadic people, not confined to one spot, still less enclosed within the walls of a town. The impression on reading the narrative in Genesis is unquestionably that the first act of Jacob's flight was to cross the river, and that the seven days are to be calculated from the shore of the Euphrates; but in what part he crossed, and where the mountainous district of Gilead commenced, it is impossible to decide. Shuckford estimated the distance at two hundred and fifty miles. At all events, Mr. Beke's Haran in the plain of Damascus, notwithstanding his ingenious explanation of the seven days' journey, allows a distance as much too short for the flight and pursuit, as the usual interpretation too long.

But the most extraordinary paradox advanced by Mr. Beke, and

* Gen. xxxi. 21—23.

we must honestly confess, that maintained by the feeblest and most unsatisfactory arguments, is his notion that the Mitzraim of Scripture is not Egypt, but a kingdom which he has been pleased to found in the desert and unwatered Peninsula of Mount Sinai, and the district to the north up to the frontiers of Palestine. It would be really a curious psychological phenomenon to trace the process by which such an hypothesis grew up within the mind of a man endowed with considerable ingenuity, of some reading, and of perfect candour; how it gradually obtained full possession of him, blinding him to every adverse argument, and magnifying with the force of a solar microscope all the slight probabilities on which his system rests.

It is not the rapid and dashing essay of a young writer, careless of truth if he can obtain the credit of originality; a brilliant display of clever writing, which, if it can cause an immediate sensation in literary circles, neither expects nor much regards the duration of its existence. It is not a Warburtonian hypothesis, advanced in the conscious plenitude of intellectual strength, and upheld with dogmatic insolence, by a man who aspires to be the dictator of literature—and whose delight is to defend a difficult or a desperate cause *à toute outrance*. Still less is it the vision of a poetic mind, carried away by the predominance of the imaginative faculty, creating, like Sir W. Jones, on the first splendid opening of the Eastern world of letters, a great central empire and a dynasty of magnificent sovereigns, from whom descended all the civilization of the East. This is the grave hallucination of a quiet and industrious man of letters, patiently working everything round to his favourite hypothesis, catching at every floating straw of argument, and weaving it into the somewhat incongruous texture of his theory.

The Old Testament, harmonizing with every record of ancient history, and as has been recently shown, with the monuments of the country, represents the *Egypt on the banks of the Nile* as a great, and civilized, and conquering kingdom; while in the *Mitzraim* of Mr. Beke, there is neither vestige, memorial, nor tradition, of any civilization, or of more than a few wandering Arab tribes. Some inscriptions have, indeed, been found, graven on the rocks in an unintelligible language, but in all probability the work of pilgrim travellers. From the remotest period, when the sacred books of the Jews are the only authentic history, down far within the historical era, the connexion between the Jews and the Mitzraites was almost perpetual, and probably only appears to have been at all interrupted from the scantiness of the Hebrew annals during some periods of their history. Within the historical era, facts are mentioned

tioned by the sacred and profane historians, the conquests, for instance, of the Pharaoh Shishak and the wars of Necho, which confirm and throw light upon each other, as clearly as the best recorded events of modern Europe. The slighter coincidences in the names, and the signification of titles and words, would require, and have indeed occupied, volumes in tracing them out with anything like the cumulative fulness of which the argument is capable. The Mitzraim of the Old Testament was a corn country, abounding in grain when the neighbouring provinces were suffering famine, yet subject itself to occasional periods of dearth. It is constantly mentioned in connexion with a great river, and artificial water-courses. It was visited by caravans trading in those commodities which were necessary to the Egyptians to fill their vast receptacles of the dead, their Necropoleis, with embalmed bodies. The population was divided into castes; the troops were chariots and horsemen, whose images we may imagine that we behold in the long processions and combats on the walls of Thebes, and in the sepulchral chambers. We are wasting words while we write with the utmost rapidity the points of coincidence which crowd upon us between the Mitzraim of the Scriptures and the Egypt of profane antiquity. We have omitted the singular appropriateness of the description of the Plagues of Egypt, which, whether we take it according to the view of Bryant, or the ultra-rationalist theory of Eichhorn, equally affixes itself to the country, to the climate, to the river, to the constitution, to the religion, to the people of Egypt. Yet Mr. Beke has soberly and deliberately come to the following conclusion:—

‘With respect to Egypt itself, it is necessary that I should here state, unequivocally, my conviction, that that country is not the *Mitzraim* into which Abraham went down, and after him Jacob and his family, and out of which Jehovah brought the children of Israel; nor is it, I consider, the kingdom of the Pharaohs of a subsequent period; neither, consequently, can it be the country which was the object of the denunciations of the prophets.’—p. 167.

Let us, then, in order to do full justice to the ingenuity, even if we cannot admit the theory, of our author, submit the arguments in support of this singular hypothesis to an examination, which, however brief, may still be fair and candid. Mr. Beke adduces again the high authority of Mr. Lyell for the philosophic confirmation of the curious tradition preserved by Herodotus, concerning the recent origin of the Delta. The eastern branch of the Nile, he supposes, down to a late period, to have extended beyond the meridian of Suez, while the Gulf of Suez stretched up much further to the north; but, however he may narrow the isthmus, provided he does

not

not altogether destroy it, and unite the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, to which we suspect that there are, and must always have been, insuperable impediments from the difference of level, we cannot comprehend how this argument can bear upon the general theory. This, however inclined, he has not ventured to do; and as long as a land passage existed, sufficient for a caravan, so long there is no difficulty in supposing that Abraham actually went down, in time of dearth, to Egypt—that the traders in spices, and other Eastern commodities, to whom Joseph was sold, pursued the same course—that Jacob and his family were brought down from Palestine—that the body of Jacob was sent back—and that Moses, when he fled from the court of Egypt, found his way to the pastoral tribe among which he lived until his mission to the court of Pharaoh. As for the departure of the Israelites, and the discomfiture of Pharaoh, the total change in the character of the country only renders more doubtful that which nothing but the unreasoning dogmatism of modern critics would expect to fix with certainty—the precise part of the Red Sea which witnessed the miraculous passage of the Israelites, and the destruction of Pharaoh. On the passage of the Red Sea, our author has received an argument from a friend, which strikes us as clever and curious, though far from satisfactory. In order to show that the passage took place over the Gulf of Akaba, the eastern, not over the Gulf of Suez, the western fork of the Red Sea, he supposes that ‘the summoned east wind,’ blowing over the ocean, as well as over that particular branch of the sea, would keep up the waters on the western shore all along the Red Sea, which would consequently run with a more than ordinary tide up the western branch, while the eastern would remain dry. Our author, however, seems to tremble at this approach to the rationalism of introducing secondary agents, though the secondary agents rest on the authority of Scripture itself, and requires an entirely different miracle to divide the remaining waters, so as to be a ‘wall unto the children of Israel on their right hand and on their left, so that they walked upon dry land in the midst of water.’ In the text we may observe, by the way, that the natural cause and the divine agency are intimately connected—the effect is the consequence of the command laid upon the east wind. This is another instance of the wisdom of acquainting ourselves both with what is contained, and with what is not contained, in the sacred text.

The next argument of Mr. Beke attempts to show that the term Yam-suph, applied to the sea over which the Israelites passed, is likewise applied to the Gulf of Akaba. That it is so there is no question; but that it belongs exclusively to this branch, Mr. Beke
has

has failed to prove. There is every reason to suppose that this term, which means the weedy sea, is most appropriately, and always has been, used for the whole Arabian Gulf, including both its upper forks or branches. How nobly has Milton made use of his learning to enrich his poetry, in allusion to this appellation of the Red Sea:—

‘Thick as scattered sedge
Aflote, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, where waves o’erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry.’

We may add, that, according to Niebuhr, the whole gulf is still called *Al-souf*, the weedy sea. Though Bruce denied, later travellers have amply proved, the propriety of the appellation.

Such are the arguments, for we cannot ascribe that name to the inferences arising out of his arbitrary classification of the descendants of Noah,—and requiring, rather than affording, confirmatory proof,—by which the splendid and powerful kingdom of the Mitzraim is transferred from the shores of the Nile to that region immemorially denominated the Wilderness, or Stony Araba. We can discover, in the whole book, but one more point of argument, which we shall presently notice, derived from prophecy. We would, however, first state, that having succeeded in this magical creation—equal to the fabled powers of the founder of Tadmor, as enriched by Oriental imagination—our author has no difficulty in removing Sinai and Horeb to a more convenient situation, and finding a new desert for the wanderings of the Israelites. The former he places at Mount Hor, where less venturesome interpreters of the Old Testament have been pleased to find a tradition which, harmonizing, to a degree of credibility rarely belonging to tradition, with the Scriptural account, has pointed out the grave of Aaron. The latter he places in the great Arabian desert—a region so wide and so little known, as to afford both space and obscurity for their hitherto untraceable journey.

It is rather more embarrassing to adapt Arabia Petræa for the site of a flourishing kingdom. Our first question is—where are the fertile corn-fields which supplied not merely the Mitzraites, but their famishing neighbours? Where is the region which could not only support its own vast population, but likewise a population of at least 3,000,000 of slaves, who turned out, according to the numbers in the text of Exodus, 600,000 fighting men—slaves who, if they groaned under the tyranny, were by no means scantily supplied from the flesh-pots, of their opulent masters? Where is the river usually supposed to be the source and teeming mother of all this luxurious abundance—the river by whose

whose banks Moses was exposed—whose waters were turned into blood? Let our author be heard:—

'This question is one, however, which cannot be at all satisfactorily answered without a particular investigation of the country through which that river once flowed, and which now represents the desolate and deserted kingdom of Mitzraim; nor until that investigation has been accomplished, can it justly be said that the non-existence of a river in the present day, is a proof that no such river could have existed in the time of the Pharaohs; knowing, as we do, the vast physical changes which take place (even before our eyes) in other parts of the earth's surface; and considering also, that in that particular country important alterations have indubitably been effected merely by the change which has taken place in the coast line by the gradual advance of the land upon the sea, and also by the equally progressive encroachment of the sands of the desert; whilst it may not even be unphilosophical to imagine that some more considerable geological change in the surface of the country has taken place, in order to carry completely into effect the denunciations of the Lord, "And the waters shall fail from the sea, and the river shall be wasted and dried up."—p. 287.

But before we proceed to the prophesyings, on which our author lays so much stress, we must express our astonishment at his assertion, that artificial irrigation is unknown in Egypt. The remarkable passage in Deuteronomy—'The land whither thou goest is not as the land of Mitzraim from whence ye came, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs'—has till this time been adduced as a remarkable instance of the graphic fidelity of the sacred writer, and the immutability of Eastern customs. Our author may not have read the very curious description, in Philo, of the hydraulic machine moved by the foot. He may have paid little attention to modern travellers, among whom Shaw explains the passage by another custom of actually directing the water from the cisterns into the gardens by pressing earth down with the foot. Niebuhr, however, describes the machine (called, by the Arabs, *sakki tdir beridsjel*, the water-engine) as exactly the same which was in use in the time of Philo, and no doubt in that of Moses. All this Mr. Beke might have found in so common a book as 'Burder's Oriental Customs,' or in any historical commentator on the Old Testament. It is true that the Nile was the chief source of Egyptian fertility; but the water of the flood has always been kept up in tanks and cisterns, and artificial channels; and these are the 'ponds' and the 'pools,' which, as well as the 'river,' were turned into blood during the plagues of Egypt.

But when Mr. Beke, at the close of the last extract, appeals to the 19th chapter of Isaiah, we confess that our critical zeal takes fire

fire at this profanation of one of the most beautiful passages of Hebrew poetry. The beauty consists not so much in the unrivalled spirit and imaginative richness, as in the living fidelity and truth. It is Egyptian—purely, vividly, exclusively Egyptian, in every image, in every allusion. In any great eastern kingdom the idols might be moved at the presence of the Lord, and the heart of the people melt in the midst of it. But was it in Arabia the Stony that the cities were so numerous and powerful, and that conflicting kingdoms wasted the land by civil strife? How often, on the other hand, in Egyptian history, ‘has city (fought) against city, and kingdom against kingdom?’ The Alexandrian translators, with local propriety, have translated ‘nome against nome.’ Without going back to the theory of Marsham, espoused by Gatterer and others, that the dynasties of Manetho were not of successive, but of contemporary kings, who reigned in different parts of Egypt, the reader of Herodotus will immediately call to mind ‘the twelve kings,’ as well as the civil wars, in which, since Grotius, interpreters of the Scripture have generally traced the accomplishment of this prediction. We will not insist on the charmers, the familiar spirits, and the wizards—superstitions, though peculiarly prevalent in Egypt at all times, yet common, no doubt, to most eastern tribes:—let us proceed to the next verse:—

‘And the waters shall fail from the sea,
And the river shall be wasted and dried up.’

In this parallelism both *the sea* and *the river*, in the general opinion of Hebrew scholars, mean the Nile. Diodorus informs us that the Egyptians called the Nile *Ὠκεανός*, l. i. 12; it is called *πελάγος* by Herodotus during its overflow; and both Rosenmüller and Gesenius have observed that in the Koran it is described by the Arabic noun, which is the same as the Hebrew one here interpreted ‘sea.’ But who that is not enslaved to a system will not recognise in these vivid words the suspension of the periodical inundation of the Nile? Who would argue that—“The words, “the river shall be wasted and dried up,” have been held to refer to the Nile; and yet, during the 2500 years which have elapsed since the period when those words were uttered, that mighty river has continued to roll its waters into the sea, *without diminution, and substantially without change!*”

To what other country, less dependent for its glory, its power, its vital existence, upon its full and overflowing river, would the malediction apply with the same tremendous energy? The reader who would feel its full force, will do well to look at Volney’s powerful description of the famine caused by one failure of the inundation, in which it was estimated that a sixth part of the population

population perished. We cannot refrain from giving the few following verses, in which we have taken the liberty of mingling together, according to our own judgment of the real force and signification of the original, our authorized version, with those of Lowth, Rosenmuller, and the unrivalled one of Gesenius :—

————— ‘ The water-courses stink ;
 The canals of Egypt are drained and dry ;
 The reeds and the flags wither ;
 The meadows by the water-courses, by the margin of the water-courses ;
 The seed sown by the water-course is withered, is blasted, is no more.
 Then mourn the fishers ;
 Troubled are all that cast the hook in the river ;
 They that spread the net over the face of the waters languish ;
 They that work the fine-combed flax are confounded—
 The weavers of the snow-white robes.’

We have not ventured, in the fourth line, to retain the characteristic ‘ paper reeds’ of our version ; but to the traveller who has visited Egypt—to the scholar who has studied the antiquities and the manners of Egypt—to the reader who has seen the splendid publication of the Tuscan government, published under the care of Rosellini, how forcible, how pregnant, how appropriate is every allusion ! In the latter volume we have the fisher casting the angle and spreading the net ; the whole process of gathering the reeds, of weaving the linen, copied from paintings on the walls of the excavations, much older probably than the time of Isaiah, but with all their lines as distinct, and their colours as fresh, as if they had been drawn but yesterday. We really pity Mr. Beke, if he is insensible to the exquisite, the religious feeling of poetry, which thrills our hearts at the life and the truth of these, as well as other passages in the Hebrew prophets, which allude to Egypt, and, by the graphic fidelity of every touch, bring before us the whole country, with its singular products and manners : if, instead of this, he has to imagine, in the barren desert, a kingdom, a state of society, a people whose local circumstances, manners, and religion, will harmonize with equal accuracy with the language of the sacred writer. For ourselves, we cannot consent to allow the transcendent poetry of Isaiah and Ezekiel to become thus dry, barren, vague, and unmeaning, at least without evidence and argument of a very different character from the inferences, and surmises, and conjectures of these ‘ *Origines Biblicæ*.’

‘ The other prophecies on which Mr. Beke insists are those

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which describe the total degradation of the Mitzraitish kingdom, and the eternal failure of its princes :—

‘The prophetic announcements, “The sceptre of Mitzraim shall depart away,” and “There shall be no more a prince of the land of Mitzraim,” have been applied to Egypt, although those announcements were followed by the accession of the powerful native dynasty of the descendants of Lagus, who retained the sceptre of that country during nearly three whole centuries :—and, in like manner, the denunciation upon Mitzraim, “It shall be the basest of the kingdoms ; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations : for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations,”—has been considered to be accomplished in the subsequent state of Egypt, in spite of the facts, that under the sway of the Ptolemies that country attained a higher degree of opulence and splendour than it had probably ever possessed under any preceding monarchs ;—that during the peaceful and happy reign of Philadelphus it “was the first power by sea, and one of the first by land, in the world ;”—and that under his successor, Euergetes, its empire actually extended over the whole of the then known portions of the continents of Africa and Asia.’—p. 301.

We leave Mr. Beke to settle one part of this question with some other modern interpreters of prophecy. We know that there are certain worthy persons who have been seriously apprehensive and sadly embarrassed by the rise of Mohammed Ali, and cannot quite make out how to reconcile his Egyptian kingdom, particularly now that he has renounced his allegiance to the Porte, with these prophecies of Jeremiah and of Zachariah. We have been cautious not to disturb still further the trembling faith of these deep critics with any appeal to profane history, nor have we ventured to adduce the precedents of the magnificent Ptolemies, or the not less splendid Fatimite Sultans. But, for our own part, we are quite content to rest the veracity of the prophets on the total extinction of the native line of princes, concerning whom they wrote. We greatly doubt whether any of these particular predictions relating to the kingdoms and dynasties of antiquity look beyond their immediate accomplishment, or that they were intended to pledge, as it were, Divine Providence to remote ages ; their accomplishment is to be sought, and will, we assert, invariably be found, in the history of the times. Thus with the Assyrian, or rather with the Persian conquest, the reign of the Egyptian Pharaohs, the successors of Menes and Sesostris, was for ever terminated ; and though we know little of the effects of the Assyrian conquest, no conquered monarchy, probably, was ever so degraded, so reduced to be the ‘basest of kingdoms,’ as Egypt was by the mad tyranny of Cambyses. Read the account in Herodotus of the wanton insults of the Persian conqueror upon the religion,

religion, as well as his grinding tyranny over the people in Egypt, and no further illustration of the maledictions of Isaiah * or Ezekiel will be required by the sober student of the prophetic writings.

We must conclude with the expression of our sincere regret that Mr. Beke has not applied his talents and ingenuity to some more profitable purpose : we would speak with respect of both. Though we have been compelled to give a verdict of 'not proven' against every plea which he has advanced in the work before us, we trust that in no instance we have departed from the urbanity of the scholar or the charity of the Christian. We would hope that the time is come when such questions may be debated without the slightest tinge of polemic acrimony ; and though our author must feel some natural disappointment, if he shall be convinced that he has wasted much valuable time upon an untenable hypothesis, in the end he will not be dissatisfied at our friendly and temperate admonition, which would strongly urge more mature consideration and more profound inquiry, before he ventures to publish another volume of '*Origines Biblicæ*.'

ART. XII.—*Louis Philippe et la Contre-Révolution de 1830.*
Par B. Sarrans, jeune. 2 tomes. Paris, 1834.

WE alluded to this work in our last Number as a formal bill of indictment preferred against Louis Philippe, for every species of political apostacy and of private ingratitude. We now resume a more particular consideration of the work—not with the view of entering into the *polemic* details of the squabbles between the citizen-king and his quondam friends—with which our readers are, we believe, sufficiently acquainted, and may be, we fear, somewhat tired—but for the purpose of recording some anecdotal facts concerning the new dynasty. Though we are far from giving implicit credit to all M. Sarrans's assertions—and, though we reject the whole of his doctrines and most of his reasonings, it is impossible to deny that he has made out his case of ingratitude and apostacy against Louis Philippe : but he has made one great, and in every sense, *radical* mistake—he lays the *whole* blame of this change on the king, when, in fact, the greater part of it belongs to the persons and principles which the king has been *forced* to repudiate.

Ad hominem M. Sarrans's argument is conclusive ;—and the answers which the king and his friends have attempted are miserably weak, and must necessarily be so, because they have not yet

* 'And the Egyptians will I give over into the hand of a cruel lord ; and a fierce king shall rule over them, saith the Lord, the Lord of Hosts.'—Isaiah xix. 4.

had the courage to produce their real defence—by honestly confessing ‘That they *have* abandoned the principles which they and M. Sarrans professed in 1830, because they have found, by cruel experience, that with such principles no government—no society could exist.’ Upon this truth they have had the boldness and good sense to *act*, but they have not yet the moral courage to *avow* it; and until they shall frankly make that admission, M. Sarrans and their other antagonists may urge with perfect justice the shameful inconsistency between their practice and their professions.

Before we proceed to the main object—the personal history of Louis Philippe—we think it right to notice one or two assertions made by M. Sarrans relative to England, which we can, from our own knowledge, pronounce to be either utter mistakes or gross misrepresentations; for instance, he says, that

‘the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne of France was the favourite project of Dumouriez even to his last hour. At the moment when Louis XVIII. meditated the invasion of Spain, the old general communicated a project of this kind to Mr. Canning—*then prime minister*—who entertained it, and opened a negotiation to that purport, but it was interrupted within three weeks, by the death of Dumouriez.’—p. 106.

We do not insist on the misstatement (though of some importance) of Mr. Canning’s being at that time (1823) *prime minister*, nor on the absurdity of supposing that a negotiation for such great and prospective objects could be defeated by the death of the poor old Dumouriez, at the age of eighty-four and in the retirement of an English village. We knew General Dumouriez personally during the latter years of his life, and we can say, that we never heard him express anything like the sentiments imputed to him; and, indeed, long before the war with Spain was or could have been even *meditated*, the poor old man was totally incapable of originating or conducting either intrigue or negotiation. But, we further know, and can now, without any breach of confidence, assert, that no such proposition ever reached the British government from *any* quarter, and that, consequently, no negotiation was, or could have been opened on the subject. If our readers will take the superfluous trouble of referring to the Parliamentary Debates, they will find that Mr. Canning was, *at the time*, the object of an *exactly opposite* and contradictory charge, namely, of having in his speeches on those Spanish affairs represented England as bound by *express guarantee* to maintain the existing dynasty on the throne of France. This was as little *true* as is M. Sarrans’s contrary statement; but when Mr. Canning’s language could have given rise to such a misunderstanding, it is clear that

that he could not have volunteered an intrigue for the overthrow of that dynasty, towards which he was supposed to be *too* favourable.

On another point M. Sarrans is equally misinformed—he says,—
‘A few days after the révolution of July, Lord Stuart de Rothsay, the English ambassador, received from Lord Wellington orders to require from the new government of France a categorical answer as to its intentions relative to Algiers.’

And to this he adds the following note :—

‘To account for Lord Wellington’s *direct* intervention in a matter which was rather in the department of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, it is necessary to know that some weeks before the appearance of the *Ordonnances*, M. de Polignac had sent over a secret agent to his Grace, to communicate confidentially his intended measure, and to assure him that the expedition to Algiers had no other object than to produce a military success, which might re-act favourably on the projected *coup d’état*.’—p. 87.

We can take upon ourselves to assert, that every statement and inference in this note is *absolutely false*, and without even a colourable pretence.

All the world knows, because it has been published in the journals and in the parliamentary debates of both countries, (our readers will find it stated in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1833, vol. xlix. p. 524,) that the Wellington cabinet, immediately on the accession of Louis Philippe, did require and obtain a categorical answer on the subject of Algiers—but the special and *direct* interference of the Duke himself on that occasion, and the *previous communication with M. de Polignac respecting the ORDONNANCES*, are absolute falsehoods. Our readers well know that, on the first burst of the events of July, some such community of councils was imputed to the Duke of Wellington and M. de Polignac by their respective enemies—and especially by that pattern of accuracy and candour, Lord Brougham—but the trial of the ex-ministry in Paris, and the declaration of the Duke of Wellington in England, had, we thought, dissipated that calumny for ever : however, as M. Sarrans has thought proper to repeat it with such special circumstances, we take upon ourselves to assert, *not only that there was no such agent, but that there was not any—even the slightest—written or verbal communication of M. de Polignac’s design made to the British government, or to any member of it.* We can further state, that so fearful was M. de Polignac of giving umbrage to his own jealous countrymen, by the appearance of any intercourse with the Duke of Wellington, that when he left England with the secret intention of accepting the place of President of the Council to Charles X., he did not even commu-
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nicate his departure or its motives to the Duke, and even *evaded* the ordinary civility of a parting visit; and we further and finally assert—that so far, so blameably far—was this system of retrocession from English counsels carried, that the *first intimation* which the British cabinet had of any unusual design or measure was by the same *Moniteur* which had announced the *Ordonnances* to the people of Paris.

We did not expect to have ever again had occasion to refer to this topic; but when we find M. Sarrans gravely reviving such fables, we think it right, for the sake of historical truth, to repeat the contradiction. We do not suspect M. Sarrans of intentional misrepresentation; but it is really surprising how ignorant of us and all our affairs, whether recent or remote, the French, even their men of letters, are; and not merely uninformed, but utterly ignorant of matters, which they, nevertheless, venture to discuss in the boldest style. For instance, M. Sarrans, thinking it necessary, in a high constitutional disquisition, to compare the Chamber of Peers in France with our House of Lords, objects to the former as exclusively feudal, while, he says, the annals of England prove that *her* peerage was largely increased by persons connected with trade, at a time when, throughout the rest of Europe, there was no access to nobility but by the sword. This he proves by sundry instances (most of which happen to be no instances at all) from ‘Camden’s excellent work on British Commerce,’—Camden never having written any such work—and then to make all sure he subjoins—

‘The following is a chronological list of the merchants who have been ennobled by the crown *since the close of the sixteenth century.*

‘1464—Sir John Gillott, merchant and mayor of York, knight of the order of the Bath.

‘1465—Sir Ralph Josline, merchant-draper, knight of the Bath and baronet.

‘1471—Henry Weaver, sheriff of London, knight of the Bath and baronet.

‘1487—Sir William Horne, trading in salt-meat, a baronet.

‘1490—John Perceval, merchant-taylor, baronet.

‘1513—Sir Thomas More, sheriff of London, and afterwards Lord Chancellor and privy councillor to Henry VIII.

‘1583—Sir John Allen, merchant, privy councillor to Henry VII.

‘1628—Sir William Acton, knight of the Bath and baronet.

‘1646—Sir Thomas Adams, knight of the Bath and baronet.’—vol. ii. p. 244.

Could it have been believed that any man—much less a literary man—a *publiciste* by profession—volunteering to discuss a matter of history and legislation, could have, by any ingenuity of ignorance, contrived to accumulate such a mass of blunders?

Not

Not one of his examples is a case of peerage! He confounds the occasional knights of the Bath made at coronations with the modern Order of the Bath. He enumerates *baronets* centuries before the title was invented—and even imagines that knighthood, the baronetcy, and the privy council, confer the peerage! We wonder that of such peerages—instead of a list of *nine*, he did not enumerate nine hundred since the close of the sixteenth century, which, it seems, according to M. Sarrans's new '*Art de vérifier les Dates*,' was about 1464—a century and a half earlier than the vulgar reckoning. When M. Sarrans exhibits such serious and such ridiculous ignorance about one part of his subject, we naturally feel some suspicion as to his trustworthiness in others; and although we may presume that he knows a little more of France than he does of England, we confess, that if we had not some other evidence than his own for most of his statements, we should not have paid them much attention. But the truth is, that Sarrans derives all his importance from his connexion with Lafayette and his party,—whose views he develops—whose cause he advocates—and whose statements he records. It is not Sarrans that we trust, but Lafayette, Lafitte, Dupont, and Odillon Barrot, all of whom appear to have contributed to this, even more directly than to his former work; these volumes contain a letter from each of these persons, which, so far as they are concerned, accredit the book; and in truth all the *facts* of the book relate to them, or rather to Louis Philippe in his intercourse with them. M. Sarrans has also been at the pains to hunt up some old publications, and he has been furnished with some original documents, and from all these sources has collected a mass of anecdotes relative to the personal and political life of the King of the French, which are, beyond all doubt, true in substance, though the commentaries of M. Sarrans are deeply tinged with party prejudice and personal animosity. These we shall endeavour to put aside, and to exhibit to our readers the real character of Louis Philippe, which, like most other real characters, will be found to be a mixture of good and bad—of something to be approved—something to be censured—a good deal to be pitied, as the weakness of human nature—and much to be forgiven, as arising from the irresistible force of circumstances.

M. Sarrans sets out by showing that his Majesty began life as a Jacobin—his first political declaration was in the strong and homely designation of himself as '*Louis Philippe Egalité, by misfortune a French prince, but by choice a Jacobin to his fingers' ends.*' This general thesis M. Sarrans elucidates by extracts from a journal kept by the Duke de Chartres in 1790 and 1791, and which, having been lost or forgotten when he emigrated,

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was soon after published in Paris. Our readers are aware that the celebrated Madame de Genlis, in addition to the education of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, became charged with the superintendence of the education of M. de Chartres and his two brothers, under the masculine title of *governor*; and certainly as regarded mere education, she justified the singular confidence which was placed in her: never had any experiment a severer trial, or, we will add, a more successful result. The early education of Louis Philippe, as experience has shown, not only fitted him for the respectable and honourable maintenance of the station to which he was born, but afforded him support and consolation in deep and unexpected adversity; and now, in an equally unexpected elevation, enables him to fulfil with vigour and intelligence the most difficult and the most awful duties.

'How often'—says Madame de Genlis, in allusion to the trials and privations to which the young prince was exposed after his escape from France—'How often, since his misfortunes, have I applauded myself for the education I had given him—for having taught him the principal modern languages—for having accustomed him to wait on himself—to despise all kinds of effeminacy (*mollesse*)—to sleep habitually on a wooden bed, with no covering but a mat—to expose himself to heat, cold, and rain—to accustom himself to fatigue by daily and violent exercise, and by walking ten or fifteen miles with leaden soles to his shoes—and, finally, for having given him the taste and habit of travelling. He had lost all that he had inherited from birth and fortune—nothing remained but what he had received from nature and me!'—*Mém. de Genlis*, iv. 203.

One of the modes by which Madame de Genlis endeavoured to teach her royal pupils to examine and regulate their own mind and conduct was the keeping a journal; and it is to a portion of a journal so kept—extending from the autumn of 1790 to the summer of 1791—that M. Sarrans refers. This journal certainly affords some very piquant contrasts—the prince turned Jacobin is striking enough, but the Jacobin turned king is still more so.

M. Sarrans, of course, quotes no more than serves his own purpose—he quotes nothing that can do the king credit, and once or twice, by an omission, makes the passage look worse than it really is. We happen to possess a copy of this little work, and as it is rare, and has never, we believe, been translated, we think our readers will not be sorry to possess it *in extenso*—particularly as, amidst the deluge of French memoirs with which we have been lately inundated, this curious little piece has been carefully suppressed. Nay, in the laboured apologetical life of Louis Philippe in that *liberal*, but most flimsy and false publication, the

Biographie

Biographie des Contemporains, it is not even alluded to. The fact is, that the *Liberals* have hitherto endeavoured to hush up this publication, for the same reason that they now quote it—namely, because they think it does no credit to him—so long their idol, and now their *bête noire*. We, on the contrary, think that, on the whole, it does him no discredit, and we wish to preserve it for the sake of justice and truth. The facts may be of little historical value; many of the details are insignificant and puerile, as may be well expected, when we remind our readers that the author was only seventeen when the journal was kept; but it affords many interesting traits of personal character, and must be, at all events, curious, as the first chapter, written by his own hand, of the life of a man, who, whatever be his ultimate destiny, has already secured a prominent place in the history of this most eventful age.

We must introduce this journal by a few preliminary explanations, and we shall occasionally intersperse observations on some prominent passages, and subjoin a few foot-notes.

The journal begins with the entrance of the young Duke de Chartres into the Jacobin Club—an event of considerable importance in a public view, as marking his father's adhesion to the principles of that society, and which was also the occasion of serious family dissensions. The Jacobins, we find, were so much pleased at seeing the Duke de Chartres amongst them, that they presented him a formal address, of which the first sentence is curious:—‘Sir, we congratulate ourselves! Should we not also congratulate you? You have been our prince—you are now our colleague,’ &c. Signed ‘Manuel, president; Lepage, secretary.’ (*Chronique de Paris*, 19th Nov. 1790.) But that which was a matter of congratulation to the Jacobins, was a source of deep affliction to his amiable and excellent mother, and became the immediate cause of an open rupture between her and Madame de Genlis—by whose counsels that princess believed that her son had taken this unhappy and degrading step. Madame de Genlis, in her Memoirs, attributes it solely to the Duke of Orleans himself; but it is, we think, clear that she must share the responsibility. We have the young duke's evidence, that his father only approved his own proposition; and we shall see, as we proceed, that this too-docile and over-affectionate pupil would never have thought of making such a proposition without Madame de Genlis's previous concurrence;—her husband, M. de Sillery, proposed him—her personal friends, and the attendants whom she had placed about him, all became members also. When, in a year or two after, she, with her niece and Pamela, accompanied Mademoiselle d'Orleans to England, they designated themselves ‘*les quatre émigrées Jacobines*.’

(Correspondance

(*Correspondance de d'Orléans*, ii. 90.) In short, it is clear that she countenanced, and probably advised her pupil's entry into the Jacobin Club—which, however, as she justly observes, had not, at this period, attained its subsequent ferocity and infamy. There is another circumstance in this affair, which corroborates the opinion that the plunges of the Duke of Orleans into the successive depths of democracy were chiefly prompted by moral cowardice—the Duke de Chartres became Jacobin at the moment of that violent excitement which followed the duel of Messrs. de Castries and Lameth; but the father himself did not become a member of the club till the commotion occasioned by the flight of the king, when, not without some demur, he was admitted. (*Journal des Jacobins*, 23d June, 1790.) Again—it was amidst the massacre of the 10th of August that he solicited the change of his name to *Egalité*. We say *moral* cowardice, for he showed more than once, and particularly at his last hour, personal firmness.

We are tempted to quote from the little-known relation of an eye-witness the account of his last hours. On the 6th of November, 1793, he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and, after a mock trial, condemned to death, on a series of charges, of all of which he was notoriously guiltless. He treated the dreadful mockery with contempt, and begged, as an only favour, that the sentence might be executed without delay: the bloody indulgence was granted, and he was led, at four o'clock, when the daylight was almost failing, from the court to the scaffold.

'I confess,' says the editor of the *Correspondance de d'Orléans*, 'I had the barbarous curiosity to see him go to execution; I took my station opposite his palace, that I might observe the effect which, at his last moments, these scenes of former splendour and enjoyment might have on him. The crowd was immense, and aggravated, by its reproaches and insults, the agony of the sufferer. The fatal cart advanced at so slow a pace, that it seemed as if they were endeavouring to prolong his torments. There were many other victims in the same cart; *they* were all bent double, pale, and stupified by horror: Orleans alone—a striking contrast—stood upright, his head elevated, his countenance full of its natural colour, with all the firmness of innocence. By a refinement of cruelty, the cart was stopped at the gate of his palace; I saw him run his eyes over the building with the tranquil air of a master, who should be examining whether it required any additional ornament or repair. This air was, no doubt, studied and put on—I, as well as everybody else, could see that it was; it was even said that he had prepared himself for it by wine; but, with all that, I was astonished—I am still astonished to think how such a man as d'Orléans could, by any means, have subdued his natural character, and worked himself up to such an appearance of courage and tranquillity.'

We return from this digression to observe, that as to the rupture between the Duchess of Orleans and Madame de Genlis, the latter, in her Memoirs, does tardy and rather reluctant, but yet complete, justice to the former.

‘The cause, says she, ‘of the Duchess’s coldness towards me was evidently a difference of opinion on the politics of the day; and I am now ready to acknowledge that her fears which, at the time, appeared to me so exaggerated, and even so unjust, were but too well founded. She did not permit her imagination to lead her astray;—she did not abandon herself to romantic visions—her judgment, alas! was better than mine.’—*Mém de Gen.*, iv. 81.

With these preliminary observations on the state of the family, which will tend to explain some things that might be otherwise obscure, we proceed to the Journal itself.

JOURNAL OF LOUIS PHILIPPE, DUKE DE CHARTRES.

‘23rd Oct. 1790.—I dined at Mousseaux*—next day my father having approved my anxious wishes to become a member of the Jacobin club, M. de Sillery proposed me on Friday.

‘2nd Nov.—I was yesterday admitted to the Jacobins, and much applauded—I returned thanks for the kind reception that they were so good as to give me, and I assured them that I should never deviate from the sacred duties of a good patriot and a good citizen.

‘3rd Nov.—I was this morning at the National Assembly—in the evening at the Jacobins, where I was put on the Committee of Presentations, that is on the committee appointed to examine candidates. This committee meets every Thursday. I requested one of my colleagues to express my regret at not being able to attend to-morrow.

‘*Château Neuf*, † 7th Nov.—Attended mass; they did not offer us incense, ‡ my grandfather insisting on exact obedience to the decrees of the National Assembly. If they had attempted to offer me the incense, I had made up my mind not to allow it. Messrs. de Gilbert, father and son, dined here to-day; the son is seventeen and a half, and very steady,—very civil and very amiable; although his father and all his family are aristocrats, he is nevertheless a great patriot, which has won my heart. . . . So my trip to *Château Neuf* is over. We shall set off to-night at eleven. Although I have been very happy to pass this time with my mother and my grandfather, I have felt great pain in separating myself from those with whom I have lived so long, and particularly my *Friend [Madame de Genlis]*, whom I shall always consider as a second mother—and my brother [*the Duke de Montpensier*] from whom I had never been separated before. I have felt deeply, in the course of this little journey, how dear everything at

* A villa of the Duke of Orleans, so close to Paris, on the north-west, as to be within the walls.

† A country seat of his grandfather, the Duke de Penthièvre.

‡ Under the old church regime, incense was presented to persons of high rank—a kind of feudal honour which was abolished in the general abolition of all feudal rights.

Bellechasse is to me, and how painful it would be to me to be long away from it.'

Madame de Genlis, then called Madame de Sillery, is throughout the Journal designated emphatically as *my friend (mon amie)*. She resided in a convent in the Faubourg St. Germain, called Bellechasse, where the Duke of Orleans had erected a pavilion for the residence of her and his daughter Mademoiselle Adelaide—thither the young men used to come every day to receive the instruction of their Governor. We may as well take this opportunity of observing, once for all, that the romantic attachment of Louis Philippe for Madame de Genlis, and the passionate expressions of fondness which, as we shall see by and by, he employs, might create a surmise that he felt for her more than filial affection, but there is no real ground for any such suspicion; the fact is notoriously otherwise, as might be proved, if it were necessary, by some very naïves confessions in the course of the Journal. We here see, and shall see more fully hereafter, that the young duke laments, as so much time lost, his occasional visits to his mother, who—notwithstanding his visible indifference for her and his enthusiasm for *his friend*—continued to treat him with all the affection and attention that she was *allowed* to show him. In reading, however, his extravagant expressions concerning his *friend*, it must be recollected that the Journal was intended for her future inspection, and that the youth would naturally write in a way that would be most agreeable to her. This will account, in some degree, for the excessive fondness he professes for her, and will also explain the choice of topics, &c.; but, after all, there is no doubt that he felt for her the warmest gratitude and affection.

'7th Nov.—I forgot to say, that however happy I should have been to return with my mother, I opposed her coming back with me, as she seemed rather unwell. I should have come in the cabriolet with Gardanne; but she preferred travelling all night to return with me,—besides, she can sleep in a carriage.

'Paris, 9th Nov.—We left Château Neuf at eleven at night, and arrived at Bellechasse at ten next day. I got on horseback at Angerville, nine leagues off; it was still dark, and I rode to Paris. In the evening I attended the Jacobins. They appointed me Censor (they do the duty of ushers). As the hall is much too small to contain the 'Friends of the Constitution,'—[*the formal title of the Club, which derived its popular name from meeting at the convent of the Jacobins,*]—whose numbers increase daily, a committee was named to look out for another place. They were discussing the king's household troops. M. Mathieu de Miranbal (a young man) spoke particularly well. I learned that I had been named one of a deputation to convey to the National Assembly the proposition relative to the Tennis Court.*

'10th

* A bombastic address from the Jacobins to the National Assembly, for a due commemoration

'10th Nov.—Yesterday my father sent for me, received me most kindly, and gave me fifty louis, of which I gave my brother ten. My father desired me to call on Madame de Lamballe—I went directly; and from her to the Assembly, and from that, with my father's approbation, to dine with M. Bonne-Carrère, who had been spokesman of the deputation to the Assembly. He had invited the whole deputation and several members of the Assembly. The dinner was very gay, very patriotic, and very decent.

'11th Nov.—At the sitting of the Assembly M. Biauzat moved that the committees of the constitution and of military affairs should unite to prepare a decree on the composition of the king's guard of honour. M. de Beauharnois proposed that the king should never command the troops in person. M. Malouet opposed both these motions. Alexander Lameth complained that the friends of liberty were always represented as the enemies of the king. On this the Blacks [royalists] cried "Yes, yes, and 'tis true," and the *Côté Gauche* "No, no—the true friends of the king are those who have destroyed the *ci-devant* clergy and the parliaments—'tis they who have delivered the nation from all the tyrannies under which we had so long groaned." The *Côté Gauche* and the galleries applauded violently. I joined in the applause. M. de Cassigny Juigné, deputy of the Var, and M. de la Chèze, who sat near him, appealed to the President that I should be turned out for having dared to applaud. The President shrugged up his shoulders—I continued my applause, and then took up my opera-glass to see who were the two members who had noticed me. There was a cry of "Down with the opera-glass!" but I did not take it down till I had well seen and distinguished them. Thence I went to dinner at the Palais Royal, and in the evening to my committee at the Jacobins, where I announced [*denounced?*] to the committee that a person lately admitted by the committee, and now standing for election by the society (M. Meeke), was concerned in an aristocratic paper called *La Gazette Générale*. He was in consequence adjourned *sine die*.'

We are afraid that this passage is one of the least creditable to the writer that the Journal contains. M. Meeke seems to have been a person attached to his education. Madame de Genlis, when inculcating on him his duty towards his attendants, says,—'You should confer on Messrs. Myris and Meeke—if he should remain with you—and your other masters and attendants, any favour in your power.'—(*Mém. de Genlis*, vol. iii. p. 284.) M. Myris was his drawing-master, who continued attached to him, and for his conduct at Jemappes was made a *chef de brigade*—of him we shall hear more hereafter; but poor M. Meeke, as Madame de Genlis suspected, seems to have quitted him—probably on account of politics—and the 'favour' which, in pursuance of Ma-

commemoration of the celebrated oath in the Tennis Court, at Versailles.—See *Moniteur*, 9th Nov. 1790.

dame

dame de Genlis's considerate advice, he seems to have conferred on him, was a *denunciation* to the Jacobins. We learn from a subsequent entry, 26th November, that Meeke appealed against the justice of this denunciation—but had it been ever so just, it was not the Duke of Chartres who should have made it.

‘16th Nov.—At the Jacobins—I rose to speak, and said, that I had had the honour of being admitted last year (though under age) into the Philanthropic Society. This society was in the habit of distributing 100,000 (4000*l.*) per annum, but this year the funds had fallen off by one-half, because several very affluent persons had retired under pretence that the Revolution prevents their contributing four louis a year. In this they have two objects—the first to discredit the Revolution for having destroyed so good an institution; and, secondly, to make it enemies of all the poor whose pensions should be thus stopped, by saying, “It is the Revolution deprives you of your bread.” I said I thought that it was worthy of the club to support the Philanthropic Society, and I invited all who could afford four louis a year to belong to it, and those who could not, to contribute what they could afford. I was much applauded, and, on the motion of M. Faydel, a subscription which had been raised a month ago, for a poor man who had refused it, was transferred to the Philanthropic Society.

‘17th Nov.—I was yesterday at the National Assembly—the question was about Avignon. I had forgotten to take paper with me which prevented my making notes.

‘19th Nov.—This evening at the play to see [Voltaire's] Brutus—the audience made many allusions. When Brutus says, “Give me, ye gods, death rather than slavery,” the house rang with shouts of applause—great waving of hats. It was magnificent. Another line ended with these words—“*free and without a king.*”^{*} Some applause was heard, in which neither I nor any one in our box joined. Then there was a cry of “God save the king;” but it being observed that this cry was unconstitutional, they substituted that triple cry, which sounds so sweet in patriot ears—“God save the nation, the law, and the king;” and *Vive la liberté*. It was clear from all that passed that the patriots had a great majority over the aristocrats; three or four of these latter would have applauded some congenial allusions, but they were reduced to silence.

‘20th Nov.—Last night at the Jacobins, M. Pujot, an apothecary, and an excellent patriot, had lent a friend his card of admission—he was suspended, according to a rule, which every one signs on admission, excluding members who shall lend their cards, but M. Pujot had not read it. I solicited the indulgence of the club for this patriot, and he got his card again. I missed the reading [of the *procès verbal*] because I could not come till nine o'clock, having been detained

* M. Sarrans has rather uncandidly suppressed all the rest of this article. It is evident that he wishes to leave an impression as if Louis Philippe had applauded ‘*free and without a king*’; but as he expressly states that neither he nor his company did so, Sarrans is guilty of a misrepresentation.

at the National Assembly by the politeness of M. Grouvelle, who was to read an address at the bar, and requested me to stop to hear it—the address seemed to me fine, but rather long. I wish he had said something of religion.* This morning, at seven o'clock, I attended at the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu, to see the patients dressed and to learn to dress. I returned at a quarter past eight. I dined at the Palais Royal with my father.

'24th Nov.—Another delightful day at Bellechasse. This morning we attended at the Hôtel Dieu; I visited and bled some patients.'

We find in the French papers that Louis Philippe has had recent occasion to exercise this very useful but unusual accomplishment of being able to bleed. When he was lately travelling in Normandy, one of his postilions had a very severe fall, and was senseless. The king, to the great astonishment of his attendants and the spectators, jumped from the carriage, pulled out a lancet, and bled the poor fellow with skill and success. This was one of Madame de Genlis's practical items of education.

'25th Nov.—After dinner to the Jacobins—I was the first who arrived. They gave me some letters from the country to abstract—for, except the letters be very interesting, they only read abstracts. One of the abstracts (not one of mine) was in these terms: "A letter from the society at Foix inclosed a copy of an address to the king, and states a fact against M. Lambert, the comptroller-general." The address itself was now called for, and found to be in the form of the old regime—"your kingdom—your faithful subjects, who would shed their blood for your sacred person." This was received with murmurs, in which I took no part. A member of the National Assembly for Foix endeavoured to justify M. Lambert, and said that we should excuse the old-fashioned style of his countrymen, who were so remote, that public spirit had not yet made its way amongst them, but that they loved and blessed the constitution. On my proposition, supported by some other members, the club passed to the order of the day. I got to Bellechasse at a few minutes past eight.

'26th Nov.—I went this morning to the Hôtel Dieu—the next time I shall dress the patients myself. Yesterday I was to have dined at Villoni's, No. 17, Place des Victoires, at nine livres a head; Messrs. Barnave, Lameth, Noailles, Mirabeau, Sillery, &c., who were to have been of the party, did not go, because M. Brissot, who had so grossly calumniated M. Barnave, and called him "a tool of tyranny," was to be there. Instead, therefore, of that, I went to dine at Mousseaux, where were Madame de Buffon, and another lady, and Messieurs Valkiers, St. Fare, Belsunce, d'Henencourt, and Sheldon. After dinner they began to play cards, on which I went away to the Jacobins—I called the attention of the club to the letter which M. Meeke [*see ante*, 11th Nov.] had published in "Carra and Mercier's Journal." I

* It does not appear what this address was—probably about the civil constitution of the clergy, which was at that time under discussion.

was asked if I answered for the truth of his statements; I said no. I returned to Bellechasse at three-quarters after eight.

'27th Nov.—I was last night at the Assembly—there was an enormous crowd. M. Voidel made a speech on the obstacles which the bishops, the chapters, and some of the parochial clergy throw in the way of the execution of the decrees on the civil constitution of the clergy, by their protests and declarations. He stated amongst others the conduct of a parish priest near Peronne, who, not satisfied with exciting the people to refuse the payment of taxes, excited them to massacre the tax-gatherers. I had taken notes of the whole discussion to write it out here, but, as I am three days in arrear, it is impossible.

'1st Dec. 1790.—I dined yesterday with my grandfather [*the Duke de Penthièvre*] at the Hôtel de Toulouse; my mother dined there too; I returned to Bellechasse at a quarter past four. Though I am delighted at dining frequently with my mother, yet all does not go as I had hoped. I had hoped to be able to continue my studies almost without interruption, but I was mistaken, and I am sincerely grieved at it: of the seven days of the week, I can give but three to my beloved Bellechasse—this distresses me very much.'

Here we see the Duke does not lament the days spent at the Jacobins, nor the dinners at the Palais Royal, or the Place Vendôme, but is greatly distressed at the *loss* of two hours in dining with his mother.

'2nd Dec.—I went yesterday morning to the Hôtel Dieu—I dressed two patients, and gave one six and the other three livres. Dined at Bellechasse, and went early to the Jacobins; we had to elect a president and secretary. I voted for MM. de Mirabeau and Beauharnais, who had the majority of votes. M. Barnave spoke exceedingly well on the club which calls itself the representatives of the National Guards of France—M. de Lafayette had granted them the right of sending two of their members everyday to attend the king—they solicited the same indulgence at the National Assembly. M. Barnave showed how impolitic it would be to allow the National Guards to become a body apart, and that the soldiers should not be separated from the citizens, &c. I was named *Censor*.

'3rd Dec.—I dined yesterday at the Palais Royal, and afterwards attended the committee of presentations at the Jacobins. I endorsed the proposals of M. Lecoupey,* Conad, and Alyon. I also endorsed those of Messrs. Henezet and Issonrah. I had inquired about the first, and the result was favourable to him. The second was recommended to me by M. Myris, who answers for his patriotism. M. Bonne-Carrère read from a committee the project of a regulation for the proceedings of the club. One article was, that no one should be admitted under the age of twenty-one, except

* 'To teach my pupils Greek, I have attached to their establishment of education M. Lecoupey, an excellent Grecian.'—*Mém. de Gen.* iii. 324. M. Conad appears to have been his medical attendant.

under

under particular circumstances. I proposed eighteen—saying, that at eighteen one was quite equal to understand our discussions—that the club, having no legal character, should be looked upon as a school, where young men should learn betimes to overcome their natural timidity, and fit themselves for one day defending the sacred rights of the nation from the tribune of the National Assembly. My reasons were not convincing, and my amendment was rejected. I then said that I had had a kind of personal interest in the amendment, because my brother—[*M. de Montpensier was now but fifteen*—desired ardently to enter the club, and that this rule would postpone him for a long time. *M. Collot d'Herbois* told me that it should not affect him—that when one had received an education like *ours*, he fell into the provided case of exception.* I returned to Bellechasse at three-quarters past eight. This morning I have been to the Hôtel Dieu and dressed patients.

* 6th Dec.—I dined to-day at the Palais Royal with my brother and sister.† After dinner *M. de Cubières* showed some experiments in optics; during this time I went out with Edward,‡ and went to the house of one Bailly, a bookseller. I told him and his wife that I greatly protected Topin, that I could answer for his good conduct and good principles; that he had been for six years in love with their daughter, and that I hoped they would consent to the match. To which there being no difficulty, I gave Topin the key of the room [to let himself in], and got back at the end of a quarter of an hour to *M. de Cubière's* optics. We returned to Bellechasse at six o'clock; we found there Messrs. Voidel and Volney, who remained till nine; 'tis impossible to be more agreeable. This morning I have been to the Hôtel-Dieu, and dressed.

† 8th Dec. 1790.—Another entire day at Bellechasse. These days will profit me, and they do me a good that I cannot tell. I was this morning at the Hôtel-Dieu, and dressed.

‡ 15th Dec.—Yesterday I took *M. Saiffert* to the *Panthéon*, to show it to him, as he was looking out for a place for the Jacobins. Thence I went to the Assembly to procure a box-ticket for my friend; afterwards I rode.

† 18th Dec.—Yesterday I dined at the Palais Royal, where were Mesdames De Lacharce and St. Simon, and Messrs. De Lacharce, De Menou (the gambler), De Tiars, De Resching, &c. All the talk was about play, mixed with some pleasantries disgustingly aristocratical. After dinner they played swisk [*whist*], when I went away. All these gamblers came to dinner by mistake; they were to have

* *M. de Montpensier* was soon after admitted, for we find him on the 21st of June proposing the admission of his father.

† *Mademoiselle* Adelaide, who is supposed to be the wife by secret, but not illegitimate nuptials of General Athelin, her brother's first aide-de-camp. Within these few days we learn this lady has taken the title of *Madame*, to the great scandal of the Liberals, who look on it as a symptom of feudality.

‡ This *Edward* seems to be the same person mentioned afterwards as *Topin*, who appears to have had some office about the Duke de Chartres.

dined here on Sunday, and played at hazard. That was the account given by my mother, of whom I could not help asking the reason of this shower of gamblers. I then went to the Jacobins, and afterwards to Bellechasse.'

We must here pause to observe a curious contrast. The reader has just seen the goodnature with which the Prince contributed to young Topin's marriage, and we find that Madame de Genlis placed Madame Topin about Mademoiselle Adelaide as sub-governess; and when she was about, as she thought, to resign her own situation as governess, she wrote to the princess—'I flatter myself that you will always be kind to Madame Topin, who is so good and so estimable, and has so sincere a friendship for me.'—*Mém. de Gen.*, iv. 78. The reader will also have observed the slighting way in which Madame de Lacharce has been mentioned, as one of a '*disgustingly aristocratic shower of gamblers.*' Now, mark;—when, in consequence of Dumouriez's defection, the Duke de Chartres, Mademoiselle Adelaide and Madame de Genlis were forced to emigrate—this same 'estimable and friendly' Madame Topin hastened voluntarily to that execrable inquisition the *Commune* of Paris, and denounced the emigration of her benefactors, and endeavoured to make their conduct still more odious by malignantly adding, that at a certain conversation at which she happened to be present—'the said Madame de Sillery (Genlis) had emphatically applauded the language used by the said Dumouriez, with the double purpose of completing the corruption of the mind and opinions of the said eldest son of *Egalité*, who was corrupted, on the one hand, in politics by the said Dumouriez, and on the other, by the said Madame de Sillery in religion.'—(*Déclaration de la Citoyenne Topin, Jeudi, 18 Août, 1793. Brit. Mus. No. 261.*) Now let us turn to the *disgusting aristocrat*, Madame de Lacharce. When, after the execution of *Egalité*, his two younger sons, Montpensier and Beaujolais, were imprisoned in a dungeon at Marseilles, under circumstances of the most wanton and atrocious barbarity—this same Madame de Lacharce quitted Paris, proceeded to Marseilles, took up her abode in an obscure inn near the prison, with the sole object of communicating with the poor children, and of alleviating their sufferings; and she continued for above six months to brave every kind of privation and danger in their behalf, even to the conclusion of their long and cruel confinement.—(See *Mém. de Montpensier.*) The contrast is striking, and not much to the credit of the *Citoyenne*.*

* We observe, in Citoyenne Topin's declaration, that she gives her maiden name as *La Corne*, while the young person in whose marriage the Duke interested himself is mentioned in the *Journal*—entry of the 6th of December—as the daughter of M. and Mad. Bailley. The girl had, no doubt, been the offspring of Mad. Bailley by a previous marriage to a M. *La Corne*.

' 20th Dec.—Passed the whole of yesterday at my dear little Bellechasse. We had the same deputies as usual, Messrs. Voidel, Sillery, Barrère, and Volney. I went afterwards to the Hôtel Dieu.

' 22d Dec.—Yesterday I was at the Assembly. They had decreed the day before that the *ci-devant* princes who had territorial endowments should have, instead, annual allowances of a million of francs each, divisible amongst their sons to the exclusion of daughters. Yesterday they granted to each of the king's brothers a life annuity of a million, and to my father a million for twenty years, to be employed in paying his debts. I dined at Bellechasse. At half-past six I came to the Palais Royal with *my friend* to a concert given by M. Myris.* As his room was too small, we adjourned to my apartment. It is the first time that there has been any company there. I am glad that it was on the occasion of a wedding. It was in honour of Topin's marriage. God send that it may be a good omen for me, for I long very impatiently for my own wedding.

' 24th Dec.—I was last night at the committee of presentations. M. Carra said that it was reported that they were going to blow us [*the Jacobins*] up by gunpowder in the cellar. I said "that it was absurd—they dared not." But others insisted that the cellars should be examined. I said that I saw no objection to that, but that it was useless. We named a committee of three—Messrs. Fevelat, Carra, and myself. We visited the cellar, where we found a great deal of wine, but nothing to create any uneasiness. I indorsed the certificate of M. Potocki.†

' 25th Dec.—I went yesterday morning to confession. I dined at the Palais Royal, and then went to the Philanthropic Society, whence I could not get away till eight o'clock. There was music at half-past nine. Intending to dedicate myself to devout preparation for the holy ceremonies of the next [*Christmas*] day at Bellechasse, and to stay there till midnight, I waited for half an hour, that I might not arrive at Bellechasse till my brother should be gone. All this happened, as I had foreseen; but *my friend* would not permit me to stay,‡ and so I came back on foot to the Palais Royal at half-past ten. I found them all at supper, and made the best excuses I could for my absence. After supper, having retired to my own room to pray, Edward brought me a note from *my friend*, in which,

* Myris was, as before said, a draughtsman and engraver, and drawing-master to the young D'Orléans. He accompanied Louis Philippe to the army, and there distinguished himself, but did not emigrate. He passed through the Reign of Terror by the patronage of Barrère, with whom he probably got acquainted at Bellechasse, and was afterwards employed as an engraver by the government. He survived the restoration.

† Probably Count John Potocki, a friend of Madame de Genlis.—*Mém. de Gen.* iii. 204.

‡ It is evident that Madame de Genlis disapproved of, and very prudently disappointed, this little stratagem to pass the evening alone with her; but, as we shall see, allowed him to come when there should be company. This observation will explain some subsequent allusions.

to console me for having been sent away to-night from Bellechasse, she promised me that she would keep me in her room when there was company, and that I should not go next day to the Hôtel Dieu. These promises, and the affectionate expressions of her note, overwhelmed me with joy. I went to midnight mass at St. Eustache, returned at two in the morning, and got to bed at half-past two. I performed my devotions at this mass.'

Whatever may have been Madame de Genlis' political errors—and they were errors which, in the beginning of the Revolution, were shared by many of the wise and good—she wisely and piously endeavoured to develop sentiments of religion in the heart of her pupils. And there are several passages in the Journal which seem to attest her success; but if, as we hope and believe, Louis Philippe still feels such sentiments, what must be his disgust and horror at the blasphemy which now raises such an audacious voice in France? We a little wonder that M. Sarrans has not extracted some of these evidences of Louis Philippe's piety. We hardly know any imputation which, in the present state of the public mind in France, would more tend to render the king contemptible and odious to the party which placed him on the throne.

'26th Dec.—I spent the whole of yesterday at Bellechasse. I was perfectly happy. In the evening I did not dare to go into *my friend's* room, although she had treated me with great kindness all day, and that Madame de Valence was with her. I was afraid that through her excessive kindness to me, she might put herself to inconvenience, in order to allow me the pleasure of being with her.

'1st Jan. 1791.—Dined yesterday at Bellechasse. At night, after supper, I went to *my friend's* apartment. I stayed there till a few minutes past twelve, and had the happiness to be the first to wish her a *happy new year*. It is impossible to be happier than I am with her; and, in truth, I cannot conceive what will become of me when I shall be no longer with her.

'2d Jan.—I was yesterday morning at the Tuilleries in the dress of the Order [*du St. Esprit*]. Thanks to my father, they have done away with the aristocratic list of princes, dukes, peers, &c., and called us in order of seniority, with the exception of *Monsieur* and M. d'Artois, who were not so called. *Monsieur* took the same rank as *when he was a prince*. The Cardinal de la Rochefoucault took the place of the cardinals, and did not answer to the call. They gave incense to the Bishop of Senlis, who officiated. The Queen spoke to my father and my brother, but not to me. Nobody, indeed, said a word to me—neither the King nor *Monsieur*—nor, in short, anybody.'

The peculiar Jacobinism of this entry about the 'Order' is explainable by the fact, that, much as he seems to despise it, the young duke was deeply offended by not having received it the
very

very day at which, by special indulgence, princes of the blood were admissible. The king, dissatisfied with the conduct of his father, had postponed the reception for a year—*inde iræ*. When the young prince was so loud against the aristocratical forms of what is, in its essence, only an aristocratical form, he should have recollected that it was only by an aristocratical favour that he was admitted at all—for the statutes required that the knights should be at least thirty years of age. His recent zeal in attending the Jacobin Club was probably the reason of his being treated so coolly by the king and queen.

‘ At half-past two I went to Bellechasse, dined at the Palais Royal, and in the evening received visits till half-past nine; supped, went home, and stayed with *my friend* till half-past twelve. There is nothing in the world so amiable as she.

‘ 5th Jan.—Yesterday I was at the Assembly. They were discussing the question of juries. M. Duport was of opinion that evidence should not be taken in writing. Messrs. Robespierre and Goupil insisted that it should. The matter was not decided. At two o’clock they went upon the oath of the bishops and clergy who are members of the Assembly. They decreed that the president (M. Emery) should call upon them to take it. They refused. The Assembly then decreed, after a long debate, that the president should attend the king to request him to cause the decree against the members of the Assembly who have not taken the oath to be put into execution. I did not leave it till half-past four, when I hastened to Bellechasse to tell *my friend* the news. At half-past five we went to the Théâtre Français—the first night of “*Despotism Overthrown*,” by M. Harney. It is the revolution dramatized—the taking of the Bastille, &c.: it succeeded completely. The author was called for, and crowned on the stage. This morning I have been to call on M. Harney, but he was not at home.

‘ 7th Jan.—I went this morning to the Hôtel Dieu in a hackney coach, as my carriage was not come, and it rained hard. I dressed the patients and bled three women. In returning, I called again at M. Harney’s, and met him at last. I embraced him, and expressed to him as well as I could the pleasure his play had given me—my visit seemed to give him great pleasure.

‘ 8th Jan.—In the morning to the Assembly—at six in the evening to the Jacobins. M. de Noailles presented a work on the Revolution, by Mr. Joseph Towers, in answer to Mr. Burke. He praised it highly, and proposed that I should be appointed to translate it. This proposition was adopted with great applause—I, like a block-head, consented, but expressing my fear that I should not fulfil their expectations. I returned home at a quarter-past seven. At night my father told me that he did not approve of it, and that I must excuse myself to the Jacobins on Sunday.

‘ 10th Jan.—I dined yesterday at Bellechasse, with the usual deputies,

ties,* and M. de la Touche in addition. In the evening I went to the Jacobins, with Messieurs de Sillery and Voidel: I said (by my father's order) that, not being capable of making a work, I could only undertake for a literal translation, and that M. Pierret would put it in order, and prefix his own name to it. This was agreed to.

'12th Jan.—I passed all day at Bellechasse, busy with my translation.

'28th Jan.—Dined on Thursday at Mousseaux. It was terribly hot, occasioned by the tubes for heating the house. I had a bad headache. On going out to go to the Jacobins I was struck by the cold. I endorsed Messrs. Galand, Topin, and Gaspard-Fontaine, of whose patriotism I was certified by M. Lebrun. Thence I went to Bellechasse, where, in spite of my headache and though I had a good deal of fever, I wished to stay late, but *my friend* sent me away, reminding me that I was to be at the Hôtel Dieu in the morning. On getting home I sent for M. Conad, who pronounced that I had a good deal of fever—I perspired all next day—I got up for a short time about half-past nine in the evening, put my feet in water, and went to bed again at half-past ten. My mother came to see me several times; *my friend* wrote me two delightful letters, which did me more good than all the apothecary's medicines.† Next day rose at noon—as soon as I had said my prayers and the office‡ of the day, I hastened to write to *my friend*. My father came to see me and stayed half-an-hour—I then ate a roasted apple, and read some of Paul and Virginia. At a quarter past seven *my friend* came to see me—I gave tea, ices, creams, &c. This visit gave me the greatest pleasure. I afterwards had Messieurs Myris and Giroud to supper. During supper my mother and Madame de Lamballe came to see me.

'7th Feb.—All yesterday at Bellechasse: where dined Messieurs Voidel, Sillery, Barrère, and Volney. *My friend* and M. Barrère at last signed the contract and donation. Barrère was guardian of Made-moiselle Pamela.'

This, and a former notice of Barrère, are a little inconsistent with the account which Madame de Genlis gives of her relations with Barrère, and, we must confess, tend to throw a little doubt over the candour of her Memoirs. She gives an amiable account of the little she saw of this man's character, and adds,—'Such he at that time appeared to me, and such no doubt he was. Cowardice alone made him the sanguinary monster he afterwards was. But, after all, I never was intimate with him. I saw him only once a-week, Sunday—when I received

* He means Messrs. Voidel, Barrère, and Volney, who, with her husband, now called M. de Sillery, formed Madame de Genlis's usual dinner-parties.

† Probably M. Pieyre. See the entry of the 16th June, 1791.

‡ How differently does he appreciate the *personal visits* of his mother and the *letters of his friend*!

§ *Mes prières et mon office.*—The office was a stated service for a particular person or day, over and above the usual private prayers.

everybody.

everybody. I never wrote to him but once in my life to ask a literary question, to which he replied, and he subsequently wrote another letter (in allusion to the first), to which I made no answer, and I never had any other correspondence with him.'—*Mém. de Genlis*, vol. iv. p. 98. Now, certainly, this is not reconcilable either with the Prince's frequent evidence that Batière was one of those persons who were so exclusively frequent at Madame de Genlis's as to be called the *usual deputies*, or with his being on terms of such peculiar intimacy as to be chosen the guardian and trustee of the mysterious Pamela. The truth is, that Madame de Genlis, as well as every one else connected with the House of Orleans, favoured and fostered the revolutionists and the revolution, until, like Saturn, it began to devour its own children—they then became anxious to forget and disclaim the share they undoubtedly had had in its earlier stages.

'5th Feb.—Yesterday for a moment at the Assembly—then to M. de Rochambeau, to ask him how I could have my regiment ordered to his army. He told me that he was now asking M. Duportail [*the minister at war*] for cavalry, which he was in great want of, and that I had only to ask to be quartered at Bethune. Thence to Bellechasse—then dined at the Palais Royal, and afterwards to the Jacobins, and returned to Bellechasse. After supper went to *my friend's* apartment, and remained alone with her—she treated me with infinite goodness, and I came away the happiest of men.'

The regiment mentioned in the foregoing extract was the 14th dragoons, at this time quartered at Vendôme, of which the duke had been colonel ever since he was ten years old; but honorary colonelcies being now abolished by a decree of the Assembly, he was obliged, though only seventeen, to join and take the command. The young Jacobin, who is so '*disgusted*' with *aristocracy* in others, feels no kind of objection to thus jumping over the heads of all the officers of the army.

'9th Jan.—Yesterday I went to a new club, Hotel des Etats Généraux, Rue de Richelieu, of which I am the founder, to sign the engagement which we take not to play at any game of chance. Thence to M. Duportail, who answered that it was difficult, but that he would do what he could.

'13th Feb.—Yesterday at eleven to the National Assembly: the question was concerning the growth of tobacco in France; or, in plain terms, whether you shall be master of your own field—yes or no:—for what can be more unjust than to say to a man—"This field is your property, but you shall not grow in it this or that particular crop; besides, I am to have the power of going when and as often as I will into your garden and your house, to see that you have not planted tobacco in the one or concealed it in the other." No Frenchman, as M. Roederer very justly said—will submit to such an inquisition;

tion; he will appeal to the *Declaration of Rights*, and will finally exercise the *right of insurrection*, &c. M. Rœderer's speech was to my mind admirable and unanswerable. The free culture of tobacco was carried, on a division, by a majority of 12.'

Here we pause to observe, that we were at first surprised that M. Sarrans, in his bitter animosity against Louis Philippe, had not quoted this passage: it is one of the most curious of the whole journal, when we see how ardent and how fixed was the writer's opinion that the monopoly of tobacco would justify insurrection, and recollect that this very monopoly is one of the most prominent *ways and means* of Louis Philippe's *budgets*; but here, as in many other instances, M. Sarrans is obliged to spare Louis Philippe, because he could not expose him without also exposing many graver delinquents, and even the Revolution itself—which, after clamouring at the outset against numerous abuses, vexations, and oppressions, and procuring decrees for their abolition, was obliged to re-enact, and often with additional severity, these alleged abuses and vexations. But we return to the diary.

'17th Feb.—I was appointed one of a committee of the Jacobins, to examine a plan of public education by M. Leonard Bourdon—citévant Lacronière. I arrived at five o'clock at the place of meeting, M. Bourdon began to explain his plan to us, which lasted till eight o'clock.

'27th Feb.—Yesterday morning at ten went to M. Millin, editor of the *Chronique*, to beg him to insert in his journal an article on the residence of public functionaries, which he promised.

'10th March.—To the Jacobins; at first I stopped half an hour in the *Société Fraternelle*; then I went up. They were unwilling to make a report to the National Assembly on the affair of the priest of *Issy-l'Evêque*, alleging that there had been a legal decision, and that the Assembly could not annul it. Nevertheless M. Merle made the report to the club; and then added, that on the 25th the High Court at Orleans would be in operation, and would take cognizance of the affair. After that I rose and said, that there was a decree of the National Assembly, that the High National Court at Orleans could only try those whom the Assembly should have impeached, and that therefore the affair should be referred to the Assembly to decide whether the accusations against the priest of *Issy-l'Evêque* were of a nature to be sent to the National Court, or to be left to the ordinary tribunals; and then, whether there were grounds of impeachment. M. Merle answered, that what I stated was the law for future, but not for cases pending. I answered, that it seemed to me that the Court at Orleans had a very great power, since it was to decide, first, whether a case was within its jurisdiction; then whether there were grounds to put the person on his trial; then whether he was guilty; and, finally, what punishment should be inflicted: that it

was

was for the legislative body to decide previously whether there were or were not grounds of trial, and that I insisted that the reports should be made to the Assembly. The club decided that M. Merle should move the Committee of Reports to authorize him to carry the affair to the National Assembly.'

This again is not very amiable. The Prince seems to have been willing to outrun the most thorough-paced Jacobins in persecuting this unfortunate priest.

'25th March.—As the weather is now fine, and as we are about to resume our excursions, I have apprized my mother that I could hereafter dine with her only twice a week. She expressed herself satisfied; and added, that whatever suited me should always suit her, and that she was very sure that I would dine with her as often as I could, but that she would not have me inconvenience myself.'

These excursions were part of Madame de Genlis' system of education. She says: 'All our drives and airings were instructive. We only went out to visit cabinets of pictures, of natural history, physics, curiosities, or manufactures; and when we had exhausted those of Paris, we used to visit those in the neighbourhood, and even in distant towns.' (*Mém. de Gen.*, iii. 159.) But it is to be feared that, at this particular moment, these excursions were only an excuse to separate the children still more effectually from their mother: they at least seem to have had that effect, and they brought matters to a crisis. The two next entries refer to the unhappy discussions that were at this time going on between the duke, the duchess, and Madame de Genlis; and to a fit of illness into which Mademoiselle either fell, or pretended to fall, at the prospect of being separated from Madame de Genlis.

'2nd April.—Yesterday I had a long conversation with my father and my friend. I shall write the subject of it by and bye.*

'22nd May.—The misfortunes we have suffered for these six weeks—my attention to my poor sister—my business—my establishment in my new apartments, &c.—have occasioned a suspension of my journal. I now resume it, and shall give an account of all my actions, and even of all my sentiments. In reading this, you will read my soul—nothing shall be omitted, be it good, be it bad. For the last year, I have felt constant temptations incident to my youth—I have suffered a great deal; but this pain has no bitterness: on the contrary, it leads me to anticipate future happiness. I think of the happiness I shall enjoy when I shall possess an amiable and pretty wife, who will be a legitimate object of the passion which now consumes me. I am well aware that this is still distant, but it will come at last—that idea supports me—but for it I should sink, no doubt, into the same irregularities as other young men. O my mother

* 'This he does not seem to have done, unless it was upon two leaves which appear here to have been cut out of the Journal.' (*Orig. Ed.*)

[*Madame de Genlis*], how I bless you for having preserved me from all those vices and misfortunes, by inspiring me with that sense of religion which has been my whole support! If I did formerly believe in another life; and if I did not know that my falling into any fault of that kind would kill her’

This curious passage ends thus abruptly. It would prove, if there were no other evidence, that the duke’s affection for *Madame de Genlis* was purely filial. We have already seen that *Madame de Genlis* endeavoured to check this extravagant fondness; and we find in her works, under the head of ‘Reprimand to M. de Chartres,’ an additional proof of her desire to correct this excessive attachment:—

‘I am pleased with you all,’ says she, addressing her pupils; ‘the Duke of Chartres has been a little more attentive to general society, and has not pinned himself so closely to my petticoat as he usually does. He knows how I appreciate his friendship for me; but it is mine for him which forces me to treat him unkindly when he neglects his duty and attentions to others to follow me—to place himself next to me—in short, to attend to nobody but me, which gives him the silly air of a little boy who does not dare to quit his governess for a minute.’—*Leçons d’une Gouvernante*, Mém. iii. 283.

The Duke now proceeded to take the command of his regiment at Vendôme, and, considering his youth, will appear, we think, to have conducted himself with premature good sense and decision. It must, however, be observed that he was accompanied by his sub-governor, M. Pieyre, by whose opinions and advice he was, no doubt, guided in all essential matters; but still it is a good trait in so young a man, in such a position, to listen to advice. Alexander Pieyre (called in the original edition, by an error of the transcriber, *Sieyre*) was a literary man—the author of one successful play, the *Ecole des Pères*, and a number of small occasional works of little merit. He was alive not long since.

‘*Vendôme, 15th June, 1791.*—Yesterday I left Paris at half past eleven with M. Pieyre. I went to bid adieu once again to dear Bellechasse and its inhabitants. I visited the aqueduct at Maintenon—the arches are of a fine proportion—there are about forty-five of them—I don’t exactly know their height. Louis XV. ruined them, [*‘les a abîmés’—a vulgarism, begging his highness’s pardon*] in removing their facing of hewn stone, with which he built the Château of Cressy, for *Madame de Pompadour*. These aqueducts, then, were built for one woman and ruined for another.’

Here we must observe that his Highness, in order to make an epigram, misstates his facts, and shows a very strange ignorance of the history of this aqueduct of Maintenon, which was no more built for *Madame de Maintenon* than the bridge of Orleans was built

built for the Duke of Orleans, or Westminster Abbey for the Marquis of Westminster. It was part of a plan for conveying water to Versailles, which happened to pass near the town of Maintenon, whence it, as well as Madame de Maintenon, took its title. As little correct is he in stating that it was demolished for Madame de Pompadour. It was discovered, before Madame de Pompadour was born, that the original engineers had been mistaken in their levels, and the aqueduct was abandoned only because to finish it would have been useless.

‘I saw the Cathedral of Chartres. It is finished and very fine. The group of the Assumption seemed to me finer than when I saw it last on my return from Brittany. It is by M. Bridau, and of one block of marble. Slept at Bonneval at the *Poste*, an indifferent inn. Next day I left Bonneval at eight o'clock, and stopped at Chateaudun, where I wrote to *my friend* and my brother. I breakfasted and arrived here at a quarter past two. Some time after M. de Lagondie, first lieutenant-colonel, waited on me, and soon after the other officers. Their manner was very cold. The lieutenant-colonel's was very well. I dined at the inn. *He assisted at my dinner*, and invited us to dine with him to-morrow. Our afternoon was spent in thinking where we [*the Duke and his suite*] should establish ourselves, this house being horribly dear. We pretended to leave the house and to go lodge at the inn; but 'twas all in vain. We were obliged to consent to their own terms, and escaped with the trouble of a change of lodging which lasted near four hours. We could not find another house, and were forced to return to M. de Perrignat's. After dinner I went to return the visit of all the officers, but I found only M. de Lagondie at home. To-morrow I shall wait on the mayor, the president of the district, &c.’

On the foregoing extract we must make two remarks—the first on the phrase, ‘assisted at my dinner,’ which seems to us ultra-aristocratic. A lieutenant-colonel, it seems, did not dine with young *Equality*, he only assisted at his dinner. Some less honourable guests than M. de Lagondie have been lately in the habit of doing something more than assisting at the dinners of Louis Philippe.

The second is on the virtue of economy, which appeared, it seems, quite as early as any of the other great qualities of Louis Philippe. Let us not, however, be understood as depreciating this most valuable disposition, which, whether in prince or private man, is the surest foundation for the comfort of life and respectability of character. Madame de Genlis justly thought it of so great importance, that she strictly inculcated it on her pupils, and, in her administration of the domestic arrangements of Belle-chasse, gave them practical examples of this useful quality; but the lesson has been, in Louis Philippe's case, attended with a degree

degree of success beyond what, we have reason to suspect, Madame de Genlis herself approved.

'16th June, 8 o'clock.—Yesterday, after supper, I went to bed at a quarter past nine, and rose this morning at a quarter to five, and went to all the stables with the lieutenant-colonels—returned at half past seven—breakfasted—wrote to my father—and began to make my arrangements; I unpacked all my baggage, and am now quite established. At ten o'clock came M. de Lagondie, and at eleven I accompanied him to the parade—the officers formed a circle, the colours in the centre. M. de Lagondie notified to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, that they were to receive me as their colonel—the colours and regimental chest were then taken to my quarters. The officers then came in a body to visit me, and I afterwards dined with them at the inn. They were very civil, and drank my health; I drank theirs, and that of the regiment. I then paid visits to the president and attorney of the district, to the mayor and attorney of the municipality, to the commandant of the national guard, the president of the court of justice, and the king's commissary. On my return I wrote this journal, and set out for the "Friends of the Constitution" [*the branch Jacobin Club*], where I was received with much applause. The president addressed me on the *good example* which I gave, and on the pleasure that the society felt at seeing me amongst its members. I answered (without preparation) that I should do my best to justify the favourable reception which the society had had the kindness to give me—that my whole life should be consecrated to the service of my country, and that I hoped that the 14th regiment, which I had the honour to command, would be always in the same high order in which I received it, and would continue to be an example of subordination, discipline, and patriotism. Returned home soon after seven, wrote to my mother and my friend—supped, said my prayers (*office et prières*), and went to bed at half past nine.'

Here again we must pause a moment to remark upon this early visit to the Branch Jacobin Club, because it is clear from the sequel that it had an effect which the young prince probably neither intended nor perceived. Habituated, as we see he had been at Paris, to consider the *Jacobin Club* as the centre of patriotism, and acting, no doubt, by the example and instruction of his father, he saw no harm, but, on the contrary, great merit in this early visit to the Branch. But to the officers of the regiment, who knew and felt that the mother club and all the branch clubs were, both in form and principle, subversive of the royal authority, and were bent on overthrowing all existing order and particularly all military discipline, it could not but appear equally offensive and alarming that their young colonel should, *on the very day of his taking the command*, hasten with such precipitate zeal to unite himself with those local demagogues; and when he followed this up by what, in other circumstances, would have been
a laudable

a landable attention to the details of his duties, they feared that his object was to pervert the minds of the soldiers, and they endeavoured to neutralize what they thought his dangerous designs by dissuading him from entering so ostentatiously into the details of regimental duty, for which his youth and utter inexperience rendered him really unfit, while his personal rank and authority could not but tend to seduce his troopers to the opinions of the Jacobins. It would have been equally contrary to good manners and good discipline to have avowed to their colonel their suspicions of his ultimate object, and they endeavoured, as we shall see, under some injudicious pretexts, to restrain his personal interference. We dare say the young man had no bad intention, but, in the then state of affairs, it will be seen that there were many circumstances which tended to increase the suspicions which were naturally entertained of—*his father's son*.

'17th June.—I went early this morning to the stables—there were no officers there, though there should always be one. In returning, I went to inspect the recruits and the second class men, who were at drill in the riding-house. At ten I came home and breakfasted—after breakfast Messrs. Dubois and De Gase came to see me. Then I wrote to *my friend*, and after went to the parade. Came home with M. de Lagondie, and dined at one with him and M. de Rouillon—at three o'clock a committee of accounts—they gave me the key of the regimental chest. Thence I went and inspected all the barrack-rooms—they are very clean, and have no bad smell, but are dispersed. The privates showed by their countenances that they are well-pleased with me. I feel a great liking for this regiment—I love it already. In the evening I wrote again to *my friend*. The mayor waited on me. I requested him to address himself *direct to me* in all matters that might regard the public tranquillity, and in all communications between the regiment and the civil power. Supped at half past eight, and went to bed.

'18th June.—This morning to the stables at six—all the officers were at their posts. I visited the hospitals—saw the venereal patients—they were ashamed, and hid themselves under the bed-clothes. I told them that I hoped their present sufferings would render them more correct in future—there are now seven of them. On my return, I wrote this journal. *The band came and immediately played "Ça ira," without my having desired them—I gave them two louis.* I then took a short walk with M. Pieyre. At one dined with Messrs. Damonville, Ducastaign, and Roussel: *one can't get them to talk of public affairs.* M. Damonville seems clever, but I *endeavour in vain to make him talk*—I can get nothing out of him. I called on the mayor, he was not at home. On my return I went into the Club. One of the second lieutenants (M. Perrin) asked leave to accompany me, which gave me the greatest pleasure. I found there the two adjutants of the regiment, my own quarter-masters, and *a great many more dragons than there were the first time.*

Our

Our readers will here observe some circumstances which could not but add to the suspicions which his officers originally felt of M. de Chartres' intentions. It must be recollected that the public mind was at this period in a state of the greatest excitement, and that even trifles became important. Hence M. Sarrans quotes as an instance of peculiar Jacobinism the rewarding the band of the regiment for its breach of discipline in coming without orders, and regaling their colonel with a tune that all the other officers must have considered as a signal of revolt. His endeavours, also, to draw some of the officers into political discussions, and his vexation at failing in the laudable attempt of debauching their principles—and, above all, the *increased* number of dragoons at the Jacobin club—must have created in the minds of the senior officers the liveliest alarm.

'19th June.—At six o'clock to the stables—M. de Giffard was not at his post—M. Perrin was. I went to the Club; the regular presidents were not yet arrived: I was called to the chair *ad interim*. I made many objections—that I could not stay long—that I had letters to write—that it was post-day for Paris—all in vain—I was obliged to take the chair, and so I did—but at the end of half an hour I said that I really had business, and must retire. I have forgotten to say, that I went yesterday to the mayor to represent to him that it was absolutely indispensable that he should send out of the town all the girls that infected our regiment. He promised me to neglect nothing to get them all out of the town; but he observed to me that he could not drive them out by force, except they should disturb the public peace. The officers were talking and laughing during divine service. I ordered them to keep silence, and to behave decorously on such occasions. I decided, also, that an officer under arrest should be at liberty for the purpose of attending mass.

'20th June.—This morning at six to stables. It rained heavily. On coming out of one of M. Mastin's stables I met M. de Lagondie who said—"How, Sir; you come to the stables in such weather?"—"Sir," I replied, "nothing can prevent me doing my duty." "But, Sir, you should not make yourself so common; it would be better that the men did not see you so frequently."—"I do not see any reason for that." "The men may lose the respect with which they are inspired by your *blue ribbon* and your being a *Bourbon*. It may be dangerous to destroy those impressions."—"Far from believing that it would be dangerous, I am very desirous that their respect should be to my person; and not to those other *nonsenses*" [*ces balivernes—blue ribbons and Bourbons*!]. "It is, however, with such *nonsenses* that men must be managed; if I might have ventured to advise you about the Club, I would not, in your situation, have refused the separate seat which they offered you by way of distinction, for it seems to me imminently dangerous that you should be seated *on the same bench, and side-by-side with one of your private soldiers*: that must give him the habit

of

of looking upon you as his equal."—"I should sooner have eaten this chair than have received any distinction whatever. I hate them all, and can never believe that they can be necessary to the discipline of a regiment. I declare to you, that as much as I respect an old officer who wears the mark of the service he has done his country, so much do I despise him who passes his life at court in pursuit of a blue ribbon; that's *my* opinion about honorary distinctions—you have *yours*. I can't alter mine; let us change the subject." "I have but a single observation to add: inferiors sometimes get tired with seeing too constantly the face of their superiors, and if you go every day to stables, the men may at last be weary of seeing you, and your constant presence may even become disagreeable."—"I am infinitely obliged to you, but you will allow me to believe that I shall not make myself disagreeable towards the men by showing a great deal of zeal and assiduity in fulfilling my duties and in being always the first at my post; but even if it were so, it would not prevent my fulfilling my duties; and if I were to yield to such considerations I might indeed be well accused of weakness." Afterwards I went to the riding-house, wrote, and settled the accounts of Boulange, and Leval, whom I am sending back to Paris, because they are deficient in the order and economy that suit me.

While all this was going on at Vendôme—while the Duke de Chartres was sneering at '*blue ribbons*,' of which he had a few months before been so greedy, and descanting on the claims of '*old officers*,' over whose heads he had so gladly jumped—while he was thus disgusting and undermining his officers, and fraternizing with his men in the Jacobin Club, the news arrived that the unhappy king, attacked in his person—in his authority—in his conscience—had endeavoured to escape from his persecutors by the celebrated flight to Varennes, and had been brought back, under every circumstance of insult and danger, to a worse captivity: we regret to find that even this deplorable catastrophe produces no expression of regret or sympathy from M. de Chartres. But he was soon called upon to take a more active part in the events of the day, and he did so with—for such a youth and so violent a Jacobin—surprising firmness and prudence.

'27th June.—The great events which have occurred since Wednesday (22d) have prevented my continuing this Journal. Thursday, the 23rd, I attended, at the head of the regiment, the procession of the Holy Sacrament.* I had been required by the municipality "*to double the guard, to stop all carriages, and to employ the best energies of*

* The procession of the Holy Sacrament, which used to be an object of religious veneration, was now become, from the anti-religious fanaticism of the mob, the cause or excuse of the most violent outrages. On this occasion it seems that the procession was led by a priest who had taken the oaths, and the danger was that the mob might attack those who, on that account, would not attend. Hence we shall see that M. de Chartres' attendance was agreeable to the mob.

the brave patriots that I command to maintain the public peace." At noon I had brought back the regiment, but with orders not to unboot or unsaddle. I asked Messrs. Dubois, d'Albis, Jacquemin, and Philippe to dinner. They brought us word that the people had collected in a mob and were about to hang two priests. I ran immediately to the place, followed by Messrs. Pieyre, Dubois, and d'Albis. I came to the door of a tavern, where I found ten or twelve National Guards, the mayor, the town-clerk, and a great affluence of people, crying, "*They have violated the law; they must be hanged—à la lanterne!*" I asked the mayor what all this meant, and what it was all about. He replied. "It is an old priest—[i. e. a priest who had not taken the new oaths]—and his father, who have escaped into this house; the people pretend that they have insulted M. Buisson, a priest, who has taken the civic oath, and who was carrying the Holy Sacrament, and I can no longer restrain them. I have sent for a carriage to convey them away. Have the goodness to send for two dragoons to escort them." I did so immediately. There was the mayor motionless before the door, and not opening his mouth. I therefore addressed some of the hottest of the mob, and endeavoured to explain "how horrible it would be to hang men without trial; that moreover they would be doing the work of the executioner which they considered infamous; that there were judges, whose duty it was to deal with these men." The mob answered that the judges were aristocrats, and that they did not punish the guilty. I replied, "That's your own fault, as they are elected by yourselves; but you must not take the law into your own hands." Upon this there was a great confusion; at last one voice cried—"We will spare them for the sake of M. de Chartres."—"Yes, yes, yes," cried the people; "he is a good patriot; he edified us all this morning—[by having attended the procession of the constitutional priest].—Bring them out, we shall do them no harm." I said, "Do you promise me?"—"Yes, yes; we shall do them no harm." I went up to the room where the unhappy men were, and asked them if they would trust themselves to me,—they said yes. I preceded them down stairs, and exhorted the people not to forget what they had promised. They cried out again, "Be easy, they shall receive no harm." I called to the driver to bring up the carriage; upon which the crowd cried out, "No carriage,—on foot, on foot, that we may have the pleasure of hooting them, and expelling them ignominiously from the town." "Well," I said, "on foot, be it so, 'tis the same thing to me, for you are too honest fellows to forfeit your word." We set out amidst hisses and a torrent of abuse. I gave my arm to one of the men, and the mayor was on the other side. The priest walked between Messrs. Dubois and d'Albis. Not thinking at the moment, I unluckily took the direction towards Paris. All the people followed, singing the song of the Champ de Mars, and making a dreadful uproar. One man ran up crying "*à la lanterne with the rascals!*" He narrowly escaped being hoisted up himself for saying

saying so, "Because," said the people, "we have promised M. de Chartres, and we will keep our word." The mayor asked one of the men where he would wish to go,—he answered, "To Blois." It was directly the contrary way from that which we were taking. The mayor wished to return, and to pass across the whole town. I opposed this, and we changed our direction, but without going back through the town. We passed a little wooden bridge of a few planks without rails; there the mob cried to throw them into the river, and endeavoured, by putting sticks across, to trip them up into the water. I again reminded them of their promise, and they became quiet. When we were about a mile out of the town some of the country people came running down the hill and precipitated themselves upon us, calling out "Hang or drown the two scoundrels!" One of them seized one of the poor wretches by the coat, and the crowd rushing in forced away the mayor and M. d'Albis. I remained alone with M. Dubois, and we endeavoured to make the peasant loose his hold. I held one of the men by one hand, and by the other endeavoured to free the coat. At last, one of the National Guard arrived to our assistance, and by force cleared the man. The crowd was still increasing. It is but justice to the people of Vendôme to say that they kept their word, and tried to induce the peasants to do no violence to the men. Seeing, however, that if I had continued my march some misfortune must inevitably occur, I cried, we must take them to prison, and then all the people cried, "To prison! to prison!" Some voices cried, "They must ask pardon of God, and thank M. de Chartres for their lives." That was soon done, and we set out for the prison. As we went along, one man came forward with a gun, and said to us, "Stand out of the way while I fire on them." Believing that he was really about to fire, I rushed forward in front of my two men, saying, "You shall kill me first." As the man was well dressed, M. Pieyre said to him,—“But how can you act so?”—“I was only joking,” says the man; “my gun is not charged.” We again continued our way. On arriving at the prison, there was a great crowd assembled. The dragoons were mounted by M. de Lagondie's orders. I ordered them to dismount, saying, that the people had promised me, and that I needed no help but their word.

‘The two men were lodged in the prison. When they were there, the people wanted to attack the *Oratoire* [a religious house], the superior of which has not taken the oath, and whose church was the resort of the refractory [those who did not approve the new constitution of the clergy], and those whose children had not attended the procession—in short, of the aristocrats. I observed that that was not the way to proceed; that they ought to request the mayor to suggest to the superior of the *Oratoire* that they were displeased at seeing his church filled with the refractory. They answered—“A fig for the mayor—you must do it.” I answered that I was ready to accompany the mayor. I did so. The superior was very obstinate: he would

not yield at that time, but he went off next morning. After dinner I went to the municipality, and stayed while they were drawing up the *procès verbal* of what had happened. I went again next day, and signed it.

1st July, 1791.—The length of the foregoing recital having prevented my continuing my journal regularly, I shall only say that the day after my affair, the company of gardeners came to congratulate me. I gave them twenty-six bottles of wine, which was only one glass to each.* I was three times in the course of the day at the municipality. Several of those who, the day before, had been the most savage, came with tears to ask my pardon, and to thank me for having saved them from the commission of a crime. One of them, however, asked me when all the priests were to be driven out of the town. I said they ought not to be driven out, but, on the contrary, left quiet. "But, sir," said he, "there is a decree for driving them out of the town within twenty-four hours, and I come to ask you when it is to be carried into effect." I answered, that there was no such decree; that it was a horrible imposture, and that even if there were such a one, *they* were not the proper persons to execute it; that they should trust that to the care of those whom they had appointed for that purpose. "Then we must leave them there?" I replied, "Yes." "But my comrades will never believe me when I tell them this; you must give it in writing." I consented, and gave him the note following:—"The two men whom we have lodged in prison have been denounced to the public accuser, and their trial is about to take place. There is no decree which orders the exile of non-juring priests, and they ought not to be molested." As I wished to guard against anything being attributed to me more than I had written, I went immediately and deposited a copy of my note at the municipality, and declared that I disavowed any other. Of this I got a certificate.

2nd July.—I have just received the decree imposing the oath on military officers. I immediately forwarded it to M. de Lagondie. To-morrow, on parade, I am to have an answer.

This new oath imposed on the military was a Jacobin device to release the army from its special dependance on and allegiance to the king, and was the immediate cause of the resignation and emigration of the great body of the officers.

4th July.—I had postponed to yesterday evening the declaration with regard to the oath, because there happened to be a great procession of reliques which had brought a vast crowd of peasants into town, and I feared that the refusal of the oath on the part of any of the officers might have occasioned some commotion. After dinner,

* Lest our English readers should think that the prince had been here betrayed into an uncharacteristic liberality, we think it right to observe that this largesse to the company of gardeners was equivalent in quantity and value to about six gallons of small beer in England.

Messrs. de Lagonâdie, Rouillon, Damonville, and Montureux, informed me that they could not take the oath, but requested me to keep this secret, lest, as they said, it might occasion some disturbance in the regiment. One of these gentlemen I regret very much—M. de Montureux—this refusal, however, diminishes very much the favourable opinion I had conceived of him; for I do not love a man who prefers *quelqu'un* [some one—i. e., the king] to his country. The municipality inquired if I should not oppose their departure. I answered no. That evening, at half-past eight, Bessard, the adjutant, came into my room to say that the company of Montureux was very much affected by the departure of their captain, and that he feared there would be some disturbance. I told him to apprise me of the slightest thing. Messrs. Perrin and Ducastaing came to tell me that they would take the oath, as well as Messrs. Jacquemin, Roussel, and the two adjutants. M. Dubois (to whom I had given 500 livres [20*l.*] the day before yesterday) declared that he would not take it.*

We must state that this last parenthesis adds considerably to the doubts of the sincerity and loyalty of the young prince, which some other expressions had led us to conceive. Hitherto his Jacobinism might be attributed to inexperience and example, and appears to have been tempered by more moderation and good sense than might have been expected from so young a man in such difficult circumstances; but his *unwonted* liberality to M. Dubois at this critical time, and the implied expectation that this favour would have induced *him* to take the oath, leads us to suspect that the young colonel was not quite a passive instrument in the hands of the revolutionists, but was exerting himself to seduce his regiment from its allegiance to '*quelqu'un*.'

'We* remained assembled till half-past one in the morning, but nothing happened—all was quiet. We did not go to bed till we knew that all these gentlemen were gone. As there are no officers remaining of Mastin's company, I have given M. Perrin temporary orders to command it. At half-past two I was called up by a deputation from Montoire [*a small town, the first stage to the westward of Vendôme*], which would not grant passports to the [non-juring] officers without my permission. I answered that I could not give those gentlemen passports as they considered themselves as no longer officers, nor could I oppose their departure, having no authority to do so. On this answer they gave the passports. This morning all is quiet. All the dragoons are at their post, as well as the officers who have taken the oath. At half-past ten we assembled on the terrace of the abbey. I said† I then read the decree, and the official letter annexed to it. I pro-

* We probably means those of the officers who took the oath.

† 'Here he had left a blank, probably for the purpose of afterwards writing in his speech, but he did not do so.' (*Orig. Edit.*)

nounced the oath, and that instant all the helmets were raised on the points of the swords, with cries of "*We swear*," and then, on one side, "*Vive la nation!*" and on the other, "*Vivent les dragons!*" Although the weather was execrable, there was a crowd of spectators. We returned amidst the applause of the whole people. I gave a general invitation to dinner. After dinner I went to Montoire with M. Roussel. I administered the oath to the detachment there in like manner: there was the same enthusiasm as at Vendôme, the same shouts, and the same applause.

' 5th July.—I wrote to our detachments at Caen, Sillé-le-guillaume, and Mamers, to apprise them of the decree as to the oath, and that they should conform thereto. I am overwhelmed with letters, which I must answer—that takes up a great deal of time. I am, moreover, the only superior officer left, and I have consequently a great deal more duty than before. If I wish to read or walk ever so little, I have no longer time to write my journal—this throws me into arrear, so that, instead of my date of the 5th, I am actually writing on the 23th. The municipality apprized me some days since that it was about to require me to take, on the 14th of July, the same oath as last year: I answered that I could not possibly do so; that the Assembly had, by its decree of the 22d of June, changed the form of the oath; that if it were allowable to take last year's oath, all the refractory officers would immediately return and offer to take it. Notwithstanding this, the municipality has written to the committee on the constitution, but the answer is not yet come. They had also written to the department, which replied in accordance with my opinion. The municipality also sent to consult me as to what I thought they should do relative to [administering, on the approaching celebration of the 14th of July, the oath to] the National Guards. I replied, that I saw no difficulty; that I thought they would be fulfilling the views of the National Assembly by administering the oaths to the National Guards; and that certainly, if they were not invited to that ceremony, they would cry out against the municipality, and probably attend in spite of them. They wrote, besides, to the municipality of Blois to know what they would do. The 13th of July, at six in the evening, the municipality issued orders for the attendance of the National Guard—they had already begun to complain, and they thought that this order came rather late—they had wished to have given an entertainment, a dinner, &c. &c. to the dragoons, but it has been postponed.

' At eleven, on the 14th of July, we marched to the *Place de la Fédération*; cries of "*Bravo! vivent les dragons*," accompanied us. When we came on the ground, we were saluted by a discharge of artillery. Each company of National Guards took the oath, which the municipality went round to administer; then we, with our helmets on the points of our swords, shouting with all our might, "*Vive la nation! Vive la Garde Nationale! Vivent les Vendômois! Vivent les Dames de Vendôme*," &c.'

This

This inauguration of a constitution to the cry of '*Hurra for the Ladies!*' is droll enough of itself, but is peculiarly so when we recollect that the ladies whom the honest dragoons were thinking of had so narrowly and so recently escaped the *rigour beyond the law* of the colonel (see entry of 19th June); but it is still more important to observe, as indicative of the total annihilation of all appearance of respect towards the royal authority, that the king's name is nowhere joined in these shouts of applause.

'I had forgotten to say that the day after the first oath, I, accompanied by all the officers who had taken it, went in a body to the *Club*, where we were received with immense applause.

'26th July.—The day before yesterday we assembled on the mall—all the National Guards assembled. Each of us took two National Guards under our arms, and we proceeded in that order to the front of the abbey. They presented me a match to fire the cannon, which was to be the signal of the *fête**—I fired the gun. They then sat down to table—I among the rest, and I found myself seated next to a drunken man. They sang some verses in honour of me, &c. After dinner the grenadiers, in spite not only of my intreaties, but of my resistance, lifted me up and carried me on their shoulders round the tables, and insisted on placing me on a kind of elevated platform, where were the colours [*of the National Guard*] and our standards. I endeavoured to escape, but in vain—they succeeded in placing me there, but they did not keep me long, for I immediately threw myself over on my back; they raised me up again, when I rushed forward upon them, being determined at all risks not to remain on that platform. They then began dancing: they pressed and stifled me so violently, that I was obliged to change my shirt.

'27th July.—I went yesterday to the municipality to be recognized as military commandant. I read the essay on voluntary servitude of La Boëtie,† and made some extracts. I read also some German, Italian, and English. In the evening I read some of Mably and Emile.

'1st August, 1790.—A delightful day. *Vivent les dragons!* there is not such another regiment in France. With such men we shall give a good reception to any scoundrels (*gueux*) who may have the audacity to enter France, and our country shall be free, or we shall perish with her.'

It is instructive to recollect that, within little more than two years, this patriot-prince was but too happy to save his own head by *deserting* to the army of those '*gueux* who had had the audacity to enter France;' and that twenty years after, he returned

* The postponed *fête* before alluded to, given by the National Guard of Vendôme to the dragoons—part of the general system at that time played in seducing the army from the king.

† A '*sedition declamation*,' as it is somewhere called, by a counsellor of the Parliament of Bordeaux, 1550.

to his country in the train of those same *gueux*, and was by their bayonets restored to his rank and property.

' We have had a sham fight to-day—I was one of the first taken prisoner.

' 3d August.—Happy day ! I have saved a man's life, or rather have contributed to save it. This evening, after having read a little of Pope, Metastasio, and Emile, I went to bathe. Edward and I were dressing ourselves when I heard cries of "*Help, help, I am drowning!*" I ran immediately to the cry, as did Edward, who was farther. I came first, and could only see the tops of the person's fingers ; I laid hold of that hand, which seized mine with indescribable strength, and by the way in which he held me would have drowned me, if Edward had not come up and seized one of his legs, which deprived him of the power of jumping on me. We then got him ashore. He could scarcely speak, but he nevertheless expressed great gratitude to me as well as to Edward. I think with pleasure on the effect this will produce at Bellechasse. *I am born under a happy star ! Opportunities offer themselves in every way : I have only to avail myself of them !* The man we saved is one M. Siret, an inhabitant of Vendôme, sub-engineer in the office of roads and bridges. I go to bed happy !

' 4th August.—This morning I read the papers and some English. I wrote to my friend that I was happy in thinking of the pleasure with which she would read my letter. M. Siret came to pay me a visit ; he is very much affected, and very grateful. I read some Latin, and wrote to my friend and to my father. I went to the Club, where I read a speech on the abolition of orders.* The Club ordered it to be printed. M. Siret gave an account of what had happened yesterday. The president pronounced a panegyric upon me with many compliments, *extempore*, but very well expressed. They directed the journalists to be written to.

' 5th August.—Yesterday morning at exercise. On returning, I undressed, and read some of Hénault, Julius Cæsar, Sternheim, and Mably. Dined, and after dinner read some of Ipsipyle, Metastasio, Heloise, and Pope. At five, to the riding-house, and afterwards read Emile.

' 8th August.—Did business with M. Jacquemin for filling up the vacant commissions in the regiment. We have at last received orders to march. We are going to Valenciennes, and set out on Friday the 12th instant. We are at last certain of serving our country, and shall not miss the opportunity of using our swords. I shall also soon revisit Bellechasse.

' 11th August.—Another happy day. I had been invited yesterday to attend at the Town-House with some non-commissioned officers and privates. I went to-day, and was received with an address ; there was then read a letter from M. Siret, who proposed that the

* The Assembly had lately abolished orders of knighthood ; we should be curious to see the essay of his Royal Highness, so many years Knight du St. Esprit, and now Grand Master of the Legion of Honour.

municipal body should decree that a civic crown should be given to any citizen who should save the life of a fellow-creature, and that, in course, one should be presented to me. The municipal body adopted the proposition, and I received a crown amidst the applause of a numerous assembly of spectators. I was very much ashamed. I nevertheless expressed my gratitude as well as I could. I then went to the Club. They expressed great good-will and much regret [*at the approaching departure*]. I replied, that I should feel the liveliest regrets at leaving them, if it were not that I was going to the post most desirable to the friends of liberty—that in which one could serve his country—and that, if I could ever need any spur to excite me to employ in the defence of my country all the zeal and ardour of which I was capable, this [reception] would be a very powerful one with me.'

Here the Journal concludes. There are in it many puerile passages, and a few which, even under all attenuating circumstances, may be called blameable. Nor can M. Sarrans, or any other enemy of Louis Philippe, have any difficulty in finding in it striking contrasts and gross contradictions to the present position and professions of the new king. But we think it must be agreed that, on the whole, it is creditable to his good sense, and even to his goodnature. Let it be recollected that it was written at the age of seventeen,—that his mind, ever since it was capable of receiving a political idea, had been imbued with revolutionary doctrines by the precepts of his instructors, the authority and example of a father, and a general popular enthusiasm, which had not yet assumed the mad and bloody aspect which it soon after bore,—and we think we may truly assert that few young men of that period,—if their conduct were reported with equal fidelity and minuteness,—would appear in so favourable a light as Louis Philippe does in this Journal.

But M. Sarrans proceeds to give us some subsequent anecdotes with the same object,—that of depreciating the king, and with (we think *generally*—there are some exceptions) the same result, that of raising him in our estimation,—not certainly as a hero of high mind, generous spirit, or of brilliant talents, but a man of good sense, energy, and courage, who (waiving the consideration of the means by which he was placed on the throne) has executed a difficult task with great ability, and been, as we believe, the main stay of anything like order and government in France.

We can join M. Sarrans in wondering at the ignorance and dupery of the heroes of July, who were induced to accept Louis Philippe as king, because he was *not a Bourbon*,—but, somehow, we think that this is more to the discredit of those enlightened patriots and of the glorious revolution itself than of Louis Philippe.

That bold experiment on the historical and constitutional intelligence

ligence of the Parisian public seems to have been the device of M. Thiers,—then a journalist and creature of Lafitte,—now, or lately, the favourite minister of the king. The following proclamation was probably from his pen, it at least executes his idea :—

‘Citizens!—Louis Philippe d’Orléans, proclaimed by the nation Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, does not belong to the perfidious family of the Capets, but to that of Valois which so long governed France, &c. Down with the Capets! Long live Louis Philippe of Orleans! *Vive la Charte! Vive la Liberté!*’—vol. i. p. 29.

This impudent falsehood is hardly more wonderful than that the adversaries of Louis Philippe should have thought it necessary to meet it by a counter-proclamation :—

‘To the People.—Louis Philippe of Orleans, proclaimed Lieutenant-General of France,—is a Bourbon; though of the second branch,—the son of *Egalité*; who was the son of Louis Philippe, who died in 1785; who was the son of Louis, who died in 1752; who was the son of the Regent, who was the son of the younger brother of Louis XIV.;—and yet they have had the audacity to publish that he is *not a Bourbon!* Capet and Bourbon he notoriously is.’—p. 33.

Another plea on which his partisans recommended the Duke of Orleans was, that he had not only fought for the Revolution in its earlier days, but never, even in his exile, had thought of drawing his sword against his country. This pretence M. Sarrans destroys by historical facts and documents—for instance he produces a letter of the 28th July, 1804, from the duke, then at Twickenham, to the late Bishop of Llandaff, on the occasion of ‘*the murder of his cousin,*’ the Duke d’Enghien,—in which, amongst many *anti-national* sentiments, the duke expressly says—

‘I quitted my native land so early that I have *hardly the habits or manners of a Frenchman*, and I can say with truth, that I am attached to England, not only by gratitude, but by taste and inclination. In the sincerity of my heart do I pray that I may never leave this hospitable soil. But it is not from individual feeling only that I take so much interest in the welfare, the prosperity, and the *success* of England,—it is also as a man. The safety of Europe, of the world itself, the happiness and independence of the human race, depend upon the safety and independence of England; and *that* is the honourable cause of the hatred with which we are pursued by the *CONSIDERABLE USURPER*. May Providence *defeat his atrocious designs*, and preserve England prosperous and happy!’ &c.—p. 94.

Such sentiments can, in *our* opinion, do no discredit to Louis Philippe, but they may a little surprise the heroes of the Three Days, whose chief complaint against the *Restoration* was, that it was accomplished by the success of England, for which Louis Philippe thus earnestly prayed. But did this remarkable passage never recur to the memory of Louis Philippe during that day, when,

when, for ten mortal hours, he assisted at the re-establishment of the statue of the '*Corsican usurper*' in the Place Vendôme, and stood *bareheaded* before the brazen effigy of 'the murderer of his cousin.' Of that and other acts of humiliation, and we must say of meanness, M. Sarrans does not complain, for they are, no doubt, in his opinion, consistent with the character of a Citizen-King,—his bile is only stirred when he has to reproach Louis Philippe with acts which we think becoming a sovereign responsible for the tranquillity and security of a great, but giddy and tumultuous people. We have no desire to dwell on these unhappy frailties; but there is one of them, of no very deep dye, which we must again notice, on account of a very curious *rapprochement*—we mean the pusillanimous abandonment of his coat-of-arms. Now we find that in the year 1791, when it was proposed to the miserable *Egalité* to propitiate the blatant beast of democracy by erasing his arms from some domestic object, he had enough of pride and courage left to refuse,—'*il me semble*,' said he, '*une indigne lâcheté*,' (*Mém. de Genlis*, vol. iii.)—but, alas! that slight exertion of spirit was still selfish, and when, soon after, he foresaw that he was personally in jeopardy, he did not scruple to endeavour to postpone his own danger by the execrable *lâcheté*—(for such we really believe it was)—of voting the death of his innocent cousin and sovereign. We must proceed, however, with M. Sarrans' anecdotes of Louis Philippe.

In additional refutation of his pretended resolution never to draw his sword against France, M. Sarrans produces proofs that he made two or three several attempts at Tarragona, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, in 1808, 9, and 10, to obtain a command in the Spanish armies then acting against those of France; and although the Spaniards declined his assistance,—fearing he might have a design to place himself on the throne of his cousin,—his own intentions and wishes are not the less certain.

Another curious *rapprochement* which M. Sarrans revives is the declaration which the Duke of Orleans and his brothers made, signed, and deposited in the hands of Louis XVIII., at Hartwell, in 1803.

'We repeat our sacred and solemn oath to live and die faithful to our legitimate sovereign; and if (which God forbid) the unjust exercise of an overwhelming force should place on the throne of France *de facto*—for it never can be *de jure*—ANY OTHER than our legitimate sovereign, we declare that we shall follow with fidelity and confidence the voice of honour and duty, &c.'—vol. i. p. 100.

And in another declaration, dated 1816, there occurs this passage:—

'The

'The irrevocable principle of legitimacy is now the only guarantee for the peace of France and of Europe—the revolutions we have suffered have only given additional proof of its force and importance.'

But here it is only justice to repeat, what we have before observed, that we see strong reason to doubt that Louis Philippe had any direct share in preparing or effecting the overthrow of the elder branch. His evident want of preparation—his conversation with M. de Mortemart—and his original reluctance (whether it was the reluctance of loyalty or of prudence) to assume the crown, leave us little doubt on this point; but we were not aware, till we found it in these volumes, that soon after the Revolution he took occasion to deny publicly that he had had any share in bringing it about, and appealed to Lafayette for the truth of the statement. Lafayette corroborated the assertion, and added, that the duke's '*negative opposition*' had frequently vexed him, Lafayette. This expression perhaps leads us to the real truth. The duke did not directly encourage the designs against Charles X., but he knew something about them and gave them only a '*negative opposition*.' When the explosion came, he still endeavoured to maintain the same position of balance and neutrality. He would have been contented with the comparatively safe and inoffensive station of regent and guardian to Henry V., and only accepted the throne in his own right when he found that, if he did not do so, there would be no throne at all, and that at no distant day he must expect to be forced to undergo the privations and dangers of a new emigration.

We therefore cannot agree with M. Sarrans in finding indications of the basest treachery in the following lively account of the manners of the Duke of Orleans at the court of Louis XVIII. :—

'When the Duke of Orleans came to court, he exhibited the most profound politeness to all the attendants—even to the lowest servants and sentinels—it was a profusion of civility in the most affable gestures and expressions. It really was a sight to see him at a royal banquet: at every toast to the health of the King, of *Madame*, of the Dukes of Angoulême and Berry, he would press his hand to his heart; and, several times during the dinner, as if impelled by an irresistible affection which could not await the tardy course of etiquette, he would himself burst out into cries of *Vive le Roi!*'—*Histoire de la Restauration*, vol. i. p. 118.

To the same effect is the evidence of the Abbé de Montesquiou.

'I remember,' says he, 'that I had the honour of negotiating with Louis XVIII. the affair of the restoration to the duke of his patrimonial property. I succeeded in that object. With what warmth and energy

energy did his highness not express himself against the Revolution, and what he called his errors (*égaremens*) of 1789 and 1792! Next morning I met him in the king's closet, where he was expressing the deepest gratitude to his majesty, who heard his professions with kindness. The Duke of Orleans was in a state of emotion difficult to describe.'—vol. i. p. 114.

There is another anecdote of the same class. The Duke of Orleans,—forgetting his early contempt of adventitious honours,—was extremely anxious to merge his title of Serene Highness in that of *Royal Highness*. Louis XVIII. would never consent to this innovation—he remembered, and used to quote with pleasantry, the anecdote of a chancellor of France who, when Louis XIV. consulted him about conferring by patent the title of *Royal Highness* on one of his natural children, cut the design short by saying quaintly, 'To make *Royal Highnesses*, your Majesty must have the assistance not of the *Chancellor*, but of the *Queen*.' Charles X. was not so punctilious—he granted the Orleans family this favour, touched it is said by the affectionate zeal which the duke had exhibited at his coronation,—where, when he approached to offer his allegiance, he electrified the assembly with a supererogative exclamation of '*Vive à JAMAIS Charles X !*' (vol. i. p. 145.) The '*à jamais*' of the French from 1789 to the present hour have been of marvellous brevity!

M. Sarrans introduces a *mot* of M. de Talleyrand's which we never before heard, but which is so characteristic of the style of that eminent *diseur* that we have no doubt of its authenticity. In a select society one evening at Lafitte's, they were talking of *revolutions*, and, we suppose, of the English revolution, which had called the Prince of Orange to the throne. 'Now,' said Berenger, 'if we had *somebody*,—the Duke of Orleans, for instance'—'The Duke of Orleans?' interrupted M. de Talleyrand; 'Ah, that would be—not *somebody*, but *something*!'

In proof of the ingratitude of Louis Philippe to Lafayette, Sarrans quotes the following statement of M. Odillon Barrot—a most competent witness, because an important actor in the affair:—

'I declare, on my honour and conscience, that General Lafayette held in his hands the result of the Revolution. It would have been much easier to have joined the cry of the people—"No more Bourbons!" than to endeavour to persuade them that the Duke of Orleans was not a Bourbon. The Duke, no doubt, took a step at once able and bold when he went to the Hôtel de Ville; the moment was decisive, and it was there, no doubt, that he received the crown; but, beyond all doubt, he would not have gone had he not ascertained beforehand that Lafayette had adopted him; and if he had gone without Lafayette's concurrence, he would not have come out King of the French.'—vol. i. p. 199.

'Not

'Not come out King of the French?' exclaims Sarrans—'he would not have come out alive!' and he gives good reason for his opinion—the duke was certainly in danger from some of the republican fanatics. The following account of the procession of the new royalty to the Hôtel de Ville is graphic:—

'Who will ever forget the burlesque march of the candidate monarch? What eye that saw will ever cease to remember M. Lafitte in a sedan chair [*Lafitte had a sore leg*], following as close as possible the white horse of the citizen-king, or rather the royal horse measuring complacently his managed steps so as not to outstrip the chairmen who carried the future prime-minister? Who could forbear to smile at the picturesque scene of Messrs. Méchin and Viennet [*two leading deputies*] puffing, sweating, and squabbling with the chairmen to maintain their position between the tail of the white horse and the poles of M. Lafitte's hand-barrow, and screaming "Vive le Duc d'Orléans!" in a tone that would have shaken a church? And then, the acclamations tolerably loud in the Court of the Palais Royal, but dying away as the procession receded from the domestic focus of Orleanist popularity! And then, the hero of Jemappe, endeavouring every now and then to revive, by his gestures and his voice, the flagging enthusiasm—turning round every minute to the sedan-chair to express to the people his devotion to M. Lafitte—making signs of confidence to General Gerard—smiling on M. Viennet—nodding to M. Méchin—and exhibiting his hat with tri-coloured feathers to the dull and contemptuous eyes of the crowd! In the rear of all this followed a tail consisting of one reeling drummer, four doorkeepers, eighty members of the chamber of deputies, and a crowd of mute spectators. Who can ever forget that farcical close of the three glorious days?'—p. 202.

At the Hôtel de Ville, however, the crowd was no longer mute; they were loud and violent against the Duke of Orleans, and for a republic. The Duke professed that he was himself 'all for the republic.' He had in the morning told M. Lafitte, 'How happy should I think myself to be a shopkeeper in the Rue St. Denis under the republic!' and he now more emphatically declared that his reign would be 'but a bridge to arrive at the republic' (p. 203). In short, without having a single voice in his favour, except that of the lame gentleman in the sedan chair, Louis Philippe was proclaimed king. M. Lafitte himself gives us in a few words a picture of the state of the minds of some of the leading men on this point.

'Let us,' said he, 'take the younger branch instead of the elder, and the country is saved! Gerard says yes. Lobau does not say no. Perrier says nothing; Mauguin does not care about the person.'—p. 207.

Amongst the deputies, the great majority, including the *doctrinaires*, would rather have had Henry V., but accepted Louis Philippe as the least departure, since departure there must be, from

from the line of succession. The people were against any king, and only submitted—with a very bad grace—to the influence of Lafayette, who—himself influenced by timidity and reluctance to take on his own head all the responsibilities of the revolution,—was glad to devolve them on the firmer temper and more masculine understanding of the Duke of Orleans. One additional anecdote belonging to this period is worth preserving.

When at the Hôtel de Ville the founders of the new dynasty were discussing their '*bill of rights*,' and some one insisted that the trials of libels—*délits de la presse*—should be by jury, Louis Philippe exclaimed,—‘Why talk of employing juries in the trial of libels? *there shall be no more trials for libels!*’—(*il n’y aura plus de délits de la presse.*)—vol. i. p. 66. The rashness of this over-liberal promise, M. Sarrans proves statistically, by a catalogue of four hundred and eleven indictments for libels within the three first years of the reign, the great majority of which were, still more unluckily, for attacks on the king personally; and this number, we learn, has been increased since the publication of M. Sarrans’ work to near *six hundred*.

We are now arrived at some cabinet anecdotes; and when we remind our readers, that since July, 1830, there have been twenty essential changes in the French Cabinet—*six* being of prime-ministers—they will appreciate the difficulty of Louis Philippe’s position, who endeavours to steer between the two antagonist principles of monarchy and revolution, and is therefore obliged to appeal alternately to one and the other, and to be in turns a citizen king and a legitimate sovereign,—

‘Je suis oiseau, voyez mes ailes—
Je suis souris, vivent les rats!’

In Louis Philippe’s first ministry was an old republican—one Dupont, called *De l’Eure* because he was deputy of that department. As this man was the representative of the republican party, it was of great importance in the first days of the new reign to have him in office. Dupont was reluctant, but the king flattered—Lafayette advised,—Lafitte insisted, and Dupont yielded; but in a few months the king discovered that he could not go on with him; he found him so full, as a royal apologist tells us, of ‘*susceptibilités démocratiques*,’—so democratically impracticable, that it became absolutely necessary to get rid of him. Dupont is offended, and in these days—when there is, it seems, no impropriety in revealing cabinet secrets—has had no scruple in furnishing Sarrans with some anecdotes of his intercourse with the king, in order to show that his alleged crime of *susceptibilités démocratiques* was no more than an honest adherence to the principles originally professed by the king

king himself. The differences began early, and, as usual, on trifles. Louis Philippe, observing that his minister did not wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honour,* said, 'How, M. Dupont, you have not the cross? I give it you, and here's my own,' taking it from his button-hole. 'Forgive me, Sire, I have long been an officer of the order.' 'In that case I promote you to be a commander.' 'I thank your majesty, but I cannot accept that favour.' M. Sarrans a little diminishes the value of this sturdy self-denial, by letting out that M. Dupont would not have been so obdurate, had he been offered, as was expected and almost promised, either a pension or a place of chief judge in one of the superior courts, which would have been a permanent provision for the patriot minister!—(vol. ii. p. 61.)

The next occasion of dissent was the appointment of Talleyrand to the embassy of London; this Dupont vehemently opposed, but in vain. Some days after, the minister of justice—that was Dupont's department—presented for the king's signature the appointment of twenty new justices of the peace, for the single department of the Lower Seine. His majesty read a little way and then stopped at the name of one Aynard, saying, 'I never will sign this list; here is a man whom I never will appoint to any public office.' 'Allow me, Sir, to ask why; and if there be the slightest taint on his integrity or patriotism, I withdraw him.' 'That fellow,' said the king, 'went to law with me.' 'Pardon, Sir, but that would be a reason only if his suit was founded in fraud; but in that case you, no doubt, would have gained your cause.' 'No; I lost it.' It was not till after a month of delay and discussion that the list was signed and the man appointed. (p. 64.) Again; a few days after this the first presidency of the Cour Royale of Caen became vacant. Dupont proposed M. Le Menuet,

* It has been of late the fashion to say that France is indifferent about liberty, but that the whole national passion is for equality—an absurd sophism, which is refuted by the universal rage for every species of personal distinction which the Revolution has left—the peerage—all degrees of official rank—and, above all, the Legion of Honour, which has been lavished to the greatest and most ridiculous extent—

—'On ne porte plus qu'étoiles,

On les prodigue par boisseaux,

Aux pékins comme aux généraux,

Jusqu'aux marchands de toiles!'

In fact, not to be decorated is the distinction. This reminds us of a pleasant observation of Prince Metternich's on the mania of decorations with which Bonaparte had infected continental Europe, and which, at the time we speak of, had not reached good old England. At the first meeting of the Congress of Vienna, all the ministers appeared in stars and ribbons, except Lord Castlereagh, who had not yet had the Garter. One of the brilliant company saw this with surprise, and whispered Metternich—'Voyez donc, M. le Ministre d'Angleterre n'a pas de décoration.' 'Comment?' replied Metternich, with affected surprise; and, after looking for a moment at the fine figure and plain attire of Lord Castlereagh, he added, 'Pas de décoration?—Ma foi! c'est très distingué!'

a patriot

a patriot magistrate, who had been removed from that very seat during the Restoration. The king made several futile objections; he was too old, &c. At last he was driven to tell the real reason—'this man had been employed as leading counsel against him.' Dupont, after a long squabble, reminded him, *that the King of France should forget the quarrels of the Duke of Orleans*, and Le Menuet was appointed. Such is M. Sarrans' statement, who boldly gives the names and details, and evidently writes with the authority of Dupont himself—yet, we confess, these two cases seem to us incredible. It is incredible that the king should feel such unreasonable rancour—more incredible that he should avow it—and, most of all, avow it to the austere and troublesome Dupont. There is, moreover, one little circumstance which leads us to hope and believe that the king is misrepresented. M. Sarrans, after this last story, goes on to say, that such scenes were *frequent*, and that hardly did Dupont ever present a list of new appointments that the king would not exclaim, 'Shall we never have done with this *St. Barthélemi* of the public servants?' The king *may* from his private lawsuits have learned something of the characters of Aynard and Le Menuet; they may be republicans and agitators, or otherwise bad subjects, and he *may* have demurred to them individually on that account; but there seems reason to believe that his chief and general objection was to the '*St. Barthélemi*'—the *massacre*—the sweeping disorganization of the public service—which Dupont, to satisfy his own political fanaticism and the expectations of the radical party, was endeavouring to effect.

When the budget was proposed in cabinet, a sum of 25,000 francs (1000*l.*) was appropriated to each minister by way of *outfit*. Dupont refused to accept it; he said he had found the official house fully supplied, and had not laid out a farthing. 'You refuse then, M. Dupont,' said the king, 'your allowance for outfit?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'But that is casting a reflection on your colleagues.' 'Sir, I blame no one; I only obey my own conscience.' 'As you please, Sir; but allow me to say, that there is such a thing as a wantonness of delicacy! Let us talk of something else.' A few days after another *brusquerie republicaine* of Dupont was near causing an open rupture. The cabinet was in deliberation; General Athalin, the king's aide-de-camp, came to tell him a second time that a deputation from La Ferté-sous-Jouarre was waiting to present an address. 'Well,' said the king, rising and turning to his ministers, 'I must go and *let off* [*lâcher*, a vulgar and hardly decent term] a little speech to them.' The king was probably not out of hearing when Dupont exclaimed with indignation, '*Let off* a little speech!... What's that he says? *Let off!*' This very speech, however, which his majesty treated so flippantly, made a most patriotic

patriotic figure in the *Moniteur*. We preserve it as a curious specimen of the mode in which 'The King of the French' plays the part of a Liberal.

'I thank you for this excellent address—it expresses my own sentiments. I have always maintained the rights of the nation, and will always maintain them. I identify myself with the people. Tell your constituents so. I am a Citizen-King.'—vol. ii. p. 70.

On another occasion the *Doctrinaire* party in the cabinet had prepared a restrictive law against clubs and associations, and the king supported it. Dupont was astonished.—'What!' he cried, 'the *men of July* are to be forbidden to assemble, without special licence, if they exceed twenty? It is absurd—impossible!' 'But, M. Dupont,' replied the king, 'the government must defend itself.'—'The government needs no defence if it will follow the principles of July, and walk in the ways of the Revolution which has created it.' 'I hope,' said the king, 'we all mean the same thing.'—'Perhaps so; but it seems not in the same way. Your majesty may think that your ministry is popular; you are under a great mistake—I warn you'—'But, M. Dupont'—interrupted the king. 'Even as to you, Sire,' continued Dupont, 'you, yourself—it is no longer what it was at first, and if you do not take care'—The king again endeavoured to appease him, but he left the room. (p. 77.)

These cabinet scenes, though less surprising to the English public than they would have been before the Brougham-Durham controversy—are still curious enough to justify us, we hope, for offering some more specimens.

Dupont and Thiers had been charged by the cabinet to draw up a manifesto on the relations of France and Belgium, according to certain principles previously agreed on. When the draught was submitted to the king, he thought some of the expressions might be offensive to foreign powers, and made considerable alterations with his own hand. At the sight of these 'mutilations,' as he called them, Dupont exclaimed, in allusion to a phrase in one of Molière's plays—'What a cursed boat I have embarked in!'—'Ah, yes!'—said the king, good humouredly—'it is a cursed boat, indeed; but you have the good luck to be only a passenger—I am in it for life.' 'For life?' replied Dupont. 'Faith, at the rate you are going I am not sure of that; at all events, this may suit you, Sire, but it does not, I boldly tell you, agree either with the principles of July or with me!' 'I hope, M. Dupont, you do not want to pick a quarrel with me.' 'Me pick a quarrel? ah, you little know me—I promised to remain in office till after the trial of the ex-ministers, and I generally keep my promises—but if you wish that I should go sooner'—'I am very far, M. Dupont'—
Oh

'Oh, come, Sire, speak your mind.' 'I should be very sorry, M. Dupont'—As you please, Sire, but pray do not embarrass yourself on my account.'—p. 78. This may be patriotism, but it is hardly good manners, even on M. Sarrans's own showing. The following must have been still more agreeable.

M. Odillon Barrot, who was prefect of police, had, in a public proclamation, talked disrespectfully of the measures of the government. The majority of the Cabinet were for removing him, but Lafayette and Dupont threatened to resign if Barrot should be dismissed. The king was obliged personally to interfere to endeavour to arrange the matter. 'I have spoken,' said he to Dupont, 'with M. de Lafayette on the subject. M. Barrot's dismissal is very disagreeable to him, but he at length sees that it is absolutely necessary, and will consent to it provided he is not to appear in the business.' Dupont, who had just heard, as he said, from Lafayette that he '*never would consent to it*,' replied, warmly, 'You are mistaken, Sire, Lafayette never said so.' 'What, Sir,' cried the king, '*do you give me the lie?*' 'I do not give you the lie, but I repeat that M. de Lafayette neither did nor could say what your majesty has repeated, for, not two hours ago, he told me the direct contrary, and M. de Lafayette is not a man to wheel round in that way.' 'M. Dupont de l'Eure,' replied the king, with gravity, '*you again give me the lie.*' 'No, Sire, but I maintain the truth; but let us have done with it—I resign.' 'Then, M. Dupont, I shall let the world know *why* you resign. I shall state that it is because you have insulted me.' 'And I shall state the contrary.' '*I shall give you the lie.*' 'Do so,' rejoined Dupont; '*and see which of the two the world will believe!*' And this scene occurred not between two porters in a cellar of *La Place Maubert*, but between a king and the *head of the law*, in the constitutional Cabinet of the Tuileries!

We shall conclude these strange revelations by a still more curious anecdote.

Pending the proceedings against the ex-ministers, when, as Sarrans sneeringly observes, Louis Philippe and his cabinet were seized with a sudden fit of humanity, a general order was issued to suspend all capital punishments throughout France. It happened that a murder had been committed in a distant department by a mother and daughter on their husband and father, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity: they had been condemned, and were now in prison awaiting punishment. The local authorities, says Sarrans, pressed the execution, stating that there was so much exasperation against the malefactors, that, if the sentence were not promptly executed, they could not be responsible for the public peace. Dupont brought the case before the cabinet, who agreed

unanimously on the necessity of making an example. Dupont then stated the case to the king, and finding him adverse, insisted on his hearing the matter debated before him in cabinet. He asked a week's delay, to prepare himself to hear them. During that week, the king, pale, feeble, and with a trembling voice, had never ceased repeating that he would rather resign his crown in all its newness, than sign a sentence of death. 'Really,' said M. Lafitte, 'I pity the king. I think I am myself as goodnatured as another; but I cannot comprehend his extreme uneasiness.' At last the day for the discussion arrived. The king came with haggard eyes, trembling hands, and a feeble voice, and said, 'I am ready to hear you.' The Duke of Broglie spoke first, and left nothing for his colleagues to add; they were unanimous—the laws must be executed. After some minutes of melancholy silence the king said, 'I know my duty,—you are unanimous—I submit.' M. Dupont then gently moved the warrant towards him for signature,—the king uttered a cry of horror, and pushed the paper away. 'Sire,' said Dupont, 'my heart is as tender as yours, but I am responsible for the execution of the laws, and we must finish this affair; besides, it is in some degree a kind of commutation of punishment that you are about to sign, for we propose that you should remit to one of the parties the mutilation with which the law aggravates the punishment of a parricide. Let us have done with delays, Sire, for justice has its necessities.' We do not think that this speech showed either a very tender heart or logical head—it failed at all events to subdue the king. He again requested a further delay of forty-eight hours. At last he signed. The day after, Lafitte, then prime minister, went into the closet,—the king had not closed his eyes all night,—he attempted to excuse what he called his weakness, but he could not articulate three words; his emotions increased,—he lost his voice,—he burst into tears, and threw himself into the arms of M. Lafitte, exclaiming,—'My father—my father—died on the scaffold!'

M. Sarrans treats this 'new-born humanity in the king of the barricades,—the king of the *mitraille* of St. Mery,—the king of the legal massacres of La Vendée,'—as a base hypocrisy, put on for the purpose of ultimately saving the lives of the ex-ministers. We believe no such thing—but might not this insinuation on the part of Sarrans justify a suspicion that Dupont insisted so vehemently for the execution of those wretched women with the view of forcing on the king a *precedent* for a capital execution? It would be very natural and very reasonable that the king should on this occasion have contemplated the possibility of his being soon called upon to exercise his authority in the case of M. de Polignac and his colleagues—persons whom he individually knew,
and

and whose errors he, with every other rational man, must have thought undeserving of death ; but this contemplation would only serve to bring to his mind the case of his unhappy father, who, great as his crimes had been, undoubtedly was innocent of the facts for which he was condemned, and who perished—as M. de Polignac was in danger of doing—a victim to the blind fury of the populace. The association of ideas was therefore not merely natural, but inevitable ; and even admitting M. Sarrans's suspicion that Louis Philippe was actuated by the desire to save the ex-ministers, we see no reason—but the contrary—to suspect that he was not additionally influenced by the recollection of the fate of his unhappy father.

But we must conclude ; the long extract from the journal has already carried us far beyond the limits which we should otherwise have assigned to this subject. M. Sarrans's work, though written with great partiality and bitterness, and occasional malignity, contains a mass of undeniable facts and reasoning exceedingly important to the history of the July Revolution. M. Sarrans accumulates evidence against Louis Philippe personally of inconsistency in his principles, and ingratitude towards his partisans, and he proves that the reign of the Citizen-king has been, and continues to be, more convulsed, more bloody, more despotic, than any similar period in the whole half century of revolution, the Reign of Terror hardly excepted ; but he has not shaken our opinion that it is highly unjust to throw, as he and his party do, all the blame of these errors, misfortunes, and crimes, upon the king and his government. The real source of the evil is the *Three Glorious Days* and the principles which they brought into fashion. Louis Philippe has had all along but one alternative—either to abandon the government to the anarchists, or to repress the anarchists with the strong hand of power. We may lament, and we do most sincerely lament, the deplorable scenes of which France has been and is the theatre—the prosecutions, persecutions, imprisonments, massacres, which have desolated her principal cities, and particularly Paris ; but—*tu l'as voulu, George Dandin*—it is the just price and inevitable punishment of rash revolt and blind innovation. Louis Philippe's *only* error as king was his *first*—the acceptance of the crown. We do not retract our former opinion, that for that step there may have been some cogent and even laudable motives—the imminent danger of a bloody anarchy on one side, and, on the other, the hope of preserving the crown in the house of Bourbon ; but we fear the day will—if it has not already—come, when Louis Philippe and his family will deplore that he should have been, by any circumstances, induced to deviate from the straight road of honour and duty, and to forget the allegiance which he had

so often and so solemnly sworn to the heads of his family. We can well believe that he would now, to repeat his own phrase, gladly exchange his citizen royalty to be 'a citizen shopkeeper in the Rue St. Honoré under the republic;' but how much more gladly would he find himself again Duke of Orleans under the light and indulgent authority of the legitimate sovereign! We believe him, in spite of M. Sarrans's sneers, to be a man of humanity; what then must he not feel for all the blood shed in those monthly revolts which ensanguine his country!

Occupied and alarmed with our own internal difficulties and dangers, we pay too little attention to the state of France. Does the English public know that there are at this moment more gaols and more prisoners in France than at any period of her history, except the short reign of Robespierre? Does the English public know that there now are, and have been for above six months, *many hundreds of state prisoners*, incarcerated under circumstances of illegality and severity which the annals of the old Bastille cannot exceed, and that these unhappy persons are, by every means which can evade the rigour of their gaolers, imploring, but hitherto in vain, to be brought to trial? Does the English public know that—since the publication of M. Sarrans's work—in consequence of an *émeute* in last April, a massacre was perpetrated in Paris by the troops of the line under the special excitement of their officers, which was, under all its frightful circumstances, as horrible as the *massacres of the Abbaye*? Does the English public know that in one house only—No. 12 of the Rue Transnonain—*twelve* persons—paralytic old men—young children—women in their night-clothes—and men rising half dressed from their beds—and all, we need hardly add, as innocent as sleep—were murdered outright by *la force publique* with every aggravation of brutality—one old man's corpse having *FIFTY-ONE ball and bayonet wounds*—that these dreadful scenes took place on the night of the 13th of April, and that now, in the month of November, there has been neither justification for innocence, nor punishment for guilt, nor vengeance for blood? And the city of Paris—so inured has it become to such samples of '*liberty and order*'—seems to think as little about it as the city of London. But the king, in whose name, and in whose supposed defence these dreadful deeds were done—ought his heart to be more at ease, his eye less haggard, his nights less sleepless, than when he had to sanction the legal execution of a parricide? We are well aware that such scenes sometimes occur in war, by marauders and plunderers, and in towns taken by storm, and we know that, when the fury of a soldiery is once excited, it is difficult to restrain it; but when did it ever before happen that a great capital

was

was placed by its own government in a state of *siege*—stormed by its own garrison—and men, women, and children put to the sword, naked or in their beds, by the police of the city? We really wonder that a humane and enlightened man like Louis Philippe does not abdicate *at all risks* a crown which he finds can only be maintained by such a series of horrors—horrors, for which he may not be personally blamable, but of which he is, ostensibly, the cause: for they are the fruits—the inevitable consequences of the struggle between the *principles* on which his authority is founded and the *authority* itself. In vain has he tried—by fifteen or sixteen changes of ministry, in which he has employed men of all shades, from the Republican Dupont, to the Carlist Argout—to form a consistent and coherent cabinet; equally vain will be his recent combination of a dozen third-rate lawyers under the *experienced mediocrity* of the Duke of Bassano! M. de Bassano may be, for aught we know, personally a respectable man; but even in his best days—under his earliest masters, the Directory and Buonaparte—his chief merit was diligence in business, and moderation of character. He has not probably become, by increase of years, bolder, firmer, or more capable of holding the helm of the state in such a stormy crisis. His administration, therefore, gives us no hopes; it must be feeble, and it will be short,—and may, we fear, tend rather to aggravate than lessen the difficulties of Louis Philippe, unless, indeed, its extreme weakness should be another step in the unconstitutional system (which he has all along partially followed) of *governing by himself*, and relying on, not his ministers, but his army. But in their present anomalous and conflicting state, matters cannot remain. France must again pass through a despotism—a republic—or a restoration,—and probably all these—before she can settle down into a constitution which shall command the undivided respect and rational obedience of the nation. Neither the *sovereignty of the people*, nor the *power of the sword*, can ever be the basis of a permanent government!

POSTSCRIPT. Nov. 19.

Before our prophecy of the brevity of the Duke of Bassano's administration could reach our readers, it was already fulfilled:—after *Three inglorious Days* the new ministry expired, without apparent cause or effect, and with no other result than the having heaped on Louis Philippe and his system additional contempt and odium, and increased difficulty and danger. But all our interest in these affairs has been absorbed by the simultaneous dissolution of our own ministry—a dissolution which every one

foresaw

foresaw must have taken place, when they should have attempted to prepare the king's speech, and arrange the other measures of the approaching session, but which the death of Lord Spencer accelerated by a few weeks. It would be a great mistake to imagine that the Cabinet was dissolved by the removal of Lord Althorp from the House of Commons; the Cabinet has been dissolved by its own internal and irreconcilable dissensions; and Lord Spencer's death has only effected in November, that which the most sanguine of the Cabinet hoped to have postponed to January. When, by this event, they were obliged to proceed to the selection of a new Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, it became inevitable that the future line of conduct and policy of the government should be also arranged; and it was soon evident that no such arrangement could be agreed on. We do not affect to have access to the secrets of the Cabinet or the Closet, but we believe that the following statement of the circumstances of the dissolution of the ministry will be found substantially correct; for minor details we do not pretend to vouch—but of the leading facts we have been assured by the concurrent testimony of well-informed persons.

There were two parties in the Cabinet: one—the majority, we fear—thought that they could not meet Parliament without announcing some strong measures of what they called *Church Reform*, or, to speak more truly and plainly, *Church Spoliation*;—the other (to which section Lord Melbourne himself is said to have inclined) were reluctant to pledge themselves to this extent, and declared that they must resign if such measures were to be proposed. In this dilemma Lord Melbourne waited on the King to inform him how the matter stood, and proceeded to offer a series of arrangements and alternatives for *remodelling* the Cabinet; one of which has been—we presume because it looks like a joke—allowed to transpire; Lord John Russell was the first person proposed as leader of the House of Commons! Such a nomination was no very potent pledge either of the strength and respectability of the government in public estimation, or of discipline or good understanding amongst the ministers themselves; and Lord Melbourne is said to have candidly informed His Majesty that his propositions, even if agreed to, would not have the effect of establishing unanimity:—on the great and vital question of the *Church*, the two sections of the Cabinet would be still irreconcilable; and it followed, as a matter of course, that whenever that question should be brought into discussion, the dissolution of the Cabinet must ensue.

In this state of things, His Majesty, with equal frankness and good sense, suggested that—if the proposal then submitted to him

was

was avowedly to settle nothing, but, on the contrary, to render another and early crisis inevitable, there could be no use in patching up a provisional expedient; and that it would be better to do at once that which was admitted to be unavoidable at last—namely, to dissolve the incoherent and distracted Cabinet. In this rational and indeed unanswerable suggestion, we have heard that Lord Melbourne freely acquiesced—the Cabinet was dissolved, —and the late premier conveyed to the Duke of Wellington His Majesty's letter, summoning his Grace to Brighton.

In all this there was not—and could not be—any concert, much less any intrigue, between the King and the Conservative Party; and we believe we may assert that the retiring ministers confess that His Majesty was not acting under any other influence, or with any other views, than those which were naturally and obviously suggested by his communications with Lord Melbourne himself, and by his lordship's own statement of the difficulties of the case. If His Majesty had been less frank, less gracious, less straightforward, he might have rendered his own share in this affair more easy and less liable to any possibility of misconstruction—by allowing his discordant ministry to have squabbled on a few weeks or days longer, when they must have exploded with all the scandal and odium of internecinal hostility; but His Majesty, though he could not be insensible to the indignity with which he had been treated by one leading member of the Cabinet, disdained taking any such retaliating advantage, and with the honour of a British gentleman, and the sound policy of a British King, suggested the course of proceeding which, though least convenient to himself personally, was most indulgent to his resigning servants, and most creditable to the general character of monarchical government. His Majesty has already reaped some of the fruits of such upright conduct in the full admission, as we have heard, of various members of the late Cabinet, that they have nothing to complain of, and that His Majesty's conduct was in every respect candid and gracious; and we are satisfied that his people at large will show that they see in all this affair additional motives of respect, loyalty, and affection.

The Duke of Wellington, too, has not been wanting to his noble character. With a magnanimity unparalleled, we believe, in political history, he has assumed all the difficulties and responsibilities, while he declines the personal honours and advantages, naturally belonging to the circumstances in which he was placed. He has advised his Majesty to make Sir Robert Peel *First Minister*, and has generously undertaken to carry on the routine of government till the Right Honourable Baronet's return from Italy. Until that event, no permanent appointments will

will take place—no more will be done than is necessary to secure '*ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat.*' The Duke of Wellington will exercise his temporary authority with equal firmness and moderation,—he will maintain the honour and interests of the country abroad and its tranquillity at home—and, in a truly constitutional spirit, will have preserved to the new prime minister, a full, free, and unfettered power, to select the persons and policy by which he may find it expedient to conduct the affairs of the empire.

The first of these is the *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, which was founded in 1849 and is the oldest of the three. It is a quarterly journal of medicine and surgery, and is published by the Royal Society of Medicine. The second is the *British Medical Journal*, which was founded in 1844 and is a weekly journal of medicine and surgery, published by the British Medical Association. The third is the *Lancet*, which was founded in 1823 and is a weekly journal of medicine and surgery, published by the Lancet Publishing Group.

1. The first step is to identify the problem. In this case, the problem is that the company is not meeting its sales targets.

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